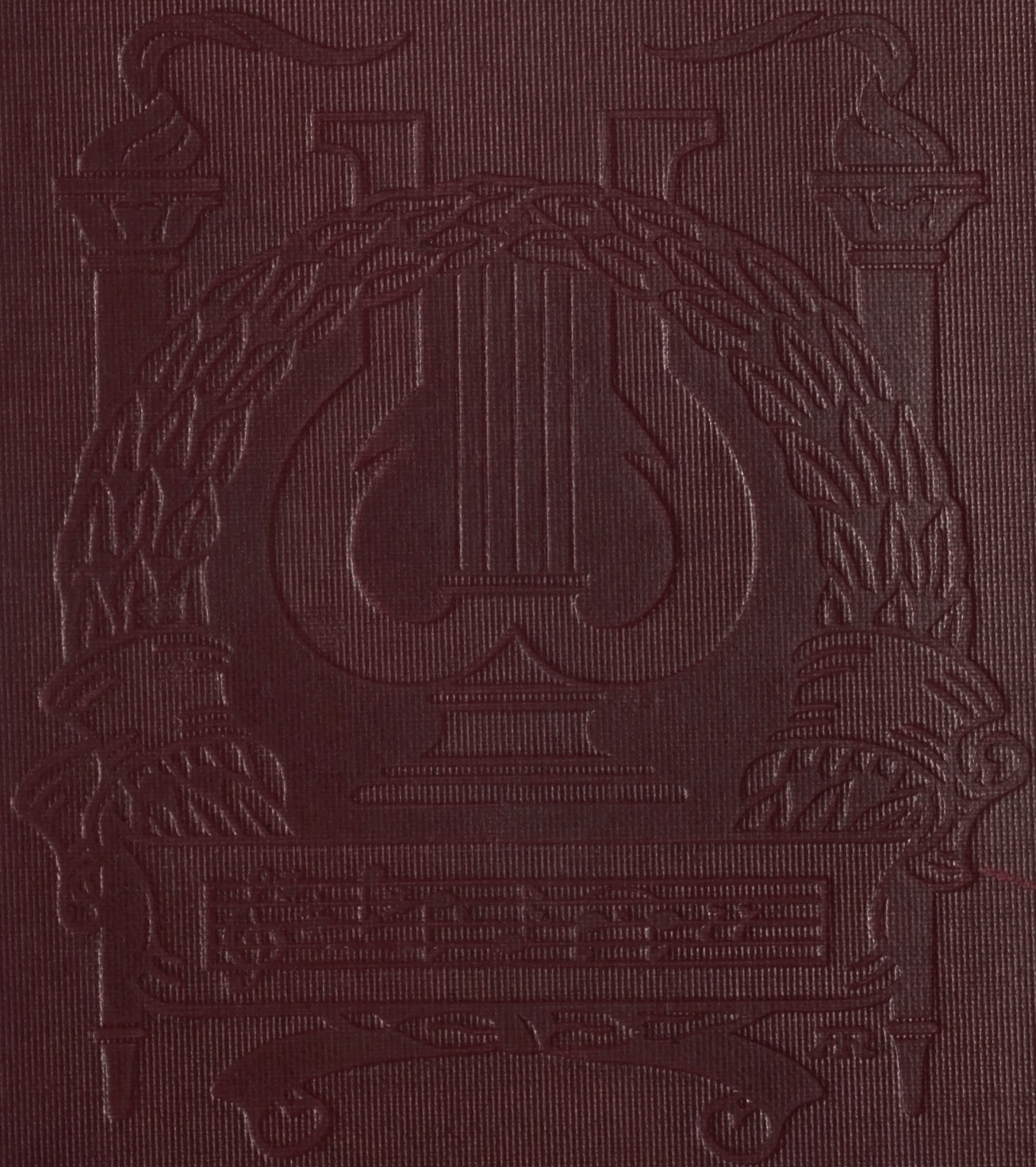


The Emotionalist



Stanley Olmsted



Class PZ 3

Book O 51 E

Copyright N^o

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

THE EMOTIONALIST

THE EMOTIONALIST



The Romance of an Awakening
to Temperament

STANLEY OLMSTED

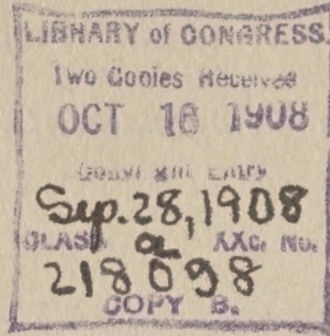
AUTHOR OF "THE NONCHALANTE"



D. APPLETON & COMPANY
NEW YORK

1908

PZ3
051E



COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY

Published October, 1908

6
C
C
C
C
C
C
C
C
C

Ms. Oct. 10, 18

To

EDYTH WALKER

Who, as singer in the Royal Opera
of Vienna, very possibly came
into contact with Victoria Furman

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I.—A MOON AND A LANTERN	I
II.—“WHEN VICTORIA GOES A-SINGING”	II
III.—DOLLS, SAWDUST, AND EMOTIONS; TO- GETHER WITH WHAT THE BIRDS MAY ACCOMPLISH	20
IV.—THE DEFINITION OF NOT PUTTING IT DEFINI- TELY	30
V.—THE BIOGRAPHY OF AN ATTACHMENT—A PRACTICE CADENZA	40
VI.—A VOCAL LESSON—THE SKY VERSUS A GARDEN ROSE	57
VII.—A MUSICALE: WHEREIN ANOTHER SINGS— AND VICTORIA SINGS	70
VIII.—WITHIN THE TEMPLE OF TREES, AND OUT AGAIN!	82
IX.—ON THE BRÜHLISCHE TERASSE, WHENCE MRS. CHURCHILL-ALDRICH DEFINES AN EMOTIONALIST	106
X.—IN WHICH GEORGIA READS LECONTE DE LISLE IN NEW YORK TOWN	120
XI.—VEERING TO VICTORIA, WHO FINDS A COM- PATRIOT, WITH CAVIAR AND A HALF-LITER	141
XII.—KEEPING TO VICTORIA, WHO WILL LIVE UP TO WHAT SHE MUST LIVE OUT	153
XIII.—THE TURQUOISE BLOUSE—AND THE MILI- TAR	161

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
XIV.—IN WHICH FOR THIRTY SECONDS VICTORIA IS TEMPERAMENTAL	172
XV.—IN WHICH ONE HEARS AGAIN HOW VICTORIA SANG BEFORE THE EMPEROR	186
XVI.—BROADWAY AND ITS REVELATIONS; INCIDENTALLY THE CAFÉ MARTIN	202
XVII.—WHITE ILLUSION	217
XVIII.—THE PLAYWRIGHT, AND THE CALIFORNIA STAR	229
XIX.—THE RIALTO AND MANHATTAN, WITH A DISCOURSE ON OPPORTUNITY	238
XX.—IN WHICH MORALIZATION SUCCEEDS DECISION	249
XXI.—POISON WITH HOMEOPATHIC ANTIDOTE, AND HEROIC CURE	257
XXII.—FROM THE RAIN, AND THE SILENCE, AND THE SOUND OF THE SEA	280
XXIII.—THE HESITATION OF A KNIGHT ERRANT, WITH THE POETRY OF TURQUOISE SILK, AND TEMPERAMENT DEFINED	296
XXIV.—SURRENDER AND TRIUMPH	309
XXV.—FROM THE STAGE DOOR, THROWN SUDDENLY WIDE	319
XXVI.—SURRENDER ONCE AGAIN, AND SACRIFICE	331
XXVII.—FINALE: WALKÜREN CALLS AND THE ALL-SURMOUNTING SKY	339

THE EMOTIONALIST

I

A MOON AND A LANTERN

ALDRICH had been directed to call for Miss Low some time before dark, after his own supper at the Pension Schramm. These twilights were interminable in the mid-Saxon June, and he gave himself no haste as he strolled about the woods skirting Blasewitz. A single turn at any time, with a few steps along some festooned rectangle of streets, would bring him to the deep garden inclosing the villa of Fräulein Ackern, whither Miss Low had been bidden to five o'clock coffee and the evening meal following upon it: bidden, in short, for the long end of the afternoon.

Aldrich looked carelessly along an undeflected walk to a single glimpse of the Elbe, some half-mile away, across certain indefinite fields of hay and plummet edges of pine trees. He knew Miss Low expected him just about now; but the streak of steely level, with mid-distances bisected in

THE EMOTIONALIST

vague grassy odors, gave a weak pull which yet carried him to the end of the tree-strip. The fields lost their lure forthwith, and the hills over the river were ingloriously banned in terms of the swimming houses at their base: for the evening magnified rather than softened them, in a pitiless ivory of waning light. Straightway he turned with decision. In five minutes he had reached Fräulein Ackern's gate.

Aldrich was a newcomer in Blasewitz, and he paused midway down the garden walk to clench his certainty of the place. There was an awned balcony jutting from the second story above the front door. He must be right: Fräulein Ackern's villa had been pointed out to him a day or so before, so he had not even glanced at the porcelain number among the vines on the outer wall. In the instant of his hesitation a woman looked down upon him from the balcony. She leaned forward and smiled.

"I cannot be mistaken," he said, acknowledging the tacit inquiry of cordial eyes. "This is where I was to find Miss Low, I believe?"

The cordial eyes brightened and took possession.

"Now, now—she's here safe," came the reply—with other banter seemingly near the surface; but the spare figure of Fräulein Ackern herself

THE EMOTIONALIST

interrupted. Her piercing look transfixed the situation with vigilant chaperonage:

“Herr Aldrich, is it not?” She nodded formally. “Miss Low is there.”

“Well—I am, too, I suppose,” Aldrich affirmed in high good humor, returning the bow. “You will kindly tell her that.”

Fräulein Ackern turned with evident intention of literally following his instructions.

“But, Fräulein Sister,” cried the other, “there are strawberries left—strawberries to burn! And if you’ll introduce the Herr I can invite him up——”

“To eat them *down*,” terminated Aldrich.

“Yes, yes—*excuse!*” Fräulein Ackern hastened, against their laughter, her jet eyes reconciling the inevitable with a neat concession from dignity. “Allow me, Herr Aldrich, that I should present Miss Furman. She also is Amerikanerin.”

“Which astonishes you, of course,” said Miss Furman. “Now do come up.”

“Have — the — honor!” returned Aldrich, thinking German into English. Miss Low was evidently indoors, else surely she, too, would have appeared from under the awning: the observation came to him as he stepped forward following the instruction of Miss Furman’s gesture. For

THE EMOTIONALIST

the rest, his thoughts had a tangible feel of inflation, as though pumped out, in some wise, with sudden wine. Yet was he none so obsessed that the thing passed his understanding. The sort of pleasant stimulus aroused by new personalities like Miss Furman's was not an altogether unique experience. All the more, then, was it choice in that he diagnosed it relatively. The neophyte's appreciation must exceed that of the fanatic.

Indeed, in the first instant, and at her first word, he had figuratively closed an extended hand which for an hour past he had held open. The glow of a new grip went to his pulse, but he could have fanned it in cool adjectives, placing her as opulent, vital, and irregular—the last without offense. He might even have detailized her white muslin—polka dotted?—swathing sleek lines of bust and hip. Muslin, frequently diaphanous, is not always so; and hers was not. Through its film, you prophesied her in tailor-cut and broadcloth. The softening twilight had put her at what a photographic retoucher might consider her best. Yet Aldrich had further estimated the surcharge of a sort of riper girlishness neutralizing, as he believed, features large and strong. Just how much so broad daylight only could determine. And somehow for all that, she challenged broad daylight with a fine defiance of bold contours.

THE EMOTIONALIST

Aldrich found Miss Low, a well-nigh overlooked object of his quest, waiting at the head of the stairs.

"I heard voices on the balcony just now, and knew it must be you." She gave him both her hands.

"But where were *you*?" he inquired.

"Oh, I do as I like at Fräulein Ackern's, you know. She and Miss Furman sometimes let me have the prints and porcelains and symphony scores all to myself when I convince them how much I like it."

"We're lazier," came Victoria Furman's deep gurgle from the veranda door behind. "We sit and moon, waiting for the moon to come up and join us."

Out on the balcony where supper had been served, Fräulein Ackern directed him to a steamer chair placed right-about-face for the expected lunar spectacle. Already a fanfare of scarlet over behind certain villas and trees heralded its serene entrance with the rather inappropriate pomp peculiar to June. From the supper table the damask had not yet been removed and a huge bowl of strawberries remained in isolation, with satellites of cream pitchers and sugar bowl.

Miss Furman was heaping a saucer for Aldrich. "You must eat 'em up or it will be a sacrilege,"

THE EMOTIONALIST

she exclaimed, turning and raking the red abundance with a spoon. "See, see!"

"Don't make me see so many at once," objected Aldrich.

"Think he can finish them for us?" Miss Furman addressed Miss Low.

"He can approximate, I believe—with strawberries——" Miss Low hesitated on one of her little smiles.

"Georgia won't desert me on that verdict," said Aldrich, "having once fed them to me in college days."

Miss Furman thought it "sounded interesting."

"The fact is," he explained, as airily as the necessary huddle over his strawberry dish allowed, "everybody has to be discovered, you know? And Miss Low," he waved the spoon in his freer hand, "once gave me the experimental range of her private patch over in New Hampshire."

"Yes," admitted Miss Low. "It was long ago."

"Though I didn't mean to emphasize that part of it!"

"You were already in long trousers, even if you do get taller," Miss Low parried. "Have I such ground for sensitiveness!" She had an habitual silvery laugh on a grading of infectious-

THE EMOTIONALIST

ness. It caught her words now at the end, and Aldrich glanced up as for renewed identity in the familiar. It was become his unconscious habit to raise thus an eyelash when she laughed, as though in vague arrest at some problem of quantity and quality.

A maidservant summoned by Fräulein Ackern was hanging a Japanese lantern from the awning strip; some of its orange color crept alive against a thin undulation in Miss Low's hair, ash-blond by daylight, transforming it to a deliberate yellow; offsetting the rest of her in effacement. The same illumination, mingled somewhat with lamp-light from within, defined Victoria Furman, on the other hand, in a positive scale of reds and blow-pinks. Above the sheeted salmon of her transfigured muslin her hair was heavy copper beneath which her eyes glowed out, contradicting restiveness with sheer force. They burned all at once upon Fräulein Ackern, singling out the intenser note of her passivity.

"And Fräulein Little-Sister," she said, moving closer to the German woman. "Fräulein Little-Sister is thinking only of our solemn-choly talk when der Herr interrupted us."

Fräulein Ackern's clasped hands tightened in her lap, in a sort of tense resignation. "I cannot be gay already, as I ought to could," she said,

looking at Aldrich abysmally from straight black brows; "I lose Miss Furman so soon."

Aldrich balanced his dish to a pause of inquiry.

"I should perhaps yet explain," added Fräulein Ackern, "how I first adopt Miss Furman, and then surrender her to the world after I get accustomed not to do without her."

"How many months—let's see," interrupted Miss Furman. "I came to you, Schwesterlein, in September! September, October, November." She told them off on her fingers as a woman will in preference to the simple sum in subtraction. "Why, it's almost a year! Who'd believe it?"

"Did you say 'adopted'?" inquired Aldrich, probing at the always possible literalness of the German way of putting it.

"Not quite that; I am too old, I guess," Miss Furman put in. "But it amounts to the same thing, doesn't it, Schwesterlein?" She drew Fräulein Ackern's long vein-ribbed hand against her cheek. The gesture seemed neither impulsive nor yet calculated. Aldrich would have pronounced it more as offhanded habit.

Habit or impulse, it had its sufficient meaning for Fräulein Ackern, who heaved responsively, like one suppressing a sigh.

"It is strange," she said; "Miss Furman is an artist, and so I work harder to give her up to

THE EMOTIONALIST

the art than I work to keep her for me. I work harder that she may go find her art than she works that she may get away to her art." Fräulein Ackern had unconsciously glided from her unhesitant English to her more fluent German. "It is strange," she repeated, "that I should do that."

"It's your justice," said Aldrich. "You want Miss Furman, but you think art has a prior claim."

"And now we're both blue," said Miss Furman. "It's very nice here with Fräulein Little-Sister. And I'm positively certain there's no cook like hers in all Vienna. O Schwesterlein—Schwesterlein—I don't believe I'll go! Why should I?"

The moon now had a full disc. The four of them watched it complete an act of extrication from a tree fork.

"It stares us out of countenance," Aldrich said, at length.

Fräulein Ackern, who had gazed ahead most steadily, was on the instant back to her theme, and in English.

"It's so very bad afternoons when we are alone and *think!*" The little Teuton twirls in her r's had tragic emphasis which did not overdo the note of sincerity. Aldrich thought that feminine loneliness was never more apparent than when it

cloaked itself in some such factitious illusion of gain and loss.

He was familiar with some of the circumstances alluded to. On his arrival at the Pension Schramm, a few days before, Miss Low had told him of Fräulein Ackern's fad, or discovery, or philanthropy, as you might choose to regard it. Having met this Fräulein Ackern, though superficially enough, on a former sojourn in Dresden, he was not incapable of casual interest. He had recalled her with a little effort to be sure; fond of Americans, somberly attending their afternoon teas, with her rigid high-German manner and contradictory breadth of outlook, born, he had no doubt, of inner intensities.

For a woman's soul would writhe free of that convention of which she could never fight shy. (Had it been Fräulein Ackern or someone else he had so paraphrased?) At all events he had felt some expansion of reminiscent contact while Miss Low had recounted, sparingly, how this Fräulein Ackern was interesting herself, and employing her means in behalf of a young American girl with a remarkable contralto voice. Fräulein Ackern was emphasized on his retrospection; he could now recall how she had been said to be as free of choice among her Americans, as relentless of exclusions among her Germans.

II

“WHEN VICTORIA GOES A-SINGING”

THE gifted Amerikanerin of Fräulein Ackern's patronage had, it appeared, long fought the current, and taken the wind in her teeth, with little of ballast. To be sure one might hold in account the undeniable portent of free vocal lessons daily from a great and well-nigh inaccessible ex-opera star. Miss Furman was a pupil of the Baroness Lubke. For any pupil of Baroness Lubke's there was, of course, a certain prestige and an occasional local concert date. Moreover, the Baroness nested a large brood of celebrities, made and in the making, at her musicales and soirées. It was at one of these affairs that Fräulein Ackern had personally requested a presentation of the newest: Miss Victoria, herself, with whose singing she had been charmed. A propitious meeting. Not long afterward the well-to-do German spinster had taken the American girl completely to her heart, which superimposed a residence in her comfortable villa-house in Blasewitz. And as if it might never rain but it must pour, an opera

THE EMOTIONALIST

engagement had been secured by the American girl not so very many months later—an engagement too tardy to be the manna from Heaven it would have been a year previous; hence a sort of test of ambition versus comfortable idleness.

In this quiet and very offhand narrative from Miss Low, Aldrich had felt the elimination of detail almost with a pang. It was a sort of story for which he was always alert. No promising element was lacking. Yet something in Miss Low's presupposition of its unimportance checked him, as her methods in imparting values so often did. Miss Low's finer selections among daily contacts were become somewise his tests in self-discipline.

Sitting back in his steamer chair with these contrasted woman personalities about him, and the *mis-en-scène* of moon, and Japanese lantern, he smiled now, recalling with what studied leisureliness he had turned away toward the Elbe a half-hour ago; how little he had believed his adjusted interests in any way concerned. He recognized it as an instance of how he managed to fasten to Miss Low's suppler sophistications, until he ended by reflecting them. Without a throb or any knowledge of a throb at least, he had drifted indifferently into the gifted Amerikanerin's orbit scarcely reminding himself it was she, when she

THE EMOTIONALIST

first stood before him, or above him, unmistakably, in the flesh. And now her orbit was distinctly the world of his present moment. With a little inward wryness, for himself to be sure, he was smiling, in sheer exultance, at a thrill, peculiar, and novel, and positively expected, though not looked for.

Miss Furman was holding the conversation with an account of the work before her as contralto of the Royal Opera in Vienna. This work would begin the last week in August, she said, but she would have to be there beforehand—so much must be arranged. They would start the Fall Repertoire with occasional performances of “Hänsel and Gretel” and she had been directed to “prepare the mother” in this opera as her first part.

“Only one solo,” she was saying; “mean intervals for singing—you wouldn’t think it, would you? But they’re all askew; and the ugly old peasant woman make-up, of course! Every poor alto has to do a lot of those things, while the *soprans* kite around in the foreground.”

She underscored the hopelessness of the thing with a catch of her under lip.

“One might learn the trade, being a contralto,” said Aldrich, “and then turn soprano afterward.”

The opera candidate raised significant eye-

THE EMOTIONALIST

brows. "Just watch me," she said, with the manner of a weighty secret divulged; "just wait, and watch me catch for high notes!"

"Baroness Lubke must elongate her cadenzas at all both the ends," Fräulein Ackern informed them very seriously. "Miss Furman can sing high like a soprano, already."

"If you don't make her keep it up too long," Miss Furman explained. "That's the hardest of everything—keeping it up too long!"

Miss Low saw fit to find it interesting how many German singers seemed capable of feeling for a contralto or a soprano part, indiscriminately.

"It's just their way of going at things, I guess," explained Miss Furman. "Where there's a different opera every night and a handful of people to do them, it doesn't really matter what you *are*, just so you *can*."

"Why!" exclaimed Aldrich, "that sound positively American."

"Sure thing! They go at art, here, much as we go at our finance over there."

On this observation Miss Furman arose and stood behind Fräulein Ackern's chair, clasping her benefactress's neck with a very taking impulsiveness. "The nicest thing about my going to Vienna, though, is that Schwesterlein's coming

THE EMOTIONALIST

over in October to spend a month with me, or maybe, all winter—aren't you, little sister?"

Fräulein Ackern looked, if anything, more gloomily out of eyes that seemed to pierce an empty future. "There is the climate," she said. "I have fear before the Vienna climate. I have tried it one time. I am like the burnt child which has fear before the fire."

"In the case of Vienna," Miss Low remarked, "I should call it rather the blown child dreading the wind." The words came steeped in her high light laughter, her only mannerism, which yet failed to surprise, being somehow a part of her.

Fräulein Ackern's face remained a monotone of resignation over clasped hands in her lap.

"I am deciding," she went on, "I am deciding whether or not to keep open the villa and stay here for the rest of the winter after Victoria has gone."

"*When Victoria goes a-singing,*" trilled Miss Furman in a rich bubble of little minors. "Never mind, honey, we'll keep you all tucked-in, in Vienna, and you'll be that snug!"

"So you've a regal name," Aldrich observed.

"Maybe. I got it in Middle New York," Miss Furman replied. "I was named Victoria after an aunt—a sister of my mother's."

Her voice fell, intentionally, and quite enough

THE EMOTIONALIST

to convey that there was no mother now. Aldrich watched her for possible contrast between real and perfunctory pensiveness.

She was away from the danger, if danger there were, before he could decide. "For my part," she declared, "I never liked Aunt Victoria, and so I never cared for the name—that is, not until I came abroad."

"What altered it?" Aldrich made bold to ask.

"Oh, in the life on this side, it kept reminding me. It was like a kind of admonition on every letter—or rather on every bill. After a while, when funds began to run dry, there were no letters, you see, only bills! And so I forgot its associations."

"And treasured its significance?"

"Just about that, only I'd have used a German word, probably, before I finished. About the time my English gave out I'd have said 'Bedeutung,' or something of that sort. No matter!"

"'Treasure the Bedeutung'"—Aldrich tested the mixture for himself. "Not so bad!" He could hear it as from the lips of thousands of good Americans who never mastered terms altogether handy for rough-and-ready abstraction in their own language, and never got nearer to any other language than its handy substantive. "I mean

rather," he added, "that it's not so bad to have some *Bedeutung* to treasure."

"A blessing and a burden," Miss Furman elided hastily. "But see! You're idling, because I've gone and forgotten to make you eat more strawberries."

"I'm afraid we must"—Miss Low made as if to begin, but Aldrich was already deep in protestation.

"No more, thank you, for that would be too much of one thing while I starve for another. Why don't you all talk more of this Vienna and this opera into which Miss Furman is going, and the rôles she is to sing—the way she will do them—the costumes—everything. If I had that before me, it seems as if I should talk nothing else."

"We talk, and talk, and talk of it all day when we're alone," confessed Miss Furman, reaching for *Fräulein Ackern's* hand.

But *Fräulein Ackern's* face had lighted up. "Ach," she exclaimed, "it is not *famós!* There is yet no German opera better than Vienna. Before one year, when not yet Miss Furman had come by me to live, she tried hard to get *engagement* in Leipzig—Leipzig, think only—Pfui!—that middle-people nest—and yet the Direktor there held back. When I found her and brought her here to me she was yet in despair because he

THE EMOTIONALIST

will not. If he had taken her she would be buried, because he would make a contract for five years. But even with that he will not until I say, 'No—wait!'"

"And he'd be holding back still," supplemented Miss Furman. "Had I not managed to get the guest-rôle in Vienna and to make good. His offer came just twenty-four hours after I'd signed the Vienna contract. Some way he'd got wind I was about to, you see, and came in on the home-stretch—just a day late!"

"There seem to be many incorrigible nosers on the hindmost trail of success," commented Aldrich. "I wonder what makes them do it!"

"I'm afraid"—Miss Low now made use of a more audible voice—"I'm afraid, really, Archie, that we're already very late for the Randolphs. I hate to tear him away," she apologized, addressing the others, "but you know these Dresden trams."

"And the Randolphs are the other side of town—why, sure!" cried Aldrich, springing up. "How thoughtless of me."

"You must let him come again," said Miss Furman, "if he'll be a good boy."

There followed leave-takings, merry enough. They backed down the garden walk under fire of

THE EMOTIONALIST

adieus and persiflage from Miss Furman twirling the lantern on the balcony.

At the street corner outside, where they waited for a tram, they stood wordless, getting their breath. Miss Low peered anxiously up the street at the distant disc of the electric car. Aldrich proposed that they walk and let it catch up with them.

"As you like," assented Miss Low, taking his arm.

"And now," he hastened, well-nigh carrying her along with his keyed-up stride, "tell me what *you* think of her!"

Miss Low's face was averted. "Indeed," she said, "I can't think of her at all. I'm kept busy feeling worried over poor Fräulein Ackern. I never before knew such an odd and pathetic case of obsession."

He teased her that her words had a tinge of the personal. "And you are the one person in the world," he added, "of whom the personal is unimaginable."

III

DOLLS, SAWDUST AND EMOTIONS; TOGETHER WITH WHAT THE BIRDS MAY ACCOMPLISH

ON the morrow, very early for him, Aldrich made his way down the cement stairs of the Villa Schramm. As always, he noted the unmentionably be-odored dankness surcharged with mitigating coffee and bakery; a whiff against morning yawns which hastened him around vaulted turns and shot him out the bottommost landing into one of the summerhouses. There was indeed an opulence of summerhouses here in this rhombus scrimpage of shrubs and gravel walks. The widowed sister-in-law Schramms had erected them in every corner, to say nothing of this extra one immediately facing the main entrance at the side of the Villa. "We have no garden, I see," Aldrich had remarked on the day of his arrival; "it appears to have been crowded out by our garden bowers." Which words, carried forthwith to the two proprietresses by one of the German fellow-boarders, had brought him into temporary eclipse.

THE EMOTIONALIST

As Aldrich did not like unpopularity, even with Hausfrau or landlady, he was on the lookout to rectify himself. He had thought he saw a way through little attentions to the senior proprietress's eight-year-old Katychen, and was not displeased this morning, to find Katychen and her doll ahead of him.

Katychen arose and dropped him a courtesy. She radiated the diffuse spirit of her mother's establishment in lines of her tightly braided hair, sandy red; her legs, white-stockinged and preternaturally thin; her features, anæmic, freckled, full of intelligence; her manner of correct and properly apportioned self-confidence.

"The Herr," she began, for she always addressed Aldrich as *der Herr*—"the Herr has not yet had his coffee. I heard Mamma say so."

"Decidedly no, Katychen," said Aldrich in his most careful German. "I never have an appetite, you see, until I come down and eavesdrop on the birds."

Katychen, who had recently learned the story of Siegfried at school, asked him if he'd "tasted dragon blood." He caught her freckled little hand between both his own.

"Katychen," he exclaimed, shaking his head at her, "if you'd been a woman and said that, I should have called you a *cat*."

THE EMOTIONALIST

Katychen was so amused that he wondered, after all, whether he had succeeded in getting beyond her depth, as he had meant to do. Getting beyond Katychen's depth was a neat enough problem. Possibly she had merely been moved to ordinary child's mirth at the rapid juxtaposition of animals and monsters. He never quite decided, where Katychen was concerned.

"The vacation begins next week," announced Katychen.

"That's good," he replied. "In America they begin to get at vacation earlier—sometime along the beginning of June. But even that's not enough. I think school ought not to happen at all, once it is June."

"It is disagreeable," replied Katychen.

She had set her doll in the proper attitude facing him, but she ignored its presence as something casual and irrelevant.

"That seems to be a well-behaved doll," he observed.

"Dolls are always well-behaved," Katychen replied.

"That's nice, isn't it? Perhaps they can't even help behaving."

"They're dumb things," mused Katychen, glancing at hers with tolerant boredom.

"Now, now, come to think of it, Katychen,

THE EMOTIONALIST

you're right. Somebody ought to invent a really naughty doll—a doll with feelings, you know!"

"Fräulein Low once took me to the 'Doll Fairy' ballet at the opera." Katychen looked out at him, cornerwise, with her oldish dryness. "I think there must have been lots of them in that."

"Oh, yes, you find them in the ballet, Katychen; a little unwieldy, though, don't you think?"

"Pfui!" agreed Kate. "And they're not really dolls after all."

"As to that I'm not always so sure, particularly those with the French names." Aldrich felt reasonably certain he was beyond Katychen this time. "But I tell you what, Katychen," he hastened to add, "I've seen real dolls emotional enough to squeal if you punched them in the ribs!"

Katychen had owned one like that, a waxen blonde; but admitted she had thumped all the sawdust out of her, though long beforehand the blonde had grown so accustomed to the treatment she had ceased to complain.

"She had a spring-box inside of her. The English ladies are all blonde," Katychen supererogated.

"But they'll never cease to complain, not while they're out of England, at any rate; and there's

THE EMOTIONALIST

no thumping the sawdust out of *them*. Is there, Katychen?"

"What's that?" came a highly inflected voice at his elbow. He turned, saluting Miss Whiteside.

"You *dreadful* man," she exclaimed, gushing accusation. "You dreadful man—to run down the English!"

"Well, I'm run down doing it, and that ought to atone," said Aldrich. "And then, you're only English by adoption, you know. Don't expect us to relinquish you offhand, just because you've been aristocratically living in Jersey."

At this juncture Katychen repeated for Miss Whiteside the courtesy she had made to Aldrich a few moments before, and withdrew as one discreetly sizing up candidates for a tête-à-tête.

Miss Whiteside spread her lace handkerchief on the bench of the summerhouse and seated herself with circumspection for her starched *écru* toilette.

"These dreadful German arbors," she said. "It never occurs to them to scrub them."

"On the contrary, I think they scrub them too much. It makes the arbors as self-conscious as the gardens—and nearly as clean."

Miss Whiteside adjusted frills of elbow-sleeves and lines of skirt. "Do you think the Germans really love nature?" she inquired.

THE EMOTIONALIST

"Undoubtedly. I could only wish they wouldn't so picket it, and cook it up, and——"

"Oh, by the way," interrupted Miss Whiteside, with a thinly veiled eagerness of one getting to her point, "they tell me—they tell me——"

In her artificial hesitation there was, somewhere, a shrillness suggesting that America she had been so long at such pains to correct in herself. Aldrich still stood where he had arisen at her entrance. He looked down upon the powdered attenuation of her uplifted nose.

"They tell you——" he assisted.

"You poor man," she wriggled, "what should they tell me but the real news that you've been caught—caught on the wing, as it were. In short, that you've met the prima-donna."

"They've been prompt about it."

"Oh, you know—the little bird——"

"Jove! in this locality the birds *do* things." He seated himself. "But I'm interested to hear I'm caught, and I'm going to permit you to narrate it all to me with as much detail as may please you."

Miss Whiteside cried out in astonishment:

"Just fancy! Why, I got up earlier than usual to let you tell *me*. Begin now. You must be full of her—everybody always is; and I'm dying to hear."

THE EMOTIONALIST

He was watching her with his level look, which granted its twinkle as a usual concession to second thought.

"I'm still presupposing it is some opinion of Miss Victoria Furman you're after."

Miss Whiteside subsided, in dainty fidgets.

"When Georgia got home last night I looked in on her. I'd known you were to call by for her, you see, so I asked all about it. Georgia hadn't much to say—she never has, you know. But she thought Miss Furman had impressed you favorably—she always does, you know."

"You mean Georgia always thinks that Miss Furman always impresses me favorably?"

Miss Whiteside pouted.

"Anyway you like—how exasperating you are!"

"That's right," Aldrich encouraged. "Now we're getting down to business. Begin. Have you heard Miss Furman sing?"

"Only in Fräulein Ackern's drawing-rooms. You can't tell in a place like that, you know."

"You see, I've not heard her."

"Oh, she has a glorious voice, I've no doubt. We're all to understand it is so considered."

"That sounds as if it ought to be all right," mused Aldrich.

"But just fancy," Miss Whiteside pursued:

THE EMOTIONALIST

“They say she can’t *act* at all. They say that when it comes to acting she’s a—a *stick!*”

“And we’re to understand that, too—without responsibility?”

Pettishly Miss Whiteside shook her banged coiffure and accused him of making jest of her.

“Not for worlds,” he protested. “Or at any rate, I’m just taunting you into telling me more of a lady who has plainly interested us both.”

This time he neared the shadow of an earnestness which moved Miss Whiteside to break loose, and hand forth whatever she’d accumulated.

“It was all a pure stroke of luck—just fancy!” she narrated. “There’s a rumor that the Director of the Vienna Opera was not even in the city when she sang her trial part—her *Gast-rolle*, as they call it.”

“Maybe,” Aldrich surmised. “Maybe he’d been made to understand.”

“It seems that was most probably it.”

He had a twinge of conscience for so suggesting such deflection.

“Ah, yes,” Miss Whiteside went on, “the Director was out of town, but that didn’t prevent the engagement. You know last winter in Dresden, Miss Furman sang at a big charity concert given under the patronage of the King. She chose for her number a group of songs by an amateur

THE EMOTIONALIST

Viennese composer—one Graf von Lüdersberg—a very great man there.”

“Perhaps they were good songs,” ventured Aldrich.

Miss Whiteside’s glance did double duty of coquetry and insinuation.

“A very powerful man,” she repeated. “A society swell, and tenth cousin to Franz Josef—or something like that.”

“And even yet,” persisted Aldrich, “they may have been good songs. I say,” he proposed, “let’s go in and see what the rest of the Pension’s doing about breakfast.”

Miss Whiteside shook her head as he arose. “Such a boy!” she deplored, betraying her sense of maturity as she would have been careful not to do had the man in question seemed longer worth while. With starchy detachment, eloquent of her sense of his futility, she preceded him into the Villa. Aldrich knew this tête-à-tête to be a final installment on a capitalization quite experimental. If she had been sinking her funds, so to speak, it was plain she knew when to stop. His acquaintance with her, as a new friend of Georgia’s, dated back just about a half-week. He had been appraised punctually, though none too hastily. And now he was ticketed and listed off. Here was piquant obviousness. He could have

THE EMOTIONALIST

laughed aloud, the while he seemed to himself more or less of a mucker to see it so clearly. That was one of the penalties he was ever paying his writer's consciousness; he must always be seeing things it was in poor taste for him to have an eye for.

IV

THE DEFINITION OF NOT PUTTING IT DEFINITELY

At the Pension Schramm breakfast was served both Continental and American fashion. That is to say, most of the boarders preferred their coffee and Brötchen in their chambers, while Miss Low, Miss Whiteside, and Aldrich made use of the dining-room. This arrangement not only seemed less trouble for Anna, the much over-worked maid-of-all-work, but gave the three a morning meeting place for the laying out of daily plans.

Miss Low was already in the dining-room at the window end of the long table. Behind her with increasing closeness crept the morning sunlight. It permeated her ash-blond hair and touched the outline of her cheek and bust with softening filtered stealth, sifted, as it was, through the cheese-cloth curtains. Coming upon her thus Aldrich was almost startled at the illusion of girlishness, enveloping, pervasive. It struck him that something in the arrangement of the Ackern bal-

cony the evening before had done her gross injustice.

As for Miss Low's breakfast, it was laid before her on the napkined width of a diminutive tray, from which widened the dreary expanse of table cover, red once, now a faded salmon. Over this pink waste her eyes were wandering musingly between coffee sips so ultra slow that, as Aldrich had remarked on a previous occasion, she seemed experimenting with some strange species of drug.

Miss Whiteside rushed upon her.

"Georgia!" she burst forth. "It just this instant occurs to me! Isn't this the day of the Lubke's musicale?"

Miss Low's musing had ceased in quick brightness. "I'd quite forgotten," she said. "You've both breakfasted, of course?"

"If we haven't, we mean to," said Aldrich. "But what's this about a musicale in midsummer?"

Miss Whiteside explained that the Baronin Lubke, who had prepared Miss Furman for opera, was to give a final musicale before taking some well-earned rest at her summer home in the Harz. The Baronin had remained in town unusually late this year.

"Fräulein Ackern said something some time ago about our all going, didn't she, dear?"

Miss Whiteside made a point of letting no reasonable diversion escape.

"She spoke of being willing to arrange it," smiled Miss Low, "but she must have forgotten. At all events, she hasn't mentioned it since."

"I call that really quite nasty of her!"

Miss Whiteside had moved one of the chairs nearer Miss Low's, and tapped the bell for Anna. She gave her orders for coffee that should be particularly hot, Brötchen extra toasted, and an egg boiled three minutes and fifteen seconds.

Aldrich wanted further information concerning the musicale. Miss Low shoved a morning paper toward him, from which, after some search, he found a notice and read aloud that Miss Furman was to sing songs by Beethoven, and Schubert, and Franz.

"A little classical and old-fashioned, perhaps?" He laid down the paper to remove the apex from the egg Anna had brought him.

"She does that kind of thing best." There was in Miss Low's tone the inflection of critical authority, however subdued. With its riper note it dissipated the girlishness wrought of window drapery and morning light. Aldrich was amused to find himself feeling more at home.

"It has almost seemed to me," Miss Low pursued, "that Miss Furman would have done well

THE EMOTIONALIST

to have adhered to her original plan. She started out to become a concert singer. The idea of opera seems to have been more or less forced upon her by the Baroness Lubke."

"You mean," Aldrich inquired, "that she lacks the dramatic consciousness?"

Miss Low hesitated. "I'm not sure I'd put it just that way."

"Why, of course you wouldn't, Georgia!" He threw back his head and laughed. "Never, never, would you put it just that way, because that's one of my man's awkward dives. What I'm really after, and patiently waiting for, is your woman's finer distinction."

"Well——" Miss Low selected her words with obvious care. "Granting, to begin with, that I'm no ultimate judge, then I should say—she lacks not dramatic consciousness so much as—as imagination—or something even harder to define. If you wanted to be very pedantic and German, you might call it 'æsthetic over-soul.'"

Miss Whiteside cried out a "Fancy it," and a "Dear me," snapping comprehending lashes over beady pupils.

"But you don't like her, do you, dear?" she added.

"Georgia wouldn't put it in just that way," Aldrich replied for her.

"I'm afraid," softly retorted she whom they called "Georgia," "I'm afraid we're giving Miss Furman an undue rush."

It was not a too obvious hint, yet the breakfast talk veered elsewhere forthwith, which Miss Whiteside regretted. She was beginning to have her onlooker's exhilaration of crucial quoits in the pitching. Her morning's chat with Aldrich had in some way been of such a nature as to quite complete a steady disillusionment regarding his availability. It had brought her to an attitude free from personal hopes touching him broadly and inevitably as convenient masculinity. The more, then, was he now become of importance as a motive and cue for Georgia. Miss Whiteside's outpost was the better and her observation the keener through wholesome depersonalization. Her curiosity was, moreover, the more active.

Long ago she had decided that in some strange and silent and unexpected way Georgia must be very much in love with this young fellow Aldrich. What Georgia saw in him she, Miss Whiteside, failed to comprehend. On one or two occasions she had even tried, though with indifferent success, to hint as much to Georgia herself, with some purpose of drawing her out. To begin with, he was not old enough; and

THE EMOTIONALIST

in some ways his speech and conduct were, if anything, more immature than his appearance. Then there seemed something intangible, if not unsteady, about a man who lived frankly for nothing better than to produce prose, or (the horror of it!) even verse, in his own way and at his own time. The extenuation of it all was that he appeared to have an income sufficient to enable him to do so. Indeed, it was largely this fact, coupled with some unescapable glamour from Georgia's mute estimate, that had made him seem worth the usual preliminary testing bout. In this, as has been seen, he had failed. In Miss Whiteside's encounters of coquetry only the man could fail. Irresponsiveness from one of the opposite sex was the plain but comfortable proof of his limitation.

This morning with even the small-talk of breakfast, almost, though unintentionally, excluding her, Miss Whiteside had a particular mood of mental thankfulness for the men over forty—the real men—in whom intelligent response and appreciation were better matured. At present the outlook was a little destitute. Yet, following the merciful provision that things are never so bad but they may be worse, the Pension Schramm included a certain Herr Adolf, whose fifty unhampered years placed him well in the category.

Unfortunately, Herr Adolf's business duties kept him away much of the time. Those same duties had at some time or other in his life given him a protracted residence in London, with a result of certain anglicisms entirely to his advantage in Miss Whiteside's eyes. In the course of the present conversation she found occasion, at last, to revert to his absence of the past few weeks, pensively, as befitted.

"If Herr Adolf were only here!" she put it.

"Pluralizing?" Aldrich left it with Georgia.

"He is the most British German I ever met, just as you, Cecilia, are the most English American." Miss Low smiled.

"The very idea," fluttered Miss Whiteside. "But really, Georgia, I leave it to you. Isn't he the most *ideál* man? And such a real swell! I never before believed a German could be a real swell."

"He never can until he gets to be English," observed Aldrich.

Miss Whiteside huddled together on her pout again. She exclaimed that Aldrich was perfectly horrid; and made as if to extinguish her faint bepowdered blush. Her affectations were of the sort which has little efficacy. Aldrich, for instance, felt a gradual meanness in not more making her feel (little spinster that she was) the appeal of

THE EMOTIONALIST

all she wished to appear. After all, with what pathetic dependence did she hang upon Miss Low, literally following her, channels-over, from country to country. Now that he had joined them, for a time, did he not more or less share the unformulated duty exacted forever of her type? For that type, pitiful perhaps, dawdling very possibly, and most certainly detached, even in its attachments—cast upon the reef of its uselessness like seaweed—must qualify whatever it touched with this exaction, nameless though it might be. And forever! Humanity was surely arranged very much for the convenience of its more inconvenient atoms. Here Aldrich must end it with resignation, resolving at the same time to be from henceforth as nice as to her as it would be quite nice to be.

There had been this morning the usual attempt at formulating some combined plan for the day. Miss Whiteside was eager Georgia should accompany her into the city. Perhaps even Aldrich might want to go, too? But Miss Low had made the long trolley journey and back the night before, and the day promised heat, besides. Aldrich gravely explained how delighted he would be were there not a pile of galley-proof awaiting him—his last translation—direct from the printer in America.

THE EMOTIONALIST

"You're both of you horrid—so there!" Miss Whiteside flung at them, flouncing from the room. In a moment, however, she was back again, hatted and parasoled, with a repentant kiss for Georgia.

"I did so want you to look at that challie with me," she apologized. "Just fancy! Every possible shade at twenty-five pfennigs a yard."

"Get lavender," counseled Georgia, "that will be safe. Good-by, dear. Don't get overheated." She let herself be kissed a second time, drawing freedom in a deep breath when all was quiet again.

"Something must be done with her," observed Aldrich, "or some day she'll turn on us."

Miss Low sighed, and assured him that "Cecilia" was all right.

"Generally speaking, where did you pick Cecilia up?"

"In England, I think."

"You're uncertain. I see. She evolved upon you gradually."

"She is very much alone after all," ventured Georgia. "I think—it seems to me—that in such cases one can always do something."

"One can marry her off, or try to, if that's what you mean. And, counting on her own reluctant assistance——"

"By the way," Miss Low broke in, "I peeped

THE EMOTIONALIST

between the blinds this morning before breakfast and found Cecilia and *you* in the most delicious confab. I was concerned!"

"You may well have been," he admitted gravely. "Not that I had any plan of helping Cecilia out with a first option."

"I was going to say!"

Her accustomed laugh rang a protest.

"You may well have been concerned for all that," he explained; "as my Good Saint and Patroness you ought to be. You see, we were discussing Miss Furman—Victoria Furman—Royal Opera singer of Vienna—that shall be hereafter!"

As he spoke he was adjusting the window shade behind her to the increasing sun-glare. And so he felt from her only the fixedly gentle humor which his mind's eye habitually saw when his accustomed habit of mind failed in seeing anything.

A few seconds later she persisted in declining his offer of a stroll in the Waldpark. He ought to be back about his work, she insisted. He had been detained from his work too long already.

V

THE BIOGRAPHY OF AN ATTACHMENT—A PRACTICE CADENZA

BETWEEN Aldrich and Miss Low the friendship dated back enough to impel a certain recognition which motored privileges. It held its ground. There is a firmness about things habitual enough to become elastic. Just how much she was his senior he, for his part, never cared to know; and if, in her, the essential feminine ever stopped to think it out, she must have felt the good taste of his assumption toward it. His guise was paradox indeed; breezy familiarity which yet attested consideration: the subtler deference a younger man may render an older woman.

So may a man's friendship actually be of that quality which insulates a woman from herself. It is open to question, however, whether a man may ever quite guard a woman from some holy-of-holies concerning him; some insistence of her femininity perhaps; subconscious; not infrequently irrelevant. Miss Low, at least, kept some of her smiles for her closet. There, in secret, they

THE EMOTIONALIST

derided, or tried to deride, certain sentiments of memory touching the boyhood of the man whose boyhood might be said to more than live up to him without quite living him down. It was the boyhood panting for breath behind the man that kept repleting in her some quenchless tenderness over the boy that had been.

Thus was the inevitable enshrinement: one lad Archibald (popularly Archie) who stood well nimbused in a first glimpse of him out of vanished years. There was a one first morning of early summer, when she had looked from her balcony window and seen him gather self-conscious shoulders together and fish in an inside pocket for a visiting card, as he made his way up the walk to her door. The visiting card held his three names: Archibald Churchill Aldrich. It was now quite yellow, fastened in the frame behind a photo of Archie at seventeen, which never left Miss Low's dresser.

On the first summer morning in question, Miss Low had been one week back at the old New Hampshire homestead. Her sojourn in Europe had been long: long enough indeed to detach her and give her that sense of putting her Americanism out to air, which seemed to exact mute apologies of her loyalty. She was uncertain whether or not it pleased her to find her patriotism being

THE EMOTIONALIST

freshened, more or less automatically, in the numberless old acquaintances who hastened to call and reclaim it. They did so practically without her intervention. On every side the half-forgotten friends seemed to spring up, to boost her into quickened assurances—replenished love for things American, which they had no reason to doubt she must feel in the added ardor of absence.

Thus, any doubt on her own part of what she must feel became a much assisted certainty of the impropriety of not feeling it.

Yet among the promptest callers Archie's mother had, with a nameless charm of assumption, really redeemed many New England prepossessions. Mrs. Churchill-Aldrich, as she was generally chronicled locally (whereby she was distinguished from a Mrs. Alden-Aldrich and a Mrs. Eb-Aldrich, both of them first cousins by marriage, and living in the same community), appeared to be a lady of stately garrulity, tactful withal, and beautiful with that beauty which whitened hair makes vivid for the lay observer.

Much of her chat with Miss Low must perforce touch upon her children, in whose life her own life had so largely been absorbed. She had referred particularly to the little son of yore—the youngest. Did Miss Low perhaps remember having once remarked his thick, wavy hair? Miss Low

THE EMOTIONALIST

did recall the hair, and the straight, cool eyes as well. She had seen him on one of her girlhood vacations from Wellesley, had she not?—a little boy who had been called in from play to present a sweaty palm? The mother related how he was now a big little boy, entering college next fall. Moreover, he had developed literary predilections and an odd interest for continental poets and dramatists, evoked, no doubt, of dippings in certain little-used sets in their library. A reasonably normal boy for all that, though; and he had expressed a desire to resume his acquaintance with Miss Low, who had lived so much abroad. The fact was, some of his tastes met small response or nourishment in his home life. (Mrs. Aldrich expressed a dignified twinge of motherly conscience.) But what was she to do? A New England matron, however her activities and anxieties might center in her family *as* a family, was confronted by a grave problem touching this same family as a series of highly specialized units. Her motherhood must be mute just where the individualism began to show strongest. If one could but sometimes travel! Not for years at a time as Miss Low did—imagination failed to go that far—but a little, sometimes, if only to meet, in some way, exactions in the various growings-up of one's own children. But it was out of the ques-

THE EMOTIONALIST

tion. There was always the too proscribed round binding her to this New Hampshire village, not counting the string, sometimes allowed for a few hundred miles beyond it. In America a few hundred miles or so didn't take you far. Miss Low must really meet her boy. To know Miss Low would, she believed, be the boon he just now most needed.

With her graded silvery laugh, even then a fixed habit, Miss Low had agreed to take "Archie" in hand, urging the mother to "send him over" as soon as he might be induced to come. She would tell him what she could. Possibly if the lad had found interest in Carlylian bits of Klopstock, or Lessing, Grillparzer, or Jean Paul, he might like to come down to something nearer, with her, and hear of her months among these new Munich Secessionists. It almost looked sometimes as if these Secessionists might turn not only painting, but music, literature, the theater, even house decoration and furniture building, all upside down—almost as if they had set out merely to topple pyramids on their apexes. And yet they went about it all with such energy and vitality; often (not always, alas!) such technical virtuosity! You couldn't quite make them out as the *Decadents* their enemies called them—not after you were used to them, at any rate! Yes: she

THE EMOTIONALIST

had met several of their German celebrities, though celebrities were not much in the line of Americans in Germany. In Berlin, to be sure, you would some time or other run bolt against one, if you went out at all. Often you were ashamed of yourself for never having heard of him until his personal presentation. Then you had to ascertain some way or other just how celebrated he was, afterward.

It had turned out a long visitation, in which both Miss Low and Mrs. Churchill-Aldrich increasingly indulged themselves in being charmed with each other. Mrs. Aldrich was quickly at her ease as to discretion and taste in her enthusiasm for a cultured and traveled woman: Miss Low, on the other hand, realized in her caller some embodied conception of New England motherhood at its best, and in high relief against a flattening retrospect of European bizarreries.

When the son put in his appearance two mornings later, it was the look of the mother which Miss Low sought, in her first glance across his level eyes. Finding it there, she sealed a mental acceptance, which glowed forth in cordiality, putting him, hypnotically, at boyish ease. The day following, he had tea with her, German fashion, in her garden, and she told him of a young poet she had met in Munich—one who told his poetry

THE EMOTIONALIST

not in words, but in orchestral instruments, and who was said to be finding out things left undiscovered by the great Wagner himself: one Richard Strauss. This poet, she explained, was a musical Secessionist. There were all sorts of Secessionists nowadays. Their primal mark was the recognition of some fundamental law of their own impulse as supreme and independent of all that might go before it. Their only requirement apparently was that the impulse be productive. Nothing must go lost. If you felt anything good or bad, or great or small, you must get it into language or into stone, or encrust it with a palette knife over canvas, or devise it out in sounds. Sometimes you tried all of these ways, if you were very rabid. There was, she had heard, such a man in Leipzig, who had painted Christ on Olympus, made a Salome in tinted marbles, and turned the Brahms's symphonies into etchings.

In the end Miss Low found herself trying to make a joke of her Secessionists, so palpably, so well-nigh dangerously were they interesting her young friend. As she might have foreseen, he was particularly carried away by the idea of a fundamental artistic law in untrammelled individual impulse. With misgivings, Miss Low, who had meant to make her allusions conversational and superficial, saw them striking home. Over

THE EMOTIONALIST

his forgotten teacup flaked round with restlessly be-crumbed Stolle (now a very dry cake indeed, brought by Miss Low from Dresden in her trunk) he waxed confident, self-forgetful, loquacious. He was going to Harvard in the fall, he told her. His people were set upon it, of course. He, for his part, was by no means certain Harvard was what he was after. More to his liking would be one of those great European universities, where, he'd understood, everything was elective: where there was always an old-world library, somewhere around, and you could go just as deeply as you liked into anything. There, too, you were at fountain sources of things, and there was (no doubt) in all the atmosphere this wonderful Secessionism, of which Miss Low had recounted. He would come to-morrow and show Miss Low some of the things he'd written—she'd understand what he was trying to do better than his High School English teacher, who gave him unsympathetic blue-pencil comment, and often the poorest grading on the things he'd done most truly out of himself. The trouble with his High School English teacher was, she really didn't want you to do things right out of yourself, even though she did sometimes prate individuality. She wanted them done out of things done already. She would grant the little necessary fall-

THE EMOTIONALIST

ing behind on the pace, and inferiority in your imitation, if only you would *imitate*! He was just a little afraid it would be that way with the things they'd want you to do at Harvard.

"And everywhere else, my boy," Miss Low had laughingly discouraged. "Believe me, at college in Munich, Bavaria, or in Cambridge, Massachusetts, you'll have to learn *not* to be individual—so as to really know *how* to be, you know."

The comment was not without a significance to be afterward remembered. It fell, for the nonce, limply beyond the range of level eyes looking out at immediate issues. Miss Low had put him under that sort of spell in which what she said to him was vague indeed compared with what he had to say to Miss Low. Exhilaration spoke its last word in the fullness of opportunity. The boy had taken his leave well on toward sundown. He had remembered that he must take it, suddenly, with stammers of apologies, instantly forgotten in plans for the succeeding fall. Would she not like walking to the sulphur spring over in the field, sometime? They could go an hour before supper and take along their drinking cups.

"I want to show you then—that is, if you don't mind—some of my poetry," he proposed. There was the hesitation of a flush, and a pleased twitch-

THE EMOTIONALIST

ing of lips testifying ominousness. "When you've seen that," he went on, squaring himself against the tea table—"and you're the first person I've wanted to show it to—honestly—I believe you'll say—well—I think, from what you tell me—I must be a Secessionist."

His flush had steadied into further oblivions of confidence. "I've often wished I might go abroad right away," he continued, still standing hat in hand. "It might be the worst thing for some fellows—fellows who don't know what they want, and so have to have it all ready mapped out for them. But it would be all right for me because I know just what I want."

"You know a great deal," laughed Miss Low, "if you're sure you know that."

This trite comment had been unfortunate in bringing further hesitance, more fumbling of hat, and a deeper redness. She saw the quick immature apprehension in him of the egotism he'd been showing, and from a viewpoint less sympathetic than she meant hers should be. Quickly she had relented.

"Now, don't forget our walk," she reminded him. "And bring the poems—remember you've promised to bring the poems."

The readjustment had been immediate.

"I'll bring them," he said, "only I'd better not

THE EMOTIONALIST

read them at the sulphur springs. They might ignite it."

With Miss Low's mock exclamation of horror as further exhilaration, he managed finally to get himself off. It was no such serious matter. But cleaving his immaturities—call them crudities—if you would—Miss Low had already projected out of him the man of the future. Here was a process in which there was nothing to deter her from following her own pattern. In the satisfaction of it she frankly envied his mother, and recognized, without qualm, the ear-marks of her own approaching spinsterhood.

Accustomed discipline! Spinsterhood had now, for some time, faced her, a family Nemesis. Throughout her life, more or less, it had been corporeally vivid. Following the death of a mother in her infancy, the death of a father in his only daughter's fifth year had left her to the complete charge of his two unmarried sisters. These ladies had fulfilled their mission to the letter, keeping the old homestead for her inviolate in its traditions. Her rearing had had further advantage of some constant symbol in their abnegations for each other, since between the two had existed that insulating devotion which seems so to thrive in parallel phases of feminine isolation. If they shared unconscious exclusions which made

THE EMOTIONALIST

her early girlhood indefinably a hungry one, and subsequent vacations from Wellesley something in the nature of gentle horrors, she had yet been moved to the heart of her, when one had died, and the other had followed within a few months from palpable sheer inanition of further will to live.

The first death had brought her home from a graduating trip to Europe, made with a party of college companions. If at this time one thing could have served to emphasize more than another her past and present solitude, it had been her proven powerlessness of comfort. She had almost feared it would have been better had she remained abroad. Would it not have been even more merciful? For then the placid Aunt Lydia, survivor of the more voluble Aunt Louisa, might have faded away, peaceably, altogether undisturbed, amid the speechless silences which beckoned her on, so ungainsayingly. Poor Aunt Lydia! She but looked toward the stillness. Undemonstratively, though in decent gratitude, she had accepted her niece's ministrations to the final closing of tired eyelids.

Thus had been made fair demand for the niece's long expatriation. The Elsewhere had beckoned: a thing broad, kindly, and diverse. To return to it was but to retreat to sanctuary.

THE EMOTIONALIST

Afterward she had calculated the ordeal, when the cycle of years should by their gravitation bring her home again. At best, the resumption of old contacts is a thing uncertain. When it finally came upon her, dreading the experiment, recognizing the odd law of nativity which enforced it, she was to find it mercifully softened away from the guises of her expectation.

In the case of Archie's mother, for instance, there was a stimulation of new friendship which yet had somewhat of the sanction of memory. Archie and Archie's aims were the leavener. The interest was timely enough to more or less usurp the past with the present. The situation must inevitably give a foreground to the boy which he could not have held had he been the man. If, being the boy he happened to be, he held it rather better than if he had been different, there was yet nothing non-typical about it. No maturity has ever managed to gainsay the potency of youth, which is axiomatic, self-explanatory, where maturity must constantly justify itself.

In some wise, however, Archie might date his maturity (such as it was) from Miss Low's enthusiasm in his youth. Her very household arrangement was an exaction. In it was the permeation of an old world turned new, strong in suggestion through a new world grown old. He

THE EMOTIONALIST

could, at the very outset, get from it the inkle of handicap in his way of looking at things. At his "Prep" school he was studying both German and French. In Miss Low's home there lay, freely scattered, German periodicals and French reviews, which she could take up and read as casually as she would an American newspaper, and which he could not read at all, there being no vocabulary at the back. He caught the reproach of this sort of thing. In it he had his foreseeings, and shook from himself the vestige of a too easy standard, too often ready for permanence.

How much Miss Low, a gracious uninsistent presence, was smoothing out his energies at this period, he could not, in the nature of the case, realize. His college course was to better bring it out later. He was to yearn away from the contrast of its typical enforced gluttony of facts. He was to jest with Miss Low, by letter, that she was showing up (like a negative under chemical) a ferocious, if passive, iconoclast! And he was to realize at length, or believe he realized, how somewhere in her ideal, the principle of the actual had crept in a big earnestness, dominating the unreal with an intolerance ripe enough for that influence of which he had been too little aware. Perhaps she, too, had been too little aware! At

THE EMOTIONALIST

all events, she had been least conscious where her influence had been strongest.

She, for her part, was destined to hold to this summer preceding his college as a thing of walks afield and interminable lyrics! Archie had projected his aims in floods of confession from day to day. Half-baked though they might be, and without perspective, their deeper thrill was something to be pitted, without loss, against cool measures of subsequent attainment. Their significance had but grown across the years which had seen them, in so many instances, so deflected or destroyed.

From her point of view, which could not help being comparative, her influence was negligible ever afterward. The friendship was to merge by degrees into an impalpability intact but nebulous in occasional holiday reunions, and a spasmodic correspondence. The year following his B. A. from Harvard his father died. The estate had been much increased by certain tardy strokes of prosperity. Its division between Mrs. Churchill-Aldrich and her three children—the two married daughters and the son—had left Archie ready-made enough to spare him the pain of getting himself self-made. There was now no reason why he should not become the writer he had planned to become.

THE EMOTIONALIST

Long ere this, however, Miss Low had been reconfirmed in what she herself dubbed the "flitting habit." If she could not quite account for it, she had yet no urgent ground for acquiring any other. Her wanderings were never so far nor so wide but that they brought her sometimes back to the friends they made for her. Archie's first book was an instance. With Archie's printed dedication, and Archie's written inscription, it had tracked her some several thousand miles. Her letter, sent in return, was as heartfelt as she had ever written, expressive of her pride and gratitude. Time was, in a manner, making him tangible. As for the magic of it, was there after all, she asked herself, any magic save in that which time has hallowed?

The gate of the Schramm Pension creaked on rusty hinges behind Miss Low. She heard a tapping on the ledge of the window above her. Archie had looked up from his work as she passed out. His balcony was wide open, the curtain pushed back. She could see the pile of galley-proofs on the table beside him. He was waving to her and smiling, but the absent look of work did not leave his eyes. She nodded back, before hoisting the parasol which shut him from sight, as she went her way.

THE EMOTIONALIST

Her way led this morning to Fräulein Ackern's Villa. As she approached her destination, her steps, never hasty, lagged slow almost to motionlessness. She had had the good impulse to go for Cecilia and remind Fräulein Ackern of her forgotten promise regarding the Lubke Musicale. She knew it to be a case of oversight, and that she might do so without presumption. More than this: she had for years been regarded by Fräulein Ackern in the light of an intimate, if intermittent, friend—perhaps the most intimate among that German lady's favorite Americans—until the advent of the Furman, at least.

Diversions like this musicale meant so much to poor Cecilia. Archie might take her, and have himself the opportunity she knew he coveted of hearing Miss Furman sing.

As she turned the corner nearest the Ackern Villa, a round sweep of cadenza, liquid and pervasive, seemed to strike full against the morning, across the shrubbery. It died in a sort of echo of itself manipulated in half voice. In it was a vitality like triple youth, to bear out against obstacles, or seasons, or solitudes, defying them, when it could not laugh them down. Again the sounds coiled out mellifluously, challengingly. She recognized Miss Furman at her morning practice.

VI

A VOCAL LESSON—THE SKY VERSUS A GARDEN ROSE

THE early afternoon of the same day found Victoria Furman punctually keeping her appointment at Webenholz, a tiny estate capping the hills across the river—the home of the Frau Baronin Lubke. She had been directed to arrive in time for extra coaching, a half-hour before the hypothetical earliest guest. The Lubke paced up and down the music room in a fume of impatience.

“Dear Herr God!” she broke forth as Miss Furman entered. “See the time! I have a telegram from the Graf von Lüdersberg, and he will come in twenty minutes—unbelievable! He would like to hear you sing your Fides Aria, extra. Ach God, thou Dear One! If I had known I would have had you here all morning.”

“How snide of him!” Miss Furman removed her Eton jacket. From some corner of the room crept forth the accompanist, who had been effac-

THE EMOTIONALIST

ing himself with that rare success attainable by his kind.

The Lubke understood English, but was prone to irritation when it involved a slang expression beyond her.

“What is ‘snide’?” she demanded.

“Never mind; I won’t say it again.” Miss Furman undid her music roll.

“None of those songs. Ah, God!” A leather-bound “Prophet” score was slammed on the piano rack. “Find the aria.” The Baronin addressed the accompanist.

“The Frau Baronin will forgive me,” he stammered, “there is more than one aria in ‘Prophet’!”

“Salad-head!” announced the Lubke. “And what aria does the Furman sing always? So something stupid!”

“Now, now,” pacified Miss Furman. “Willie couldn’t know—I sometimes sing the first: Act One also. Third act, Williechen!”

The Frau Baronin had tethered her nerves in the wake of surmounting forces and did justice to both by recourse to either. Having cleared the air by a general and massive petulance, she proceeded with the rehearsal and arose to her own height.

“Yes,” she sighed at the first lull, when both

THE EMOTIONALIST

women paused for breath, "you do it all right when I am there. When I am not there I know how something goes out of it. You sing *me*—but you cannot sing yourself. There will be those who will call you an artist. But I sometimes believe you will never be an artist except—*by proxy*, as you say in English."

On this question the Furman was without vanity. She bowed her head.

"Yet I want to do it with my whole soul," she said. "What's the matter?"

"You belong to the wrong race. You are too much Amerikanerin. The Americans have all of them the *common-sense*; and nothing is quite so stupid as common-sense."

The little accompanist, though quite forgotten, had wheeled on his seat.

"Ach, Fräulein," he broke loose, "it is not so bad."

"Thank you, Williechen—but you'd better keep still about it, or you may some day lose your job!"

Here the Lubke was halted. Her rare smile broke forth from sunken eyes of a fire still considerable.

"You see," she observed, "he is of our race. He could have sung—if he'd been granted aught but chicken-lungs!"

THE EMOTIONALIST

"Of course. That's why Williechen plays so well." Miss Furman patted Williechen's shoulder, and glanced at the clock. "The Graf is nice and late, I see. If you'll only hear me I should like to go over the Beethoven, too—just once, before he gets here."

Half audibly the Lubke reflected something to the effect that the genuine Amerikaner was given to a conscientiousness quite disproportionate to his conscience. She added specific preliminaries regarding the pose of the tongue on certain vowels and bade the Fräulein proceed. The song was a four-verse ballad, and its final phrase was caught up on a handclapping outside the door.

"Bravo!"

There entered the Graf von Lüdersberg, with the dapper air of his appropriated right to do so.

"I have heard many verses outside." He bent to his hand-kissing, lingering over the Furman's ringless fingers. Victoria winked at her teacher across his scant locks.

The Frau Baronin scowled. "Fräulein Furman shows progress, nicht wahr?"

"It was always good," assured the Graf. "It was always so good it could not be better. But now it is better than ever—*that*—*sächlich!*"

"Impossibly better—I see." Miss Furman conceded his prestige a sly pinch of the finger-tips

THE EMOTIONALIST

as he at length let go her hand. There being no betrayal in his manner, the Graf's prestige appeared equal to it.

"Fräulein sings like an angel," he announced.

"But she doesn't feel like one," objected the Fräulein in question.

The Lubke grasped her opportunity.

"*Ja wohl!* That is what fails. One must feel like an angel when one sings."

"If the angel is in the song," broke in the Graf. "Do not forget that, Fräulein! if it is in the song. And sometimes it is *not*."

Victoria had backed against the bass end of the keyboard. She began drumming it thoughtfully with her hands behind her.

"The Herr Graf fears," she observed, "that I may try and feel like an angel by being one."

"It will not be her method," the Lubke rejoined.

"I have not feared—nein," thoughtfully protested the Graf.

"And wouldn't it be a bad method, after all?" continued the Furman. "Once you *are* a thing, you immediately stop feeling you are!"

"Fräulein is quite wrong," corrected the Lubke. "A woman can never be anything so much that she does not even more feel it."

"Perhaps, after all, you're right," speculated

THE EMOTIONALIST

the Furman. "That's why we're forced to skirts, I suppose. They're a sort of emblem of our self-consciousness."

"Entzückend!" The Graf caught at her hand, but she was successful in making him miss it.

"You will spoil her," cried the Lubke. "You must not spoil her. The Fräulein has yet too much to learn."

"I think, rather, she has too little to forget," disagreed the Graf.

"The idea being that one can do nothing until one has done all sorts of things one shouldn't have done!" The Furman's version was hypothetical.

"And the Herr Graf makes the empty phrase," broke in the Lubke. "Unless he means one must always forget whatever one has done and *do more*."

"Pernicious!" cried the Furman.

The Graf had another ecstasy of appreciation. The Lubke held her head. "Ewig frivol!" she repeated, "ever frivolous! There is nothing to be done with the American when the American is frivolous."

"But surely it is even harder," reassured the Graf, "when the American is serious. Or at least, have I always heard."

"As a people we may be too much in earnest to know just how it ought to be done," Victoria

THE EMOTIONALIST

erupted in sudden patriotism. "But when we *are* frivolous, we're sincere enough to be serious about it!"

"It is not that," maintained the Baronin. "The Americans are emotional at every turn, knoweth the Herr God! But, Pity-of-God, they have too much of their 'common-sense' with it."

The Baronin's *common-sense* was an untranslated English phrase in the midst of German beladen with Deity. She cast it from her with contempt.

"Ach, thou Dear God!" she thought to sigh a moment later, as though she had underdone it.

But the Austrian Graf as well as the American Girl gave closest attention whenever she spoke. The Baronin was spare in her insistent bigness. Her face narrowed at a brow crowned by an extent of front crimp held beneath a net. Mercilessly was she written upon herself. Yet she managed to be somehow incidental to herself, after some manner which precluded the personal, in her developed power of outdoing it.

Indeed, the Herr Baron, her husband, had been among the earlier proofs of this quality. He had married her out of the professional struggle and forever away from the singer's career. Not before she had promised the distinction of odds sur-

mounted, however. (She had early been accorded a unique position on the stage, as one of the homeliest young women who had ever ventured to grace it.) But the Baron's faith had not tarried upon the freshness of her plaudits. He had anchored her gifts with the security of the moneyed and very German comfort into which, through him, they had lifted her.

In some sort, this had been a mission of art where the perspective of years would heighten the effect—like the coloring of a meerschauum. Time in its flight had defined the Herr Baron's position as æsthete, critic, and generally utilitarian side-light on the legendary genius of his wife. For there were those who claimed to remember when the Frau Baronin Lubke had known how to sing until you forgot her, which was saying much.

No one ever heard her sing nowadays. The more was the teaching, with which she indulged herself, a concentration on the ideal. Since others must convey her art, the Frau Baronin was at sincere pains that they should do her art no injustice. Accurately enough in the language applicable to such matters, she might be termed the "Grosser Pedagogue."

"I have oftentimes much sorrow," she went on, "that the Fräulein must leave me so soon and go

THE EMOTIONALIST

to you insincere folk in Vienna. I have a fear she will forget to *sing*. She will try to make what she cannot! And all she can do is to sing! She cannot *think* the singing. She can only sing what I think."

"That ought to suffice," ventured the Graf, absently.

"It ought——" The Furman paused to await his further verdict.

He spoke again on his instant of reconsideration: "I will take it back. It is yet not enough. The Fräulein has not yet loved. That is what I hear when I hear her sing. We require in time—there is no hurry—that the Fräulein learn the love."

"Unsinn!" pooh-hooed the Frau Baronin.

"Yet it sounds as if it might be," condoned the Furman.

"Most surely," persisted the Graf. "I risk making an enemy of the Frau Baronin: but she will teach you nothing more. You will not learn *the love* of her."

"But, dear Herr Graf——"

"You will learn nothing more of her until you come to us and learn the love."

"She will not learn the love in Vienna," argued the Frau Baronin, hotly. "In Vienna she will but learn to be loved and to be 'keck.'"

THE EMOTIONALIST

The Furman laughed. "‘Love, be loved and be keck.’ Lovely!"

Behind the closed folding doors they could now make out the rustle of assembling guests.

"Will not the gracious Fräulein walk with me in the garden until the time to begin?" proposed the Graf.

"You must ask my teacher first." The Furman threw a droll glance over her shoulder.

"Your teacher's authority will never be of service to her sanction," returned the Baronin. "In the garden the gracious Fräulein may look at the sky—or she may break a rose, for herself, which will last an hour."

"She's a dear," observed the Furman, as they made their exit. "Between her, and my fairy Godmother, Fräulein Ackern——"

"Fräulein is to be envied such counsel—and such protection——"

"Never mind that part of it!"

The Graf acquiesced.

Troops of arrivals were making their way up the front walk. To avoid their encounter Miss Furman had led the way through a side door. Out among the Frau Baronin's roses they found the Herr Baron, with a large pair of shears on a tour of inspection. He came toward them, engrossed with his task. "They are not so good

THE EMOTIONALIST

as they ought to be this year," he said, holding out a stiff nosegay.

"The Herr Baron recalls, of course, the Herr Graf von Lüdersberg," Miss Furman began.

"Pardonne! Gewisz! I had not before seen. Very obedient servant, Herr Graf!"

"Have the honor, Herr Baron. You'll allow that in the company of Fräulein Furman I breathe a little while your perfumes which the Fräulein is to give forth again as melody."

She, to whom he alluded, was already at an industrious sniffing. Her short-stemmed bouquet buried half her face.

"Too bad I can't wear them," she deplored. "You see my dress is red."

But when the Herr Baron ventured haltingly that red and yellow were surely very beautiful, Victoria capitulated and pinned them on. Never did vanity make more heroic concession to kindness of heart.

"Would not the Fräulein like me to add a few forget-me-nots?" the Baron inquired.

"No, no, please, dear Herr Baron—not forget-me-nots! They're lovely, but they suggest too much at this time. I honestly believe they would make me cry."

The Herr Baron's eye was of a Saxon blue, susceptible to quick effects in moisture. "I can

never remember how soon you leave us," he apologized. "Ja, ja—so is it always. You come and bring light into our Villa; and then you go away and sing somewhere else—you Amerikanerinnen. Ei, Ja."

There was a silence, emphasized on the Herr Baron's sigh.

"At least," pensively argued the Furman, "you still have the Frau Baronin while I—I lose her."

A withered rose branch caught the Herr Baron's attention. As he stooped over it, the Furman allowed the suggestion of a dipped eyelash to reach Herr Graf, much as she had sent a similar signal to the Lubke at an earlier opportunity.

The Graf winked back his fellowship without ado, and the Baron uprighted himself again. "They are very bad this year," he mourned.

"A bad year all around," added the Graf. "'The roses wither and the song-birds flit'——"

"And nobody responsible," completed the Furman. "Though I've always thought flowers were moody things—poor Blümchen! They're as dependent on the weather as a woman."

"Moreover, they can't defend themselves," reflected the Graf. "They do not sing——"

"They cannot flit——" This, with comfort in the circumstances, from the Baron.

THE EMOTIONALIST

“Just so,” Miss Furman admitted. “But I do wonder what puts the song-bird on the defensive!” She appropriated the Baron’s arm. “You go ahead, Herr Graf. The Herr Baron and I will follow.”

It was plain rehabilitation for the faithful old Lubke, who had somehow been perceiving the instants of his vague exclusion. He overflowed in beaming protests. “Dear Fräulein—nein—nein—I can’t exact it. You choose very badly. She is a spoiled child, Herr Graf!”

“The Herr Graf knows better,” said the Furman.

VII

A MUSICALE: WHEREIN ANOTHER SINGS—AND VICTORIA SINGS

ALDRICH had arrived at the Villa Lubke with Miss Whiteside. He had been directed through the main entrance and into the double salon, where were irregular rows of chairs occupied, all of them, by punctual guests. Aldrich found for his companion a tight fit on a well-crowded sofa against the extreme rear wall, and took a standing place beside her. His slim five-feet-eleven thus towered conspicuously. The seats were so arranged as to face certain double doors, no further sign of the nature of the occasion being manifest until a servant threw them open. It was then apparent how the music room was but an elongation of the salon.

A tableau was offered: the Baronin Lubke in stately guardianship directly back of her grand piano; still further to the rear the accompanist propped stiffly on the edge of a sofa matching the distant one on which Miss Whiteside was seated;

THE EMOTIONALIST

beside him, in pronounced oblivion of his presence, one whom Aldrich recognized as Fräulein Minnelied of the Dresden Opera.

The Minnelied was a singer of that new type which veers between the "coloratura" and the "youthful dramatic." Being a pupil whom the Frau Baronin had triumphantly steered into the local theater the preceding fall, she might be looked upon as a secure asset against a future in the Furman, as yet non-negotiable. She would sing, on this occasion, according to the newspaper announcements, the great Ophelia aria from "Hamlet." As for Miss Furman's absence from the picture, it struck Aldrich as the right thing. He almost did her the injustice to assume that it might be premeditated—on an estimate of stellar prerogative. As a matter of fact, she was at the moment, quite innocently and to the reader's certain knowledge, keeping her balance, not without tests of adroitness, between the old and the new, the anachronistic and the animated, the simple and (though on untested evidence) the sinister, as personified by the very Saxon Baron Lubke and the very Viennese Graf von Lüdersberg.

There was abundant witnessing that everyone, including the Lubke, awaited her with a degree of expectancy. Impatience was set loose in a predominant flutter as she at last strode swingingly

in through the portière held open on the Baronin's right. From the shade of these portières the Herr Graf and the Herr Baron were watching her with diverse emotions of undefined proprietorship. Her entrance might indeed have been a sort of provisional retreat, as she crossed the frontage of feminine faces with the manner of one who marches over slight impediments toward conscious obstacles. Rather solemnly she removed her huge hat and laid it upon the piano. Then she smiled a little at the Lubke, and her eyes wandered over the salon until, as if by chance, they caught those of Aldrich, far back.

Into the quick withdrawal of her own went an impersonal archness.

"My, but I'm late!" she exclaimed audibly, addressing the Frau Baronin. Everyone smiled; some even laughed aloud. It would appear that the Furman had naïvely filtered the atmosphere into the social ozone it should have been. The Baronin's fusionless guests began having a relieved immediate sense of each other. Adjacently seated acquaintances could chat in accents less hushed. From corner to corner went the nods of recognition, unraveling the bonds of social contact.

"It begins to feel like a party," said Aldrich, giving Miss Whiteside opportunity for the utili-

THE EMOTIONALIST

tarian eyebrows which often served her in lieu of repartee.

As the Lubke made it a rule never to mingle with her guests until after her programmes—the inhospitality being recognized as justified in consideration of the great strain she must undergo in her pupils' singing—her occasions were liable to key her auditors, in the beginning, to something like a test of endurance. Aldrich could not fail to take mental note of how Miss Furman rose superior to such necessity. At her advent everyone had felt the tension pieced by an extra allowance.

The accompanist appropriated the piano and circumspectly nosed among his notes. Without further preliminaries the Furman moved forward a little, her hands before her, and began the first of the Beethoven Lieder in a vibrant coolness of phrases, carefully shaded. The close was at an exact balance to the manner of the opening.

Certain subdued echoes of "charming," "entzückend," "aber ausgezeichnet," might be caught, floating on the ripple of applause. Satisfying, too, were the three succeeding songs. Miss Furman took her seat on the sofa beside Fräulein Minnelied, and had her rich elation of having done absolutely nothing of which her teacher could disapprove. An elderly critic, standing in

THE EMOTIONALIST

the doorway near Aldrich, nodded his head and jotted some notes on his pad. Aldrich himself was rather lost in marveling that a creature so modern should be in such apparent touch with anything so classic.

It was now Fräulein Minnelied's turn. Rather thin and anæmic, with liberal rouge on prominent cheekbones, she arose for her Ophelia aria. Electric madness shot into her glance. Not for nothing, Aldrich noted, had this pale, becrimsoned lady trodden the boards for eight months past in a gamut of rôles from Elizabeth to Mimi. Her determination to *be* Ophelia was evident even as her liberality of Ophelian madness gave her a verve and abandon that made Aldrich feel namelessly shy. It might be, the garish daylight was lending an unfair grotesqueness to her too palpable professionalism.

"I'm embarrassed," he whispered to Miss Whiteside.

"She's quite dreadfully made up," agreed Cecilia.

Yet when Fräulein Minnelied had finished, the Baronin's guests were well-nigh as a unit through the adhesive power of a thrill—or something they were ready to accept as a thrill. Aldrich wondered if it were not because the thrill was so instantly available. What a kinship throughout

THE EMOTIONALIST

humanity! This was the sort of choice supposed to be peculiarly American. And yet the American girl had sung Beethoven—attuning her German listeners to a good conscience—as a background for the German who had raved Ophelian trills for their spontaneity.

The intermezzo was no misadjustment. Following it, the programme was given back to the Furman, who might calm her listeners down to the unreserved approval which exasperated Aldrich with its touch of patronage.

“She’s singing all around that Minnelied woman,” was his conviction, “and they’re treating her like a novice.”

The announcement of her addenda, the Fides aria, from “Prophet,” gave him hope. Here he surmised she would have her real innings. He watched for the cadenzas which Fräulein Ackern, and indeed Georgia herself, had told him about—cadenzas which had been added to, at both ends, especially for the display of her phenomenal range. They came much as he had expected they would. “*Mein Sohn, mein Sohn!*”: a mother’s anguish rang flawlessly forth in the glissando of Miss Furman’s perfect breathing. How strangely cheapened, he thought, were the Minnelied’s gasped pyrotechnics before this strong tranquillity.

THE EMOTIONALIST

“Jove,” he cried, under cover of the applause and the tumultuous chatter which sprang up among the guests as they began to arise and move about. “Jove—she *can sing!*”

“Now you know it seems to me,” ventured Miss Whiteside, “that she leaves one a little cold. Just fancy!”

“But did you hear those cadenzas?” he insisted, reddening at some reasonless irritation. “Think of a contralto being able to sing just like a soprano—and as high!”

“I like her best when she doesn’t sing so high. Now, really— isn’t it bad for a contralto voice to sing so high?”

“Very—when it can’t do it—or at least, it must be.”

He was forcing his laconic dryness with self-control. Further exchange of ideas was mercifully cut by Fräulein Ackern, who, until now, had been wedged invisibly in the middle of the room.

“I have looked for you both, around,” she began, with her usual considerate adoption of their mother-English, “and not yet have I reached to Miss Furman, who must go here earlier than I can arrive.”

“We have you to thank for much,” Aldrich said, clasping her hand. “We can’t say it just

THE EMOTIONALIST

as we should like to, but—doubtless *you* know.”

Fräulein Ackern's eyes burned an instant into the steady glisten of his own. He felt the return of his hand pressure.

“You must come again one time! We will next week go to the Ost-see. But before, you must come again to see Miss Furman, one time.”

“There's probably no seeing her here,” he deplored.

At the far end of the room he could just make her out, a vortex for the whirl of the current. Bold navigation could only bring one through that feminine impact. Again this seemed more American than German. He recognized the power of some new-world influence which had stirred even this ultimate shore of the Lubke's salon with its ripple. Not enough, however, to eradicate an occasional “Tuxedo” coat and embroidered shirt front from the Frau Baronin's male element. Little signs of lingering Teuton naïveté like this made him almost grateful.

He let Miss Whiteside and Fräulein Ackern chat against the impenetrability of his abstraction. Steadily he was watching those pivotal points represented by the Lubke and her two representatives.

“I think Miss Furman is beckoning to

THE EMOTIONALIST

us," he at length found himself justified in announcing.

There had reached him another jocose glance through a thinning in her cortège.

"Dear me, no," insisted Miss Whiteside, with the excellent taste she was sometimes capable of showing. "Of course, it is not us—we're everyday occurrences. It is you—the *author*. She expects your congratulations, to be sure! Nicht wahr, Fräulein Ackern?"

"I think you can more easy get alone to her," admitted the other solemnly. "We afterward will follow."

Aldrich could but obey a mandate so gracefully accorded. Miss Furman, whether by some adroit maneuver or a fortuitous chance, had pretty well extricated herself when he reached her, and fused her "*Aber wie geht's*" with an acute sense of tête-à-tête.

"Everybody's been telling me I sing well and good-by," she said. "So you will please, sir, say howdy-do and nothing of my aria."

"Presumably I'll say nothing worth while," hesitated Aldrich, "but——"

"But you'd rather, since you must—I understand! And yet—you mustn't!"

"You'll at least allow me an 'unutterable'—since I'm not to utter anything."

THE EMOTIONALIST

"I'm not sure but you're capable of assuming all that I'm too simple to allow. You see, I've been talking German four years—or trying to."

"I'll try not to be subtle and English," he replied.

She made an irrelevant departure into an inquiry after Miss Whiteside. Then she desired to know of Miss Low.

"It appears," he explained, "Georgia had promised one of the Frau bewidowed Schramms to look after Katychen this afternoon, while Katychen's mother, and aunt-in-law made some sort of business excursion into Bergeshübel—or some such place."

Miss Furman observed that he seemed to have it reasonably pat. "But look, we're going to be joined by your other friend," she cried.

"Plainly you've made out my good fortune in having two!"

"I *had* just one—at court," Miss Furman's tone was confessional; "but—I don't know——" Her eyes led in the direction of the seated Minnelied, above whom, just at the moment, a Personality was bending in deference.

The allusion warranted Aldrich's polite inquiry. Quite frankly, as anticipated, came her response. The Personality was that of the Graf von Lüders-

THE EMOTIONALIST

berg, to whom largely she owed her engagement in Vienna.

Through departures of guests, who were drifting out tentatively to the circumstance of there being nothing else to do, the salon was now become habitable. The Graf seemed not entirely engrossed. Somewhere, coincident with the moment his name had come under discussion, he might have been observed to lose the exact thread of his discourse with the Minnelied. Three young Dresdeners of the embroidered shirt variety were awaiting their opportunity. The Graf made way for them, and Miss Furman welcomed him chidingly.

“I must say you’ve all been a long time getting to me,” she generalized. “One can hardly wonder though. ‘When the moon comes forth the little stars retire!’ *I* could never sing an Ophelia aria. Never mind. The Herr Graf remembers Fräulein Ackern, of course—my Schwesterlein—naturally. Miss Whiteside, like Mr. Aldrich, is an American.”

They had all reached her and she presented them. “Now you see what you’ve gotten into.”

The Graf’s Viennese smile twinkled. Miss Whiteside summarized herself in her bow. Then the Graf touched his lips to Fräulein Ackern’s

THE EMOTIONALIST

hand and "had the honor" for Aldrich on the rebound.

"We ought to group ourselves in front of a flag," cried Miss Furman; "but *don't* take us quite so seriously!"

"You Americans!" exclaimed the Graf. "*Na ja!*—you Americans!"

"It begins to require looking into?" inquired Aldrich.

"We have never the chance until you have already looked into *us*. *Na! Na!*"

"No matter," dryly consoled Miss Furman, "since we can never, never see through you."

"And in five days I'm to understand," the Graf was saying to Aldrich, "you have here your Fourth-of-July?"

"According to the calendar," nodded Aldrich.

Fräulein Ackern added that the Herr Graf was timely. "I was going to suggest that the Herr Graf ought to remain over and see how we can celebrate," superimposed Cecilia, whose coquetry had lingered into the first opportunity of speech.

"I have seen already!" Vaguely the Herr Graf directed his bow toward the Furman.

Aldrich was set wondering whether the Graf might mean the Americans didn't quite know how.

VIII

WITHIN THE TEMPLE OF TREES, AND OUT AGAIN!

IF Aldrich ever permitted himself particular enthusiasm for the things he did, it was liable to be through conviction that there was no especial reason for doing them. Two mornings after the musicale, he strolled with Miss Furman through the Waldpark. Beyond the woods was penetrant heat. Within them were filtrations from the pines, bubbles of crisp breath caught in pervasive dewiness. The situation was pleasant and unimportant. His moods and modes in Blasewitz, these days, had, as he believed, the haphazardry which had characterized all the distribution of his time for the past several years: ever since he had begun to realize how, as far as he was concerned, the only way to accomplish anything was to have an easy, complete conviction of doing nothing as you did it.

Somewhere in this stroll Aldrich had reached a point where he was explaining to Miss Furman how he had altogether too much conscience to

THE EMOTIONALIST

dare permit himself to have any. He found her irresponsive with perfect comprehension.

"But isn't that better," he persisted, "isn't that better than having so little you're simply forced to have a great deal?"

"You involve it enough," she replied. "Maybe in those two sides of it you get the difference between talent and genius. And people are always trying to get at that."

Nothing in her pleased Aldrich more than did her making this opportunity for keeping it up.

"That would be to say that genius is born without the safeguard it must create in self-defense; while talent comes into the world equipped with all sorts of safeguards it must forget in order to create anything. Well——"

"Stop," exclaimed Miss Furman. "Some of us might take fire on that doctrine."

The ring was dryness rather than fear. Her mandate was nothing less than dramatic. He looked at her, and caught her smiling.

"I say, Miss Prima-Altistin—that's what you are, is it not?—you're very terrible. Or rather, it's very terrible to be thus victimized by the truth of one's own offhandedness. I have a sort of suspicion you're to blame."

"Oh, for that matter," she asserted, "I'm to

THE EMOTIONALIST

blame for much. But you mustn't blame me that I am."

"I—I beg your pardon," he stammered. "Where did I get the idea that we must never, never do anything but joke together?"

"It's a flattering notion—I can see that. But I can't live up to it," she said. "You might as well prepare yourself. You're going to find me a very heavy girl—one who can't be frivolous when she's serious, or clever when she's hilarious."

"Good," he declared. "I'm going to find you that!"

But he suddenly wondered if he were not a cad to be so much of what her manner privileged. There is a law of boundary which a man draws in his converse with a woman, and invariably places at shrinkage to her own.

"I think, though," he explained, "I'm considerably afraid of the good thing you might say any time without knowing it."

"That's another compliment I can't enjoy because I'm not equal to it," she answered. "I must handicap you right now on all that sort of thing. To begin with, I've been really cultivating you—and for a purpose. I invited you up for the strawberries, and then yesterday, up to tea with the two. And, of course, you must know I

THE EMOTIONALIST

managed you into fancying *you* arranged this walk for this morning."

"I honestly didn't suspect it," he assured her. "Though that wouldn't have made me fancy it less."

"Well, I had the purpose anyway," she went on. "You're almost the victim of my scheming."

"Victimize ahead."

"The fact is, I've wanted to talk to someone just about now, though I can't explain why, from the start, I've had the notion that you were the someone required. Of course, I have counselors and advisers. Frau Baronin Lubke bullies me into the straight and narrow path of my work. The Herr Baron puts salve on the dumps she sends me into about every other day. Fräulein Ackern is a natural standby. But, for all of them, I'm still a good deal of a fish out of water. There are points of view only an American can give me. Needless to add, the American must be a 'man.' "

"I'm so glad I'm that," Aldrich broke out; "that is—if I deserve it."

"Probably you don't," she replied. "The luck of being a man is too good for most of them. But I think your luck goes a step further. You happen to be a man and an American, and nearer the right sort than those who come to Dresden to

THE EMOTIONALIST

let their hair grow. I've sort of thought you're the man I'd like to tell things to, about myself."

He laughed down what he felt to be his awkwardness and told her she put his luck beyond question. "Be sure you make it interesting," he added.

"I don't have to. That's the particularly interesting thing of it."

"I think," he admitted after a moment, "I think I must be a cad to so dread to take anything Miss Victoria Furman might say to me seriously!"

"You *are* rather ugly about it," she agreed. "You don't seem willing to believe that I have a version of *me*—for somebody. That my version of *me* should bewilder me a little—should, in fact, make me a little pathetic."

Aldrich felt a remorseful sweating as of a brutality. "I'm contemptible," he stammered. "Do go on."

"To begin with, even after four years over here, I'm, in a way, new to myself. Four years in Dresden is a very little time, after all, to live down twenty-two spent on a little house and garden place near Utica, New York. My father I can't remember. I had my mother, though, and two big brothers to take his place—supposedly——"

THE EMOTIONALIST

“ Didn’t they? ”

He was not quite sure whether she meant he should ask it.

“ Well, they never interfered with my helping myself—or, at least, until I began to do it a little better than they’d taken into calculation. Then I must admit they got on my nerves a little. But they quickly got off again. All this was after mother died, of course.

“ Understand,” she went on to explain, “ they were what you would call ‘ good ’ boys. They’ve never gotten over it. One of them is now a Sunday School superintendent in a swell Methodist church in Newark, I believe. The other helped found a branch of the Y. M. C. A. in some town west of Utica. No doubt they’ve developed into staunch, upright men—Americanly upright, with an eye to business which knows better than to half do it.”

“ What do they do? ” he found himself interested enough to ask.

“ Oh, keep shop, of course. Hardware and notions, in two places, and joint interest in both, I suppose. To tell the truth, I can’t say definitely. Their higher prosperity struck them after they’d cast me off.”

“ Cast you off! ” Aldrich paid tribute to his New England origin in the wince of his aston-

THE EMOTIONALIST

ishment. "But I forget: you're following my injunction and making it interesting."

"Just what they did, though. They always declared I would be no sister of theirs if I ever went on the stage. Three years ago I began to think I might go on the stage, some day. I didn't ask their advice about it. I sent them a photograph of myself in the costume of Adriano."

"Wasn't that a little unfair?" he pointed out. "What was Adriano to you?"

"Everything. He was the first rôle I studied. Somebody loaned me the hose and doublet for the picture. You see, I divined, without knowing why, that I should sing him some day. So I gave them a three years' option on the family attitude."

"Too long a range," Aldrich chided. Something in her very drollery made him serious. He felt strangely old, puzzled, almost emburdened. Not before had any woman so put to rout his mental habit of juvenility.

"They wrote just once after that."

"In brotherly fashion?"

"From their point of view—yes. They didn't hesitate at the issue. Following a profession which required that I wear such costumes in public was a question of my conscience, they told me; and they left me to arrange my conscience in the

THE EMOTIONALIST

matter with God. They were very conscientious about dropping it just where God and I might conveniently take it up. So you see I've—had to stand alone—some."

"I think I do—I think I had already——"

"Oh, but it *would* amuse you," she hurried on, "to hear how I set about planning this trip abroad. I had owned an old square piano with a green embroidered cover. I sold the piano, along with a lot of other things, but I kept the cover and dyed it a seal brown. Out of it I pieced together a traveler's blouse and a dinky little Tam-o'-Shanter to wear on the ship."

"Brown is a becoming shade," said Aldrich. Miss Furman was clad this morning in a walking suit of that color. Subconsciously, through her allusions, she had raised chin and chest to a sense of the supple perfection of its lines.

"My mind's eye didn't see clothes like this in those days," she said, looking down at herself. "As I've never been what you call a 'dreamer,' I couldn't permit it to. I was prosperous enough, too, according to my standards. I had a district school four miles out of Utica, and a good position as contralto in the quartette of the richest Utica church. My choir job brought me almost as much as my eight hours a day in the school, though it meant no work but the Friday choir-

THE EMOTIONALIST

meeting, and the two Sunday services. That was how it first dawned on me that singing was much better paid, allowing for time and energy involved, than school-teaching."

Their peregrinations had taken turns up odd paths, contracting in spirals, until, on looking about, they found themselves in a thick inclosure of trees. Above was a triangle of sky. There was the accentuated silence which may lie in the midst of sounds at removal.

"This must be the holy-of-holies of the Wald-park," said Aldrich. "Can't we sit down?"

They appropriated the solitary bench backed against an urn overflowing with vines. On either side, behind them, retreated the curves of the gravel walks. If they looked directly ahead, they were confronted by an effect of limitless forest and underbrush.

"My story was still in Utica," she observed; "but this is almost private enough for me to bring it down to Vienna."

"Oh, do stop awhile at Utica," he begged, "at least—until you've left it."

She appeared to cogitate.

"I mean, of course," he thought it best to explain, "that nothing could possibly be more interesting than you've managed to be already."

"Oh, that's all right," she assured him. "I

THE EMOTIONALIST

was just thinking how marvelously, how almost supernaturally, we, all of us, alter—that's all. My ideal of success in those Utica days was our soprano in the quartette. She had been to New York and studied. She had a class of thirty pupils, who paid her a dollar a half-hour, and sometimes took two half-hour lessons a week—some of them. The church paid her just double what it paid me, because she sang and selected the music, and called down the organist, when he needed it. In short, she was a money-maker; all because she had been to New York and studied. Well, if she had been to New York and done that, I made up my mind I would go her one better. I would go to *Europe*. The idea staggered me at first, but I made myself get used to it. I would go to Europe and when I came back I would settle in a larger town—Syracuse maybe—and maybe command *two* dollars a half-hour—who could say! In towns like Syracuse were people who would pay that price without leaving home to do it. And there were choirs that paid more money, too, though I was a little doubtful whether they paid them to contraltos—I am yet, for that matter. One of the first things to impress me even on this side was that a contralto, who is not a soprano as well, is rather out of it."

"Not too sudden with your Vienna!" he

THE EMOTIONALIST

warned. "That is an imperially operatic problem. I'm going to be impudent enough to remind you you're still in the choir."

She turned a quick face upon him. "Vienna gets easily on your nerves. What is it you're fearing about Vienna?"

Aldrich's mental habit of juvenility came back with redoubled energy. He could have blushed like a schoolboy, and was not sure he did not.

"And now *I'm* horrid," she atoned. "You're just interested, that's all; I understand perfectly. But there's not much more to the village-choir phase of it. When the little house and garden had been sold at mother's death, I'd saved my share, so I had about three hundred dollars in the bank. I got enough out of my piano and a few other things for a ticket over on a Dutch line—a fifteen-day steamer. I told you how I got my traveling costume as well."

The long ensuing silence brought her to inquiry. "Well," she challenged, "I guess that's about all!"

"You give me the right to tell you it isn't," said Aldrich. "You haven't made your point yet."

"I'll have to admit," she replied, "that I can't quite do that without getting to Vienna."

"But you wanted to lay some sort of abstract

THE EMOTIONALIST

case before me: or, to use your own words, before the first reasonably decent chap who should happen along, and happen at the same time to be an American. Aren't you responsible for this abject stage at which I'm actually protesting my right to hear it?"

"I'm not responsible for the fact that you're awfully spoiled," she returned. "That is—not entirely—even though I am doing my best to help it on—anybody could see that. But any man who has the courage to admit being reasonably O. K. must at least have some notion of the thing."

"I deserve it all," he humbly admitted.

"To say the truth, you do impress me as decent—temperamentally decent—for no reason you can help; and I'm willing to admit that's been your strong card."

It was evident calculated candor and impulsiveness. But it bespoke a type of sincerity to which he was unaccustomed; a sincerity without elaboration, without discrimination for subtle values; mystifying, therefore, in the proportion of its directness. Incidentally, it was a sincerity at which his mother would have shuddered. It removed Miss Furman beyond the longest distance lense in Georgia's equipment. This he realized with a smile, rather annoyed that his familiarity

THE EMOTIONALIST

with their standards should (in Miss Furman's presence) so little affect him.

The notion of this elemental woman, whose first name was Victoria, resorting to some crudity of concealed motive might only be dismissed as grotesque. Vague sympathies hungered out to her against the protests of their own traditions. There was, unaccountably, no note in her voice, no shade to her meanings which failed to awaken understanding, in a fashion, and loyalty in a way; but, most poignantly of all, pleasure, to the full degree! His instincts might make no demurrer at Miss Furman's charm; not even though his critical faculty should artificially proscribe her as a mere apotheosized chorus girl; and he could see well enough how destiny, playing with smaller stakes, might easily have made her just that. It didn't matter. He awaited.

"I'm slowly getting to it," she said, with the apt divination which did not surprise him because he had learned to expect it in all women; "slowly, because I still believe you're a little frightened."

"Oh," he confessed, "for that matter—well—indeed I am! But somehow I'd like to be even more so."

This was the first surrender on which he could see she might have put her finger. She rambled on, heedlessly:

THE EMOTIONALIST

“The real thing I’ve wanted to get at, from somebody, some reliably unbiased person, touches my work—I suppose I might call it my ‘art’!”

“I’ll certainly insist that you might!”

Here, at least, he could be unhesitant.

“Up to a comparatively recent time my art was merely a question of my faithfulness in doing just what the Lubke told me. I had only to do that as industriously as I could. When I first came to Dresden I used to get up at dawn and peg away at French and Italian; German, I was picking up, and grinding at from dawn until dark. Two girls I’d met on the steamer coming over clubbed in with me. We had a room together with three convertible divans. We used to make a great pot of rich soup in the morning. It was very nourishing and lasted all day. My two room-mates were not only trumps—they were real mascots. I’d never heard of the Lubke, but they had come over in the especial hope of some day reaching a summit where she’d take them as pupils. They found my teacher for me—and, so far, that’s the really greatest thing that has happened in my life.”

She paused with glowing cheek. Sheer gratitude and enthusiasm had made her breathless. Aldrich was annoyed at this foolish desire to seize the white hand which so firmly gripped the

THE EMOTIONALIST

back of the bench, as she faced him. The charm of her had gotten beyond his saner calculation. From now on he foresaw necessary resistance in himself. He was troubled.

“But it can’t stay that way,” she resumed her theme. “If the Lubke keeps on being the greatest thing that ever happened, forever, I might as well stop. Yet it’s just as she says: I’m nothing without her. I’ve no temperament. I’m no prude, and yet, thus far I suppose I might be designated as a ‘nice’ girl. That’s just the trouble. In this business I’m taking up, I find a strange mandatory law that you mustn’t be just that—not quite. I *sing* too nicely. ‘Nice’ is the word, all the time. I’ve done all a ‘nice’ girl can do, even when she’s not a prude. And still there’s no glimpse of the real thing—of *Temperament*. My consciousness of having done the best I could leaves me feeling as if I’d done very little of anything. I’m more dependent than ever at the very moment when I’m expected to show myself an artist.”

“I wonder,” he mused, “if one may not have emotions without quite doing what a nice girl wouldn’t.”

“Or,” he explained, as she took her turn at musing, “wouldn’t a nice girl’s emotions be rather nicer—better, I mean—and wouldn’t it be a

THE EMOTIONALIST

higher art that would be more benefited by that sort."

"How clear you are!" she broke out. "You're about to have me singing in oratorio and some church on Fifth Avenue—just what I first thought of when it began to look pretty certain I could take my own option as to where and how I would sing."

"By the way," he digressed, "what became of the room-mates who took you to the Lubke?"

She shrugged out an "Ach."

"Just that," she added. "They're singing in churches—*not* on Fifth Avenue, nor in New York—and they have prosperous vocal classes."

"Sorry I brought it up," said Aldrich. "I surely didn't mean to clench the argument for you. I should like to see you singing in churches and oratorio—in a big, convincing, untheatrical way."

"I might have done so," she reflected. "But there was a final parting of the ways. I chanced to meet a gentleman—one Graf von Lüdersberg—who thought me altogether fitted for opera. Between you and me he's going to find himself mistaken. You can naturally see how I can't let him know that—not at this stage of the game."

"Vienna at last," sighed Aldrich.

THE EMOTIONALIST

Then both of them laughed as the readiest precipitant for this nucleus.

The narrative had taken on many significances. If she meant to imply far more than she said, relative to the Vienna engagement, she had surely done so gracefully. "You see," she exclaimed, moving as if to arise, "my brothers have cast me off a little prematurely. They ought to wait, perhaps, until I've *become* an opera-singer. All I've done thus far is to decide to sing in opera—or make a feint at it."

He comprehended how she spoke the truth without quite comprehending her eagerness that he should regard it as such.

"Those brothers will write you," he said, "on paper with a Y. M. C. A. heading, and reclaim the family tie when you've made your first hit in Vienna."

"That bothers me, too, for—well, just suppose it should happen that it *couldn't* happen until—I least deserved their recognition."

"You'd surely get it, nevertheless."

"That would be like welcoming the prodigal though she never returned, and——"

"Assuredly. Only the prodigal who never returns—who never has to—is ever welcomed nowadays."

"Great!" she cried. "You've done me just

THE EMOTIONALIST

the good I sort of thought you might. I sized you up from the very start, you know. I'm not going to be disappointed. Let's shake hands upon it."

The firm fingers went out to him. He seized them with such grip as to bring a little "oh" from her. She arose in the act of releasing herself. Directly in front of her a child's hoop rolled around the curved path and fell in limp obeisance at her feet. Immediately appeared the owner, to add her courtesy with elation at the coincidence.

"But, Katychen," she exclaimed, "where did you drop from?"

"It was my hoop that dropped," corrected Katychen. "I have to go where my hoop goes."

"Katychen knows the park wrong-side-out," said Aldrich.

"It is not such a very big park. Everything seems big to us children, of course." Katychen deprecated the condition. "But you have found the most beautiful place in it. I always play at fairyland on that bench."

"Isn't it a little lonely?" Miss Furman asked her. "*I* should be afraid."

"Ach, but the lonelier the place, the quicker the fairies find it. That must the Herrschaften know already!"

Aldrich addressed Miss Furman in English,

THE EMOTIONALIST

remarking that Katychen's wisdom would be terrifying were it just a bit more unconscious. "As it is," he said, "it's not quite innocent enough to be quite supernatural. Do you think she understands everything?"

For reply Miss Furman sat down again and drew the little hatless, wizened figure to her.

"You've nearly undone a hair ribbon," she said, adjusting the diminutive bow at the united end of Katychen's two braids.

"It is always untidy to play," Katychen observed, "and dull to study. Herr God! what shall one do! Now if one were a boy. But when one is a girl one can only sit still and think of when one will be grown up and married."

Miss Furman looked at Aldrich significantly. "True-blue German!" she said in English.

"But a boy can't sit still at all," said Aldrich to Katychen, "and so you have the boy at an advantage. You can think it all out just right while you sit still. *He* can't!"

Miss Furman nodded. "And we'll fix him before we're through, won't we, Katychen?"

"Oh, as for you," Katychen poised her hoop-stick speculatively, "you are a singer—you need not marry!"

"Katychen is quaint in German," said Al-

THE EMOTIONALIST

drich. "I'm rather glad we don't have to decide about her in English."

"That's the way with so many things over here," sighed Miss Furman.

"Ah, yes," Aldrich agreed. "Once we give up our nationality, it's almost impossible to know just how we're behaving."

Attentively Katychen took in the meaningless jargon, remarking at the close that she would have English next year in the school.

Miss Furman found this "very nice."

"But you mustn't let it spoil you," warned Aldrich.

"Ach, no," Katychen shook her head. "We will study French, too."

Aldrich did not smile, but pointed out that Katychen had the right idea. "If one knew enough languages one could say just about what one would like on a scheme of subdivision——"

"And yet be always perfectly 'proper,'" Miss Furman agreed. "I've often thought so, too. And I've wondered whether there isn't some similar way of distributing our conscience—portioning it out according to utility, and local demand."

"The Herrschaften do nothing but talk English," Katychen deplored. "Now, Fräulein Low and Herr Adolf have been speaking nothing but

THE EMOTIONALIST

German. It is easier to understand people when they do that."

"Herr Adolf?" interrogated Aldrich, mildly.

"He is back. He came last night. He walks now in the Waldpark with Fräulein Low. I came with them, but I wanted to roll my hoop and so I ran ahead. They've lost me, very apparently."

The information was unexpected. Miss Furman again rose from the seat and stood non-committal. He felt her bristle with raillery.

"Have you met the Herr Adolf? I have not," he said, with droll reliance on her repression. "But he's surely mismated with Georgia."

"Doubtless he carried her off by main force."

"Oh, I mean merely that the Herr in question is a particular friend of Miss Whiteside's," he hastened to explain. "And Georgia and Cecilia rarely choose the same people."

"There is such a thing as a woman's being chosen—instead of choosing—and preferring it!"

Katychen laid her hoop-stick horizontally at her feet and lifted a stiff right arm. "Ach," she cried, "there they are!"

Conjecturably, Miss Low and Herr Adolf had stumbled upon this path in the same innocence which had led Katychen thither. The appropriate

THE EMOTIONALIST

thing was to go toward them and meet them half-way, but Georgia was already waving her parasol.

"So Katychen found you without looking, while we've been looking everywhere!" Miss Low came up with her escort. She produced a folded slip, recognizable at some distance as an official telegram of the Saxon realm.

"This came for you," she said to Aldrich. "It happened to be unsealed and one of the Frau Schramms informed me of its contents. Your mother will be here this afternoon—from Brussels."

"Think of mother's getting so restive," he laughed. "I can remember when a trip over to Boston was an upheaval like an earthquake."

As the next thing in order Herr Adolf was presented. He had arrived that morning.

"Cecilia ought to have come on the search with us," Georgia found opportunity to say; "but she didn't feel equal to it."

"She feared you might find me," said Aldrich. "Never mind—Katychen came!"

"You're overlooking Herr Adolf, who came, too," Miss Furman reminded him. Her accent was hypothetical.

"Really," exclaimed Herr Adolf, with the perfect British inflection which preceded his reputa-

THE EMOTIONALIST

tion everywhere like a banner, "really—it was a jolly, interesting idea. I insisted—really!"

They soon divided into twos again, Katychen and her hoop being somewhere within the orbit. Aldrich and Miss Furman fell behind just out of earshot.

In vague bewilderment at how to open out again, Aldrich took up Herr Adolf. "That fellow!" he said, and hesitated, "that fellow—deserves studying."

"I should think as much!"

"Oh, I don't mean that way! That's for our Cecilia——"

"Poor Miss Whiteside! She seems to fill in all the voids where you don't mean it that way."

"But believe me," he protested. "I was simply admiring the deftness of this Herr Adolf in carrying a well-bred twentieth-birthday mannerism into a forty-fifth year maturity. It's even more British than his English—though he must have brought that clear down from Eton and short-jackets."

Miss Furman speculated perceptibly. "You say that—you, whose mamma comes to claim you at twenty-nine."

"I'm thirty-one," corrected Aldrich, "and it's really no question of being claimed." The speech

THE EMOTIONALIST

might have been icy. He draped it with indulgence.

"I didn't make my point," she said, digressing. "You were right. I talked to you against time all morning and managed just to miss getting at what I was after. I didn't make my point. I couldn't make it—probably because I don't know you well enough—not yet; or maybe *you* ought to know *me*. Anyway, your mother is coming, and something tells me I shall not know you any better. I can see the beginning of the end."

Aldrich would have sought her eye with his own, but he found not courage. Her tone might have been interpreted as pensive with the inevitable. Her step put negation on her humility, with the defiance she could not keep back.

"Ah, me," he confessed at last, veiling an unmistakable ardor in weary frankness. "Ah, me; I wish *I* could."

IX

ON THE BRÜHLISCHE TERASSE, WHENCE MRS. CHURCHILL-ALDRICH DEFINES AN EMOTIONALIST

AGAINST his will Aldrich had to see how Miss Furman's confidences might be construed as a mere plan in her own defense. In fact, this would be the approved cynical outlook. She might be judged as setting herself to rights, crudely, against hypothetical estimates of what he had heard or what he might think. He saw the point of view. That he could see it aroused his repugnance, as his quickness, in apprehending it, put him to shame. To begin with, such a possibility exaggerated the value of his opinion, which might well be less than nothing to her. That side was as nothing, however, beside the elusive pathos of her incoherence, with something she wished to face, and candidly, yawning ahead. She was so dauntlessly of a mind not to look back; so inadmittedly of a dread to quite look forward. He could see how he himself was but

THE EMOTIONALIST

an embodied fortuity. Her confusions would doubtless seek utterance, here, there, with or without warrant, until they found a solvent.

Or until destiny silenced them!

At this final thought his recoil so stamped him that when, at the end of the walk, he took leave of her at Fräulein Ackern's gate, she exclaimed:

"Why—how pale you are!"

And since his mere smile was as nothing, she added with that casual desperateness in which she was inclined to take refuge: "Is it because I give you so little to blush about—or so much!"

He tugged at his answer, only to come out with the direct form of it he had so tried to escape.

"I guess it's merely because I'm so very anxious you should keep on singing just as you sang two days ago."

"It's a nice way to say it." Her hand was on the vine-hung gate. She swung it ajar, made as if to close it again, and swung it back. "But at bottom it would seem to suggest my point—that I sing in opera without waking up and becoming an opera-singer. As you know, that will be either dull or difficult."

"Be an *artist*," he preached, feeling absurd, but very much in earnest.

"If I only knew what you meant by that! And

THE EMOTIONALIST

if you only could know how I looked forward to being one. That's the whole trouble. How can I find the 'something lacking' the Frau Baronin's always talking about?"

"Well—not by deliberately setting out to lack more than you do already." Everything was contriving to make Aldrich blunt—and helpless.

Miss Furman laughed. "You're flattering, and not presumptuous, though you compel me to justify you by reiterating that I've been wanting someone to talk to me just as you must think you may. It's been an awfully nice walk. Auf wiedersehen."

They shook hands. He never went through this handshaking process with her without thinking how very much she made a good thing of it. It might be temperamental to her or it might be her four years in a handshaking country. Howsoever accounted for, when she wished it to be, it was hearty and final, and left one with no thought of looking back.

Aldrich realized that he had over-tarried on his leave-taking, and hurried breathlessly to the Pension Schramm.

He was late, but he thought to find Georgia awaiting him, ready to take the first tram for the station. Georgia was not awaiting, however. She had gone already. He had to make the best

THE EMOTIONALIST

of clamoring information to that effect from Katychen and Miss Whiteside.

"But we agreed to meet here," he exclaimed, "when we all parted at the edge of the Wald-park."

"Just fancy," marveled Miss Whiteside. "But your mother must be met, you know. Georgia couldn't really tell how long you were going to be, you know. It was late—and the uncertainty of the Blasewitz trams——"

"I see," he interrupted. "I'm not the right sort of son. But there's time, anyway, I think. Good-by!"

Once seated in the trolley-car, his self-reproach that Georgia should have gone on without him was assuaged by the reflection that she had, after all, been in a bit of a hurry, and that Herr Adolf was evidently still her escort. By great good luck he ran across them making their exit from the huge arch of the Central Bahnhof. They bore his mother triumphantly between them. A luggage-laden porter followed in their wake.

"That is he!" said the mother, espying him first. "Archibald, we thought we had missed you."

"Being my mother, you'll forgive me," he said, kissing the cheek she presented. "To tell you the truth, I'm—I'm late!"

THE EMOTIONALIST

"Thus you spoil my loyal fib," laughed Georgia. "I was explaining that you'd probably taken the wrong way into the station."

"Oh, mother saw through it, rest assured," he replied.

He had indeed much earlier decided that his mother must have been seeing through many things. There was no other accounting for what had brought her so far, so suddenly. It was like her to do so, however. Always she had had the way of leaving him quite to others and then disposing of him quite for herself. Throughout his life she had somehow managed to arise from pre-occupied remoteness at the eleventh hour, on wings of divination.

There came, moreover, enlightenment, in a slip, careless or otherwise, which she made relative to some fine, newsy letter from Cecilia.

"Cecilia," he observed, "is our *Deus ex machina*. Without her nothing could ever happen to any of us."

Georgia held a warning forefinger.

"Or if it did," he apologized, "we wouldn't know it!"

The Herr Adolf laughed immoderately. "Being the particular friend of the lady under discussion," thought Aldrich, "he evidently considers he has the right."

THE EMOTIONALIST

As for Mrs. Churchill-Aldrich, she was pre-occupied with the question of her hotel, which she insisted on selecting before lending herself as guest to the experiment of a Pension. They had her registered within three easy squares of the station, after which she committed herself to them provisionally.

The day or so of sightseeing culminating with the Dresden Fourth-of-July was the designated official reason for Mrs. Churchill-Aldrich's presence in the city. The Fourth came duly. Beneath the Dresdener Terasse swept the Elbe with excess of glint and burnish. Broadly it gave its blue, flaring its search mirror out against the flutter of American pennants and the stability of international rouge at the open-air tables.

At four o'clock on this American fête-day for foreigners, the Terasse was thronged to its visible limit with its capacity yet endlessly tested by fresh arrivals.

"Here, if ever," remarked Aldrich, "is the traditional room for one more. With everybody equally ready to tip, there must be."

He addressed the witticism more particularly to Georgia. The party included also his mother, Miss Whiteside, and Herr Adolf. They had found a table well out in the sunlight.

But Georgia was letting her eyes wander up

THE EMOTIONALIST

and down the river, which might be, for the responsive mood, a sheet of beauty veritable: spanned here and there with filigree arches, and picked out in dashes of quicksilver.

Aldrich had been more occupied with a new phase of Lackey-dom, the restaurant waiter being a species he never wearied of studying. It had not escaped him how, to-day, this waiter's usual keen scent for the social shading was as naught. Everybody must be seated. Everybody was ready to pay extra for the privilege. The waiter was reduced to plain unescapable democracy in silver across the palm. To be sure, there were isolated instances: silver transmuted to yellow, in fingers potently gloved—miraculous results in the discovery of choice nooks of vantage when there seemed left no nooks of any description. But, on the whole, the rule of the day obtained. At elbow range with Aldrich and his assuredly circumspect party, a cocotte, with her wealth of chemical yellows and enamel pinks, drooped augmented lashes before the frank curiosity of a russet Gräfin (Aldrich knew the Gräfin by sight!) across three feet of table. Mrs. Churchill-Aldrich was in particular caught by the spectacle of a type unknown to her, a "Gigerl," indeed, with checked suit, pale spats, and monocle; compelled, moreover, to regulate arm space with a high-

THE EMOTIONALIST

school boy, a "Gymnasiast" whose magenta cap emphasized his hyper-babyish immaturity. Mrs. Aldrich found it horrifying that mere children like this lad should take their beer from huge steins as he even now was taking his. The Gigerl, beside him, sipped at some highly decorative lemonade through a straw.

"You cannot tell," Herr Adolf added his reflection, with that faint elaboration and lisp which was the only suggestion of German in his British speech. "Beer is very innocent; but the gymnasiast is very young. He may come to lemonade yet."

Miss Whiteside accused him of being a cynic. Out from the pavilion came the music: Undine; Yankee-doodle; diluted instrumentation, dimly Strauss-like. The café orchestra programme had made Fourth-of-July concessions. Many loyal Germans were seeing in such signs the "Americanization of the world." The theory had even been destined to a mild flurry of pamphleteering after the Cuban war and Prince Henry's visit.

There came a propitious moment. The succession of arrivals lulled. The music quieted to shadowy cello-whispers groping out into the sunlight. Round about went widening the rustle which announces a center of interest somewhere in a heterogeneity. Aldrich felt the horizons fill

THE EMOTIONALIST

with Victoria Furman. They seemed clamorous of her. She was coming in their direction with a bravura of gait unimpeded by obstacles or apologetic stand-asides. The Graf von Lüdersberg followed in her wake.

Miss Furman was crowned with a hat, huge, white, and beplumed. It gave a splendor of emphasis to the American flag pinned across the bosom of her white serge. The effect she produced was of taking the Terasse by storm. From her leadership the Graf absorbed palpable courage.

There was, of course, commotion; good-natured laughter; subdued cheering from loyal Americans ready to top their joke of patriotism with a wink. Aldrich had time to calculate that probably not a dozen people among the several hundred watching her progress were not either ready to inquire after, or to explain, her identity. "*Die Furman—Altistin!*" "*Die Furman!*" "*Goes to Vienna.*" "*Some actress or other.*" "*Furman—Utica woman.*" "*Tell you 'bout it!*" "*Echte Amerikanerin!*" "*Die Furman! Fräulein Victoria!*"

Flakewise fluttered her name as in a drifting Babel.

That a place had been preserved for them was evidenced by their unhesitant direction to some

THE EMOTIONALIST

table toward the extreme end of the Terasse. Once seated there, only her huge plumes might be made out, nodding up to the sunlight now and then. Her back was to the crowd.

As far as Aldrich could determine, the commotion at her appearance was, once more, stimulant and unifying rather than ridiculous and vulgar. It was like her. That justified it, he believed, for everybody. Yet he avoided his mother's gaze. She turned upon him mercilessly.

"Do I understand—is that—Miss Furman?"

"There can never be any mistake where Miss Furman is concerned," Aldrich attempted to reply with lightness.

Mrs. Churchill-Aldrich concentrated on the Kellner who pushed through the throng with his burden held aloft: a very glistening silver bucket, out of which slanted a long-necked bottle. This waiter traced the exact route the two had taken. Out he wormed to the extreme end of the Terasse.

Ere long the Graf caught the eye of Aldrich's party. He called Miss Furman's attention thereto. She turned in her seat, smiling brilliantly, and raised her glass in friendly greeting.

"The Graf is back," said Cecilia.

"It would appear so," replied Aldrich.

To the rescue came Georgia. "I heard Fräulein Ackern speak of his being expected. He had

THE EMOTIONALIST

some further business in Dresden and timed it for the Fourth."

"If I mistake not, at Miss Whiteside's own suggestion," Aldrich jested. "Oh, fie, 'Cecilia.'"

But his thought was warm with gratitude to Georgia. "How can one so free from taint or malice so intuitively divine it?" he wondered. For the instant, his passive loyalty became active affection.

There were a thousand interests on the Terasse, and each of the party was quickly back at other diversions. The scene was unmarred enjoyment for all of them save Mrs. Churchill-Aldrich, who, from the beginning, had not quite found sympathy with it. The music was for the most part drowned out, she complained. She liked to be very still when she listened to music. She also fancied the glare from the river gave her a headache. Archibald foresaw the request she heroically put off making, and finally made it for her. Would she not like to go back to her hotel and lie down? Mrs. Churchill-Aldrich agreed immediately. She thought, perhaps, she *had* better return to her room and rest awhile—if Archibald would be so good. He could return at once to Georgia and Cecilia; and meanwhile they had Herr Adolf.

THE EMOTIONALIST

Once off the Terasse, the mother addressed the son with decision.

“No cab,” she said. “We will walk.”

“As you will, mother. But your headache——”

“Will be better when I have spoken.—Archibald——”

“Yes, mother.”

“You have desired that I meet and know this Victoria Furman.”

He had broached the subject, with the utmost unconcern, as it had seemed to him, once or twice since his mother's arrival.

“Why, certainly, mother. I didn't see why it shouldn't interest you to know her. But——”

“I do not wish to know her. I've seen her just now. I've watched her, studied her back, for the past twenty minutes. That is enough. Knowing her better might only destroy the security of my perceptions, which are now perfectly clear. Archibald, if you ever marry that woman you will do so knowing that you *break my heart*.”

“Good Heavens!” he cried. “What has put such a scheme into your head?”

“Don't require of me that I explain what may be the truer for being inexplicable. When you come to the parting of the ways this woman may

THE EMOTIONALIST

beckon, even from the further path. It is in her. To you she seems glorious——”

He fairly gasped for breath. “You’re more than wontedly cryptic, mother. I’m put to confessing my dullness.”

“Glorious to you—though you think yourself analytical and your analysis seems to refute the fact. Poor boy!”

He shook his head. “I feel rather that way, too,” he said, dolefully. “Rather poor boy! *She* made me feel that way—now you do. It’s almost a scene!”

No one may be more relentless than a mother. “With men or women,” Mrs. Churchill-Aldrich went on, “you will always be outmatched save when they are born to your own standard of intellect, your own concept of breeding. You’re of our race—as incapable of clearly getting the values in this Secessionism which attracts you as you’d be incapable of living up to them if you did. A New Englander, man or woman, is a true emotionalist—therefore, as forced to conservatism, to conventionality, as any dreaming sculptor was ever forced to marble. Emotionalism is fostered most in lives morally insulated. You’re of New England. Your life has been insulated for generations before your birth. Poor boy!”

“Ah, me!” Aldrich wistfully hoped they at-

THE EMOTIONALIST

tracted no attention from the people on the street who went by them in the one direction, and overtook them in the other as she talked. Mrs. Churchill-Aldrich was a slow walker, and a rapid speaker. Fortunately, she was blessed with a low, well-modulated voice.

“If you should ever marry this woman I could never blame you. You’d do it self-consciously, feeling that you blazed new trails. You’d feel yourself a kind of hero of your adopted code. Still, I must beg *my boy* not to forget: it would break my heart. That would not be all. Eventually it would break his own. And—you know, as I know—that it would break—yet another.”

“There, there, mother,” he protested in a sudden panic. “You must not think such things. You really must not. Here you’ve gone on building a towering structure out of vapor—out of something I suppose you’d call your ‘mother’s-divination.’ Everything you’ve thought out is ludicrously unthinkable. I’m going to ask you never to allude to this subject again.”

Within him was a fear like unto a wound. It was deeper than irritation, and, beyond cowardice, since cowardice may be estimated and met half-way.

X

IN WHICH GEORGIA READS LECONTE DE LISLE IN NEW YORK TOWN

ONE early forenoon of a December day, with the Dresden Fourth some several months a memory, Aldrich made his way along street Broadway of New York City, in the United States of America. Just above Herald Square he encountered Cecilia Whiteside. In this there was nothing surprising. Cecilia had fallen into the way of being thus encountered. She doted on Fifth Avenue. Broadway was her deprecated territory for all hours. Since the fulfillment of her recent decision to take up again her forgotten country, Broadway and Fifth Avenue had been as rivets to her patriotism. The American display shop-windows were an endless wonder. The American gowns dazed her into a kind of disapproving awe. It was not in her nature to soothe herself with reflections that much of everything was tawdry, as she was sure Georgia did—though, to be sure, Georgia said nothing. Try as she would,

THE EMOTIONALIST

the glitter, and the rush, and the fanfare, stunned her to humility which she combated and dissembled by main power.

"Fancy," she cried, having seen Aldrich first. "You on this dreadful street at this dreadful hour."

"I seek protection," Aldrich answered. "Won't you accept the job?"

Persiflage was not for far, with Cecilia. She switched forthwith to the news that she had something very wonderful in her muff.

Aldrich had turned to walk along with her. He professed to be all curiosity, and Miss Whiteside drew it forth. "I've been saving it for you," she said.

He perceived the object of mystery to be a newspaper folded and refolded to about the dimensions of a compressed tube.

"I think I can guess that in advance," said Aldrich.

"Really? Have you seen it?"

For reply he merely quoted: "*Victoria Furman another American winner.*"

"Horrid, nicht wahr?" said Cecilia, who, since leaving Germany, was much given to the German she had scorned in the land where it is spoken. "It reads as if your friend were a sort of race horse."

THE EMOTIONALIST

“That way of describing a woman may be figurative—rather than offensive. The article is like all the articles in all the Yellows—that’s all.”

Cecilia shrugged. “Ah, yes. Dear me. I suppose she must be getting along—else they wouldn’t be writing of her, one way or another.”

“You have it,” he subjoined. “One is getting along when one is treated familiarly by everybody.”

They had reached Cecilia’s present destination—a corner drug-store. Aldrich found himself gracefully dismissed by Miss Whiteside’s assurance that it had been nice to have him along, part of the way. Had he been sensitive, the manner in which Cecilia paid him such compliments might have gone roughly with his vanity. As it was, the amiable unconsciousness with which she made it plain that he didn’t count at all was indeed the most effective thing he could count to her credit.

He bade her good-morning, asking to be remembered to Georgia. Then he retraced his steps with briskness. At a news-stand he paused before the panoply of morning editions. He had assumed familiarity with the sheet Cecilia had saved for him. As a matter of fact, her discovery would have been a revelation but for an accident of his breakfast. The paper was one he prided himself on not being given to purchasing.

THE EMOTIONALIST

He had caught a glimpse of the half-page portrait, with the heralding label, while his neighbor at the hotel table read the other side of the page.

It was a fact of self, with which Aldrich had to comfort himself that, until this moment, some shyness, some nameless delicacy, some old misgiving, had restrained him from looking farther. Equally plain to him was the motive in his bare-faced subterfuging with Cecilia. If the notice were something he would mind, then Cecilia must be made to feel he didn't mind, while the thing was yet simple through his not knowing what he had to mind. By thus stating it for himself, he made a joke of it—a lonely joke, which brought a lonelier smile to his face. Here he handed over the necessary penny and secured his paper. Indeed, the humor of it was all that might down a humiliation for the disloyalty, almost the betrayal, in the fact that he *had* been afraid. To believe in Miss Furman was become a point in his code; the more especially since as an episode she appeared closed in his life. Human nature is prone to hallow that which it has renounced.

Following that Fourth of July on the Dresdener Terasse, he had seen the prospective opera-singer just once before her departure for the Ostsee with Fräulein Ackern. The departure had preceded his own mother's midsummer trip down

THE EMOTIONALIST

into reeking Italy. He had dutifully accompanied her, and his last call at the Ackern villa had been hurried. Miss Furman herself had given it the air of being something perfunctory, which Heaven might witness he had not meant it should be.

"You won't forbid my writing some time?" he had asked her.

"Not when I've sent you my Viennese address," she had replied. "You see, I can't give it to you now, because I haven't any yet."

This had been rather bad, inasmuch as a letter addressed to the K. K. Hofoperntheater at Wein would have to reach her. There was, of course, nothing to do but to accept the decision either as a clear refusal or a half-promise of possible permission later. The chances were about equal either way.

Thus had the acquaintance closed. He could not even call it friendship. And his mother had been on the verge of hysteria that it might develop into matrimony. The final call at the Ackern villa reproached his conscience with evidence pointing the colossal maternal egotism of which he had been the object. Remorse may act by proxy. A man may be more put to blush as an unwilling instigation than as a direct accountant.

Fräulein Ackern's presence throughout the call had furnished the innocent note to throw Miss

THE EMOTIONALIST

Furman's abeyance into contrast. Wholesouledly Fräulein Ackern had admonished him to "write to us at the Ost-see one-time," even to come up one-time and see them before he should sail for home. But Fräulein Ackern, good woman that she was, had not the precise outlook for comprehending the kink in her sanction. A woman of Miss Furman's type readily submits herself to an authority to which she sets unsuspected limits. Aldrich had not gone to the Ost-see. And thus far, he had had no line from Fräulein Furman, long ere this a singer of the Royal Opera at Vienna.

Having selected his penny yellow, here in far New York, Aldrich bolted into the first bar-room that promised a table. Ordering a horse's-neck as an excuse, he read the notice as many times as he wished, in comparative seclusion. The bar-room was athrong with the first male vintage of New York's delinquent morning, but Aldrich kept his circular table of marble intact, belading one of its three seats with his coat, another with his hat and cane, and the final chair with himself. His privacy was respected.

From "Victoria Furman Another American Winner," it appeared that one Victoria Furman, a Utica girl, had been bidden to sing before the Emperor at a Hof concert in the palace. The

THE EMOTIONALIST

Emperor had especially complimented her and had presented her with a beautiful bracelet. The whole account, whatever might be its accuracy, was, of course, as misleading as possible. The average purchaser of a penny yellow would hardly know that any member of the Royal Opera at Vienna was sure to be invited, in due time, to sing at some Hof concert at the palace. The average customer would also fail to appreciate how immemorial custom demanded a gift of some jewel in lieu of a perquisite of cash, for anyone who did anything musical before an Emperor of Austria. What Aldrich did find interesting was the fact that New York press-work was being done. That struck him as significant. Taken either way, Miss Furman was evidently forwarding her career with a propitious outlook from somewhere: possibly, even, from New York's Metropolitan, which aimed at scouring the heavens with a long telescope.

His loneliness deepened to the feeling of one left behind. There swept over him a desire to go direct to Georgia. Georgia's presence in New York this winter had proved, on the whole, a boon, unequaled since that long-ago summer when she had been little short of a revelation. He liked to accuse her of having always helped him to a more graceful, if more absorbed, interest in

himself. There was generally some woman to assist a man to that sort of thing, with conditions attached. But Georgia had set about it fundamentally and without proviso, from the very start. These last months had brought him freakish turns of wondering whether Georgia were not necessary to him: wondering if indeed he were quite imaginable without her. She rather enhanced the speculation by the circumstance that she had always managed to keep herself delightfully imaginable without *him*. She had never made it possible for him to do otherwise than ignore any dim allusions of relatives and friends to the contrary. Whatever might be the nameless conviction of his mother, for instance—his mother with her typical mother's scent for infatuations toward her son—it had never shaken his own! (Or as far as he was aware, it had not.) There was not the slightest opportunity for doubting Georgia's depersonalization as far as he was concerned. On the contrary, he often found himself conjecturing Georgia as one who might cherish somewhere a dead love, locked within memories of her girlhood: some amulet shielding the heart; redolent of vanished throbs in its mystic protection. Far more reconcilable with Georgia was such a supposition.

In a haste at outs with his usual leisureliness,

THE EMOTIONALIST

Aldrich hurried through his noon engagement with his publisher. He had decided not to resist his desire to storm Georgia for luncheon. He found her at home. As always, she was glad to see him.

"I saved something for you," she cried, gaily, and held out a newspaper.

"While it is very much like several others presented to me this morning," he said, "I suppose it only goes to prove one can't have too many."

Georgia was amused, but she accepted his dismissal of the topic. The attractiveness of her quarters burst upon him afresh, as he relaxed himself in a Morris-chair and consigned the fated yellow to a by-standing waste-basket. Every nook and cranny of the room had its suggestiveness of comfort or beauty.

Miss Low was living in that counterpart of the European Pension stigmatized in New York, and hopelessly, as the "boarding-house." In the present instance it was at all events a boarding-house superlatively excellent. Nothing betrayed its identity as such. From the polished flooring, old tapestry, and open fire-place in the square entrance hall, to the taste of such rooms as might (on rare occasions) be glimpsed through open doorways on the upper floors, every detail was emphatic. In point of fact, it was a private resi-

THE EMOTIONALIST

dence not yet vitiated by the commercial use into which it had been forced.

Its subversion, indeed, accounted for Miss Low's presence in New York at this time. The proprietress was a friend of college days with whom, through the years, Georgia had kept up a desultory correspondence. Misfortune had overtaken this friend the winter before. Her husband, an architect of apparent prosperity, had died, and Georgia in Dresden had been soul-wrung with a more than ordinary profusion of black-rimmed envelopes. The deceased architect had, it appeared, been something of a dreamer. He had left a light life insurance and this house, with its circumspect, well-considered luxury, heavily mortgaged. Georgia's suggestion had sanctioned the widow's determination to fill her dwelling co-operatively from a wide range of friendships.

The co-operation would consist in the exchange of the quality of a refined home, without its responsibility, for prices commensurate enough to make the thing work. It hadn't worked quite as the widow had hoped. The quality-of-home side of it was satisfactory to legions willing to put it to the test, yet the widow had found herself put to embarrassment at some flaw in the arrangement somewhere. One letter in particular had

THE EMOTIONALIST

struck Georgia as especially pathetic: upon this unaccustomed landlady was dawning the conviction that she must lower her prices, for friendship's sake, to certain friends of long standing (and financial prosperity) who found them too high.

The letter asking Georgia's advice about this had reached her early in the fall, and was, perhaps, the straw weighing the balance of her decision to visit America for a few months. She saw her power of being helpful; and what else could she excusably live for, if not for her friends, when opportunity made her needful? Thus had she journeyed to New York to become the "pivotal point," as she humorously expressed it, in Mrs. Morton's household. Under the circumstances a pivotal point could work wonders. The phrase proved no misnomer. For her two rooms Georgia fixed a rate which was a manifest consideration of value received: not exorbitant, but just. Something in the influence of her gratitude for the privilege of doing it actually gave backbone to the entire arrangement, including Mrs. Morton herself, who gained courage in keeping up her prices. ("Gret" Morton, they had always called her at school. And always she had been as now: efficient, systematic, fragile, unbusiness-like. The combination is more frequent

THE EMOTIONALIST

than generally supposed, and incompetency may fatten on its greed while efficiency languishes in its timidity.)

As for Cecilia, she had found Mrs. Morton's terms exorbitant, like everything else in America. Feeling compelled, albeit reluctantly, to forego her habit of selecting an apartment under the same roof with Georgia, she had had the great good fortune to find rooms in the first house beyond. They cost less, and she was so easily Georgia's guest at all times, that she lost none of the old feeling of being under her dispensation.

Aldrich had returned with his mother toward the end of August. He had planned his winter largely for Boston, but found it too difficult to resist New York when he learned how Georgia was to be added to the already alluring combination of his publisher and the opera. He was in the city now, on an indefinite stay, having come to the point of relinquishing his Boston apartments. He wasn't sure he should want them again.

As he relaxed himself in Georgia's Morris-chair before her fireside this noon, he was very certain he should never want them again. Georgia would have liked to draw him out on the subject of the play he was writing, but he dismissed her inquiry with the assurance that, like everything

THE EMOTIONALIST

he did, it threatened to be so clever it would be stupid. He preferred to dwell upon the attractiveness of the sitting-room—her sitting-room—in which he was finding such comfort, such repose of soul.

“This is the sort of thing they don’t do a bit better in Europe,” he said, referring to the essentially American charm of the furnishings. “Over there they don’t know much about the open fire and they don’t know as much as they might about polished and grained woodwork, unstained by age. They deluge you with sofas, but they don’t know anything of these lounging seats with their ten-thousand cushions. They’d have a table, set rectangularly before every one of them. There *are* some things on this side that they don’t seem to get at on the other—at least, not in their lodgings.”

Miss Low laughed. “If they did, you know, it would quite spoil Europe by giving us no America to look back to.”

“I wonder,” he mused, “if you haven’t hit a secret of Europe’s enthrallment. We do look back to America over there.”

“And eventually we come back to America, where we long for Europe.” Miss Low’s mild blue eyes were alight above a little sigh—confessed homesickness.

THE EMOTIONALIST

“Just about now,” he ruminated, “they’re having the seven o’clock supper at the Pension Schramm. Frau Schramm, the elder, is telling of the time when, being a pastor’s daughter, she was given a booth at an orphans’ bazaar; and of how the Crown Princess Louise, or Elizabeth, or Olga, or Stephanie—who was it, anyway?—came up and chatted very graciously and wanted to know all about the orphans.”

“Oh, the meal is much farther on,” smiled Georgia. “You see it’s nearly lunch-time in New York: tea-time must be about over at the Pension in Blasewitz. Ere this, Frau bewidowed Schramm, the younger, has gotten to the time the Queen of Saxony stopped and asked after Katychen, in the anteroom of the hospital, when Katychen had the scarlatina there.”

“How they loved it,” said Aldrich. “It didn’t seem to spoil it at all that at the hospital the Queen seems to have had a habit of asking after everybody.”

He looked dreamily into the fire.

“I should like to hear that ‘gesegnete Mahlzeit’ pronounced after their pretty post-mortem blessing, when everybody gets up and shakes hands. I should like to brandish rapiers with Katychen on the finer details of ethics and human nature. I should like to watch Cecilia wander

THE EMOTIONALIST

out after mealtime toward a summerhouse, thus putting it distinctly to Herr Adolf to wander out after her. I should even like to see Herr Adolf himself, with his London cravat, and Saxon lisp on the broad British 'a'——"

Aldrich interrupted himself suddenly, sitting bolt upright. "Do you know, Georgia—I sometimes had a notion that Herr Adolf, being quite appropriated by Cecilia, might end by proposing to *you*. It wouldn't have been unlike the way such things go sometimes."

Georgia's ringing peal of laughter came too late to overtake her flush. The flush was of a more or less tell-tale quality. Aldrich leaned forward as if to scan at some close range the nail he had so fortuitously hit on the head.

"I see," he said at length. "*It happened!* Why didn't you tell me?"

Georgia hesitated. "Let us not talk of it. It was too absurd to ever seem funny until this moment."

"Did Cecilia know of it?"

"It was certainly too absurd to tell Cecilia."

"That's so," he reflected. "She might have taken it seriously. She might have turned on us."

Miss Low had subsided in her gentle derision.

THE EMOTIONALIST

“As I’ve often told you,” she began, “you don’t do Cecilia justice. Cecilia does very well with her intuitions, sometimes.”

“And this time?”

“Well, after—after his silly mistake, Herr Adolf quite dropped me——”

“You mean he was given to understand he must!”

“By no means. I didn’t mind him. But he was more attentive to Cecilia than ever—afterward—yet she lost all interest—though she had no way of knowing, surely.”

Aldrich admitted that Cecilia was in America, now, their next-door neighbor, and that she didn’t appear to be pining for Herr Adolf. He could not, however, recover from the surprise of the revelation—the comical fortuity of his arrival at it!

“So he *did* propose! Herr Adolf did venture with the more than inaccessible Fräulein Low. And though I somehow had thought it out, still it never would have occurred to me. Never, never, never.”

Thus he ran on, fondling his discovery like a plaything. There was an earnest side to it, too. He could recall a respectable aggregate of points in Herr Adolf’s favor: comfortable success in business, reasonably good looks, excellent groom-

ing, indestructible amiability of nature—all these things had yet left him a mere ridiculous occurrence in Georgia's memory: an episode to be brushed aside as conferring the reverse of distinction. Words of his mother or of one of his sisters came back to him. "Georgia Low might often have married, and well." He could see dimly the succession of havens. Other women would have guided grateful sails to such moorings. Did Georgia look backward to some far receding horizon while she kept the open sea? Or was her gaze bent forward to the realities of the mind—or was it fixed on the stars with their symbolisms so imperfect save in the severing which some called loneliness?

She still sat as he had found her on entering: at her writing desk. Against it she partially supported herself with her right forearm, while her fingers toyed with a paper knife. Still spread open before her was an uncut *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The crispness of her embroidered linen gown brought out the delicacy which seemed to emanate tapering from her finger-tips, on, into the little steel prong of the paper cutter. It was as though she exhaled an aroma of exquisite impalpability which condensed to a slim current—out into a metal point. He had his fantastic notion that the fineness of her quality, thus pro-

THE EMOTIONALIST

jected, pricked him, like a goad, to its keener appreciation.

He wondered if there could be some consciousness in her of the appeal, which thus became the power, of her enigma. Was it through this power that she assumed seniority in cases like that of Miss Whiteside, who, for the most part, looked some older, and was, in all likelihood, considerably so? The notion was dismissed hard upon its inception. Candidly thought out, there was the brutal but unescapable fact that we are always older than our inferiors. If sincere with ourselves, we could but live up to it. And he felt nothing but loyalty in his resultant admission that were the cases exactly reversed, say between himself and Georgia, she would still be older than he. Moreover, she was no older than she'd ever been. And she had never been too much so.

"I wish you'd read me something," he said; "something in French, say. To tell you the truth, I'm on the point of having a fit of the blues."

She admitted that being "blue" was a phase she had thought him beyond admitting.

"I don't know what it all is," he confessed. "Maybe it's my play. Or maybe it's the way these translations, done by contract, are getting on my nerves. Maybe it's the singular density

THE EMOTIONALIST

with which the reviews have failed in *getting* that last little book of mine—those verses, which may be pretty bad, but might be Sanskrit or Thibetan for any insight any critic shows into their intention, even their ground plan. Maybe——”

“Well, you know you were always a Secessionist,” she interrupted, softly.

“And it’s very dangerous for an emotional American to be that,” he assented. “Or, at least—so has my mother told me. Exactly. And I was going to say that it may be just New York that is the matter with us.” He pluralized, involuntarily. “Hasn’t it been said, somewhere, that New York gets to be the matter with everybody?”

Again her laugh had the sigh in it.

“It’s surely New York,” he went on. “New York does things to you.”

“I’m afraid,” she said, “it’s not New York so much as this America we don’t any more quite belong to.”

“And it’s because we’re such superlatively good Americans that we don’t,” he superadded, whimsically. “We’re so Americanly ready to take on any new thing—from a foreignism to a storage automobile. We’ve expatriated ourselves from our fair land through being overtypical of our great country.”

THE EMOTIONALIST

“Are you comforted?” she inquired, and arose and stood before him, and looked down upon him with the tenderness her impulse allowed her, as a thing too true to be dissembled. “What shall I read? You know, you’ve asked me to.”

He had merely to extend his hand to take from the revolving bookcase the volume which he gave her, silently. She began the cadence of the French, her voice half droning the measures until they were blent in seismic swing, as if chanted. The spirit of French utterance was hers. The monotone was depersonalizing. She glided out upon it, and toward him, like reverie, reshaping that fine impalpability which ceaselessly passed from her to the little things she did; airily fashioning the greater things he sometimes felt, at such moments, she might have done.

Something, too, was added from the surging musical isolation of this Leconte de Lisle, whom they both loved.

“Mais si rien ne répond dans l’immense étendue
Que le stérile écho de l’éternel désir,
Adieu, déserts, où l’âme ouvre une aile éperdue!
Adieu, songe sublime, impossible à saisir!”

She read no farther. She glanced toward him as he sat, lost in the rhythms with the hunched shoulders of his boyhood, and his feet against the

THE EMOTIONALIST

fender before him. Her pause was for a moment's respite to her voice. But in the instant of its silence there arose from the lower hall the muffled sound of the Oriental gong, suggestive and mysterious like some of the lines she had intoned. With the minimum of rudeness, it brought her back to refuge in the commonplace.

"That means luncheon," she explained. "I know you must be awfully hungry. *I am.*"

She closed the book, inserting as she did so the slim steel of the paper-cutter to mark the place.

XI

VEERING TO VICTORIA, WHO FINDS A COMPATRIOT, WITH CAVIAR AND A HALF-LITER

WHEN Miss Furman had returned with Fräulein Ackern from their outing on the Ost-see, she had stopped a day in Dresden, which was on the direct route to Vienna. Fräulein Ackern's health was none too brilliant, and, beset with growing horror of the loneliness which would follow Victoria's departure, she had about decided to close the villa for awhile and become a temporary wanderer. With the restlessness sometimes incidental to forethought, she planned Carlsbad, the Tyrol, even such wide radii as the Riviera, circumscribing between-times she meant to allow herself in Vienna. A certain fever of resignation kept her at schemes for journeys in which she had but a mechanical interest.

Victoria did not neglect to remonstrate that "Schwesterlein" might just as well pull up stakes for good and all in Dresden and settle, with her, permanently, in the Kaiserstadt. The argument may have lured; it was assuredly fruitless. Not

for an instant did Fräulein Ackern appear to be considering anything beyond occasional visits. Whether from an underlying attachment to Blasewitz, and her home there, or from fanatic consistence to her idea of sacrifice in yielding her Victoria to the detached world of a career, she appeared to regard the time of her active participation in Victoria's destiny as irrevocably closed. Victoria did not too strongly press the point. Just why not, she could not have explained to herself. Nor could her conscience quite escape a dim feeling that by exerting her faculty of persuasion to the utmost she might induce Fräulein Ackern to remain with her at least the greater part of the time. That Fräulein Ackern would be much less lonely, with her, than anywhere else, her utmost modesty did not admit of doubting, but it seemed to suffice that the thing be kept clearly above-board. She had made plain to Fräulein Ackern her sincere readiness to keep up the relation, so like and unlike that of a mother and daughter. She had pointed out how, as far as their friendship was concerned, Vienna need only be a sort of enlarged and removed Blasewitz. There was no reason why the footing should alter, save in certain details of her financial independence which could only simplify it.

But to all these expressions of Victoria's will-

ingness, even desire, Fräulein Ackern appeared to see no possibility of assent. Her passive, pensive demurral bewildered Victoria, who was quite too loyal, too grateful, you might say, to let it irritate her. There was nothing left then, as Victoria looked at it. She must go her way, leaving Fräulein Ackern to her self-conceived duty of letting it come to pass.

The contract required that Victoria be in Vienna the last week of August. She had thought to take her leave of her benefactress at the Ost-see, and had earnestly advised Fräulein Ackern to remain there until the September coolness. Fräulein Ackern was undoubtedly much run down and needed far more building up. Victoria found it cruel that she could not stay with her to see it done. At any rate, she remonstrated soundly against having to drag her away from it; and Fräulein Ackern had been almost persuaded as to that point. Being high-German, however (that was to say, quite incalculable), she took one of her obdurate stands on the day before Victoria's departure and insisted on going back with her as far as Dresden, that she might begin at once the preparations for a long closing of the villa.

That day in Dresden was a horror to Victoria, which she was convinced she ideally con-

cealed by being more than wontedly cheerful and affectionate. The pristine glow of her sense of what she owed Fräulein Ackern would have moved her to even more heroic efforts, had necessity demanded. But spontaneity, good cheer, and demonstrativeness were tried successful courses, which she had well in hand. She could operate them as she operated her cadenzas—even when they bored her. Also, to do her justice, she was just enough at recognizing the psychological moment when she had no right to be bored. The right to be bored is a luxury exclusive to the fortunate who may allow themselves that, or any other form of entertainment. Which is to say, that to the bored struggler, the right to be bored is forbidden.

Fräulein Ackern went with Victoria through the various rooms of the villa. On her protégée she had imposed a final task significant of her own devotion—and a corresponding trial to Victoria's. She had desired that Victoria should select anything from the furnishings—rugs, pictures, or bric-à-brac—that might most appeal to her to make habitable her new home which, part the time, would be Fräulein Ackern's home as well, in Vienna. The generosity was, for various reasons, a great embarrassment, but Victoria couldn't just see any way out of it. In reality, it

would have been good to her to be able to go to Vienna with the same freedom of cumbrous luggage with which she had come to Dresden. Refreshing to her was a clear sense of pulling up stakes.

During that first luckless three of her years in Europe she had accumulated debts which in the aggregate would make a serious inroad on her first year's earnings. She had no definite idea just what the expense of a Royal Opera singer in Vienna might be. Her minimum first year's salary was to be ten thousand gulden. Big as it had seemed, from some aspects, she couldn't forget that it was about the amount received by Jean De Reszke for one or two single performances in New York. It might take her more than a year to get those debts paid off. With a sigh of compunction, she wished she might picture Fräulein Ackern as extending her assistance, not in house furnishings, but in the form of a check, neatly calculated to just about the amount. Of their existence the older woman was aware. In the long hours of perfect confidence and sympathetic communion, Victoria had divulged them to her, along with the rest of her history. But in such matters Fräulein Ackern was solidified to a more than inconvenient misconception, which Victoria felt she must live up to, though the

THE EMOTIONALIST

Heavens fell. Fräulein Ackern was sincerely convinced that it was matter of pride with Victoria to pay her own debts with her own efforts, as opportunity should come.

To tamper with such conviction would be a delicate, if not a risky, thing. The matter of pride lay, as far as Victoria was concerned, in keeping it undeflected. In doing this she felt she balanced accounts. Her conscience was atoned. It was surely as creditable to live up to a thing, as to live it out; particularly when living up to it compelled you, also, to live it out!

She chose from Fräulein Ackern's effects with tact and determination. Again it was a difficult task. Nominally, she was merely "borrowing" them. Yet she felt compunction where (as not infrequently) her personal taste intruded upon her ready perception of what Fräulein Ackern felt a sentiment about having her possess. There was also a feeling that, under the circumstances, it would be in as faulty taste to choose what was of too little value as what was of too much; and equally as mistaken to select too few things as to select too many. On the whole, the sentiment method seemed the safest. As the two women passed slowly about, from room to room, she betrayed this principle of guidance in a rather pretty way, remarking to Fräulein Ackern:

THE EMOTIONALIST

“I should like to have just the things you’d enjoy seeing over again when you’re with me, and hate to see here when you come back to the house without me in it.”

“Then one-time will you must to take the villa balcony,” returned Fräulein Ackern. “I shall most hate to see that when you are far.”

“I shall dream of that balcony at tea-time,” supplemented Victoria, “or when the moon comes up. Too bad there has to be anything else but tea-times, and moons coming up!”

The older woman did not smile as Victoria had meant she should. She had sunk into a chair, and gazed ahead with the familiar look which (in Victoria’s private interpretation) always appeared to await something with a resigned certainty of its never happening. It relieved Victoria to recall that the look had always been there more or less. It had not been a development since their friendship: which friendship was but the most recent instance of Fräulein Ackern’s peculiar faculty for great devotion. The conviction was brought home to Victoria that this faculty for great devotion did not pay. It had been brought home before, but it swept over her anew. It was like a revelation in Fräulein Ackern’s eyes, on this most excessive day of a too protracted leave-taking.

THE EMOTIONALIST

In some way or other, however, she did get herself off on the night train for Vienna, which she insisted was the best for her purpose. It was a tiresome, dirty run, and she could "bluff the thing out," getting herself asleep through it, she said.

In Vienna, her temporary lodgment had been arranged for at the well-known "American Pension" of Frau Heincke. Here Victoria had planned a stay until she should find a suitable unfurnished apartment, after which the things would be sent on from the Ackern villa.

When Victoria found herself easy in her new quarters on the morning of her arrival, it seemed so good to draw free breath in the huge room reserved in her honor that she decided to be as long about finding the unfurnished apartment as possible. With the good fortune of a little ill-luck in the matter, she might even keep it off all winter, she thought. If Fräulein Ackern came to see her there would be a good room and all the comforts at the Pension Heincke; and Frau Heincke seemed the most excellent sort in the world.

On this first day, meals were served to "Miss" Furman—the new landlady was eager in her emphasis of the *Miss*—in her room, but from time to time Frau Heincke knocked at the door to inquire in English if Miss Furman "wanted any-

THE EMOTIONALIST

thing." On one or two of these occasions Victoria permitted her to come in, and open out. Since it appeared inevitable that Frau Heincke would open out a great deal, Victoria saw the expediency of letting her begin, on the one hand; on the other, she found it diverting to lie, kimono-clad, and listen.

The new Hausfrau was a Viennese differing essentially from Victoria's Saxon conception of the species. In looks she might be an enlarged Brünnhilde, though no more enlarged than Victoria had seen, with her own eyes, puffing through steam-engine scenes of the "Götterdämmerung." To call her the Brünnhilde type would be to say that her regularity of feature and outline had the peculiar effect of heightening her massiveness, which was fairly overpowering until the gradual vision grew accustomed. It had seemed to Victoria, at first sight of her, that she must weigh three hundred reasonably well distributed pounds. Subsequently she reduced the conjecture by fifties until it reached a stationary scientific two hundred, which Victoria deemed provisional and moderate.

The new Hausfrau's first innings came about when she introduced herself at the door, personally conducting a tray with caviar and champagne. She had arranged this collation as a fes-

THE EMOTIONALIST

tival of one, of which Victoria should partake in honor of her own arrival.

"Mercy!" cried Victoria.

"Please beautifully! Bitte schön!" Frau Heincke smiled downward from the high voice on the first word to the deep contralto of the final syllable.

"And you mean for me to lie on this divan and make way with that—an hour before luncheon!—and while you *look on*?"

"You will to be just like my daughter," explained Frau Heincke, "and so you must eat it, because you will to be just like my *odder* daughter who have act on the stage in Buchsenhimmel, in Baiern."

Apart from its grammatical irregularity, Frau Heincke's English was so really American, with a pleasant familiar flatness of accent, that Victoria exclaimed at it in astonishment. "I noticed it at the very first," she said. "You talk almost like a good Yankee. Where did you get it?"

"Aber I *am* American," exclaimed Frau Heincke, swelling with pride. "My fader and mudder journeyed to New York to become naturalized, and I was born Amerikaner. But they did not like it, and got so foolish to get homesick, and come back to Vienna, when I was only

THE EMOTIONALIST

six months old—and here have I roost, alas God!”

Victoria had her unspoken doubts as to whether this cherished nationality had contributed materially toward Frau Heincke's good United States vowels. The “American Pension,” now in its twentieth year of her proprietorship, might account for that. The nationality they shared in common, however, was enough ground for repeating her insistence that Frau Heincke ring for another glass. They *must* drink a little toast together to their Amerika, she reasoned with a persuasion that took acceptance for granted and amply charmed the Hausfrau in the case.

Thereupon the latter fetched another glass and propped pillows behind Victoria's back until she resembled a Byzantine picture set in mosaic. Then she shared the half-liter of rather warm champagne, standing a little to one side in a glowing assertiveness of self-effacement.

To Frau Heincke's mind it was a magnificent outset toward the intimate friendship which, self-evidently, must accrue between a Hausfrau of her own prestige and a star boarder preordained as a local celebrity. She made the most of it. The *odder* daughter to whom she had alluded was, as appeared from her conversation,

THE EMOTIONALIST

an actual daughter of the blood. Her name was Tilly. She was Frau Heincke's oldest child, the favorite of Frau Heincke's discarded husband, and she played beautiful rôles at the Stadt-theater in Buchsenhimmel: "Magda," "Rautendelein," "Maria Stuart," "Fanchon the Cricket," "Lady Macbeth." The Tilly cherished an ambition, hardly more than a dream, of maybe some day being versatile enough to play in the Volkstheater in Vienna. And that was the dramatic complement of the K. K. Hofoperntheater, where Miss Furman sang.

"But that will take a long time yet, even if she can do it never," sighed Frau Heincke. "Very few are so happy as the Fräulein Miss Furman, to get so high at the beginning, already."

Victoria protested that it was much easier when one sang. The voice just did it for you. It wasn't as if you had to act your way up to it. "If they'd made me wait until I learned to act!" she exclaimed, and dropped her head back among the cushions at the thought. Sincere was her conviction that nothing could quite express the hopelessness of their having waited until she learned to act. That much had the Lubke drilled into her, thoroughly.

XII

KEEPING TO VICTORIA, WHO WILL LIVE UP TO WHAT SHE MUST LIVE OUT

FRAU HEINCKE was to favor Victoria with many more calls after this propitious and introductory one. They were, moreover, to be replete with enlightenment concerning the Viennese point of view (as seen by a Hausfrau), and varied with details of gossip from a twenty-year Viennese-American supply. But, aside from these little enlivenments, Victoria's first days in Vienna were more than ordinarily colorless. Her opening rôle of mother in "Hänsel und Gretel" furnished small excitement, coming, as it did, in warm weather, with no one back, and the opera two-thirds empty. She had not yet even met the Direktor. He had been down in Italy at the time of her Gastrolle in the spring. His telegram to the assistant Direktor, his deputy, who had mailed him an official account of her qualifications and success (vouched for by the Graf von Lüdersberg) had been informal: Engage at

THE EMOTIONALIST

once — “ Gleich engagiern ” — nothing more. Thus far, had this been the sum and substance of the cautious rumor, linking, with gloved fingers, her name with that of the Graf. It remained, then, as she frankly comprehended, “ up to her ” to make more of the rumor, or to leave it to unmake itself, as her American conscience might dictate or her artistic diplomacy see fit.

The Graf was now out of town. The American conscience held, for the nonce, a full hand, in point of circumstance, as well as inclination. Victoria met all the good Americans at the Pension, on the second day, at dinner. There were doctors studying nameless bacilli at the hospitals, and students, with two or three degrees already, working out a thesis, at the University, less it sometimes appeared, for the advancement of the actual cause of learning, than to get another. Among the ladies were pianists studying with a nameful Pole (whose pupils had added syllables for him), or studying with his corps of assistant teachers, in the hope of some day getting to him, much like the hope of a soul in Purgatory for God. And there were singers, and 'cellists, and violinists, studying at the Conservatory. There appeared to be no male music students at the Pension Heincke, and Victoria

THE EMOTIONALIST

had to reason out why it was so. She decided that it must be because the Pension was expensive. When a *man* studied music, professionally, he was for some reason almost invariably poor. When the Muses favored poverty they seemed to prefer it in masculine guises.

Victoria had to remember that she had been an exception—then had her misgivings as to whether the Muses had ever really wooed her.

The Lubke never got cross without assuring her they had not. But she had the voice, and on the glory of it the Lubke had no will but to continue her free instruction. That was the pleasant refrain to which she could always return. On the strength of it she had, in the long run, practically ruled the Lubke, by occasional intimations that she might some day give up singing if she found herself "too dull for it." On the strength of it, too, or of the real or imaginary position it had brought her, all the American feminine contingent at the Pension deluged her with calls. To one more sensitive and less good-natured than Victoria these calls would have been an irritation, so self-conscious was their attempt at concealing an exaggeration of her importance with an offhand matter-of-courseness. That awed deference which may not quite account for itself, likes to disguise it-

THE EMOTIONALIST

self, playing at easy familiarity. Victoria's callers were, all of them, rather awkwardly hail-fellow-well-met. When Victoria began to observe this she had a synchronous conjecture at an odd tangent, touching a half-forgotten friend of the summer, one Mr. Aldrich. If he had been there, that nice and good-looking fellow Aldrich might have sized it up something in that way, and said something good about it. She wondered what had become of him, and if he were indeed as rich as the Frau bewidowed Schramm had reported to Fräulein Ackern. Never had doubt crossed her mind that, back in America, he was "the real thing" socially—or might be if he liked. She was herself but a social waif, and so likely to remain, voice or no voice. When her thoughts took this turn, she sighed a little. Were new ambitions arising from the ashes of fulfillment in older ones? Could the Muses and this Germany have brought her thus far: that being at a point where she might make herself independent of all social distinction and live in a world quite outside it, she should first begin, vaguely, to feel its importance?

Perhaps!

Ambition must keep hungry while it looks from its own laden plate toward somebody else's across the table.

THE EMOTIONALIST

Antipodal to the honorable plane represented by Aldrich, was the Graf von Lüdersberg, whom she did the honor not to misapprehend in the least. In proportion as she cultivated him or permitted him to cultivate her, would this artistic success be nourished, and the misty social yearning starved on the menu of the Bohemia into which the Graf might freely enter, but out of which the Furman might not freely return.

Or would it be so? For some reason she couldn't but have her doubts. The Graf was, after all, a very simple sort of *Lebeman*, and might be more manipulated than manipulating, if one showed a little hardness, a little decision. Frau Heincke had in more than one discourse passingly alluded to him as popular among the theatrical folk, but with the disadvantage of being poor—one of the poorest of his exalted rank. That, then, was why he was so approachable. Money was a great leveler when you *hadn't* it.

The Graf was often a bore, but not often enough not to be a problem. He was literally complicated by his accessibility. Victoria was, therefore, more than glad he was not in Vienna now, and not likely to be until the cool of the autumn. She rather thought she'd like to see the Aldrich chap. There, she was convinced, was one good man! She had always enjoyed talking

THE EMOTIONALIST

to him: sometimes she had even enjoyed hearing him talk.

His standards were the distinct lift the earliest ideals she could remember made her sometimes grope for. And she would have to be silly and hypocritical with herself to try to deny her certainty that she had made her impression. Maybe it was effaced by now, but she had surely made it. Perhaps she ought to send him her address, which would be permitting the letter he'd been very ready to write.

This impulse she finally dismissed. Things were at too early a stage as yet. She must sit up and look round. There was the great range in the other side of her problem which she was overlooking. Notwithstanding the fact that she was an embodied Voice, there was something which kept her from being an artist. Not yet had she found "Temperament," the thing those singers who had nothing else always appeared to have in abundance. After all, wasn't that, in her particular case, the most desirable thing in the world? She had at least journeyed, afoot, with erect head, to the career of all careers, in the city of all cities, in this only world, where "Temperament" might be located and caught on the wing, as it were. When she cogitated upon this her longing to find it, to be an *artist*, grew in-

tense. She sometimes thought it worth everything in the world to be an *artist*. Not always—but sometimes. She must sit up and take notice!

It was during an interminable reverie of this nature, with chaotic pros and cons, and indecisions, all stimulating enough to be stitched into the turquoise silk blouse she was embroidering for herself (by way of having something to do) that Victoria was brought to a halt, one afternoon. The halt was a visiting card. While not a serious thing in itself, it foreshadowed a series of re-calculations. Frau Heincke brought it in, having appropriated it from the maid, following her habit of confiscating and personally presenting any card of importance. The Graf von Lüdersberg was prematurely back, and had presented himself.

Victoria shrugged to think what a mistake he had made.

Prematureness is surely a blight, self-generated, by enthusiastic intention. Forthwith Victoria tightened her longish upper lip, and set herself to a resolution to remember Aldrich, only Aldrich, and all he had said, and all he seemed to stand for. The Graf had gained absolutely nothing by coming back like this. Perhaps he had lost more than he might ever disturb him-

THE EMOTIONALIST

self by suspecting. She would, however, take keen pleasure in unostentatiously directing his suspicions that way.

She sent out word that she would see him in the main parlor. Frau Heincke had thought she might prefer the small reception-room, a sort of public private-chamber off the stairway. Under that impression she had stowed him away there, but Victoria's command compelled her to bring him forth from the Turkish coziness—nearly suffocated.

XIII

THE TURQUOISE BLOUSE—AND THE MILITÄR

DURING the dull opening season of the opera, with the important personages all on extra vacation — “verurlaubt” — Victoria’s professional duties were at their minimum. The assistant directors, and other secondary personages, who had temporary full control, kept the off-season on safe and beaten tracks. Despite her three years’ contract, the Furman was an experiment with which they did not care to tamper: not, at any rate, until higher responsibilities could be evoked. Once in ten days or so, whenever “Hänsel und Gretel” was put on, she sang the rôle of the peasant mother, and there her duties ended.

The weather was a zenith on the wane, with hot gusts, and limp, burnt greens, along the Ringstrasse. A zenith on the wane is indescribably more depressing than a wane which has reached its zenith. There is a pause at the stopping point of midsummer, which presages the death of na-

THE EMOTIONALIST

ture, more intangibly, more penetratingly, than its final gasp and shudder of falling leaves. Even with her abundant leisure, Victoria had no mind to go a-hunting for an apartment.

For the most part she kept to her room and stitched the remarkable gilt and silken flowers and a certain discontent into the turquoise blouse, which she calculated to finish some time before the following summer. Frau Heincke did much these days toward talking her out of an habitual restiveness which was yet an apathy. It was well that it was so, for when restiveness grows apathetic, it is an eruption turned inward.

From motherly Frau Heincke, the fledgling Victoria learned all the romances of the opera of which she was now a part; those scandals which had become classic through wide and honorable recognition. They were of divers kinds, with yet a conventional similarity of basis. Behind them all loomed the colorful Seventh Commandment. Victoria learned of flirtations of singing ingénues with royalty. She grew erudite with morganatic marriages into the ballet; and household arrangements between the palace and the chorus, and endless picturesque adulteries and insanities and suicides. It appeared that a popular destiny for singers was to grow very stout, and then stouter, and then too stout (which meant,

THE EMOTIONALIST

surely, an incredible degree of it), whereupon one would be given a farewell performance of one's greatest rôle, a silver laurel wreath, innumerable curtain calls, and opportunity for utterance of a tearful "Auf wiedersehen." After all of which one would be permitted to go into retirement with the husband, titled or the reverse, one had married twenty years beforehand, when the public had first been electrified by the great rôle.

Frau Heincke particularly liked to dwell on the story of the beautiful Binoka. Surely had the Fräulein Furman heard of the beautiful Binoka! No? Unbelievable! But the Binoka had retired in great glory two or three winters ago, on marrying the Graf von Fürstenlohe. She had been his mistress for eighteen years, but they couldn't marry until the Emperor had agreed to let him divorce his good and true wife, who was very religious. Cynics had prophesied that he would some day divorce the beautiful Binoka in turn. Optimists had predicted that he would some day return to the good and true wife. The wife herself, it was said, believed that, and had settled herself to the meek awaiting, which is the boon of loyalty and the blessing of hope. But those who knew the Binoka best had grave doubts of either theory. Having caught many sound

THE EMOTIONALIST

American terms, Frau Heincke expressed personal conviction that the Binoka was a "sticker."

If you married an officer of the army (explained Frau Heincke) *he* must do the retiring and let you support him. Your salary even at the Hofoperntheater would never put you enough ahead for the twenty thousand gulden the army regulations required him to marry. And though he might marry as much more as he liked, he could not marry less and retain his commission. He might, of course, make you eligible by presenting the amount to you if he had it. But he too rarely had it! Or when, in rare cases, he did have it, he frequently didn't care for the opera, alas God!

Upon these by-laws of the code in the theatrical world, and many besides, Frau Heincke elaborated to the limit of any encouragement given her to do so. Many of them were, of course, known to Victoria already, but at close range and first hand, they were usually absorbing enough to hear all about, all over again. Apropos of the army officers, Frau Heincke assured Victoria that, though often a worthless, a "nicht-nutzige," lot, they were yet extremely amusing, and a great source of consolation to the singers and the theatrical ladies generally. With-

in a few days she was expecting her Tilly home for a visit—her Tilly of the Stadt-theater in Buchsenhimmel—and her Tilly had many friends among them. The Fräulein Furman must join her Tilly in having two or three of them in for a pleasant sociable evening, one-time, with, vielleicht, a little musik? There was one in particular, a rascal of a Hungarian Ober-Leutnant, who played the violin, *aber ausgezeichnet!*

To this proposal Victoria had made no objection; and so, sooner than expected, it came about that Fräulein Tilly's arrival precipitated her first social diversion. Fräulein Tilly proved languidly buxom, black-eyed and golden-haired. She had the careful, clear enunciation of the actress, and pleased Victoria from the start by taking her for granted, somehow, without *overtaking* her. Moreover, Fräulein Tilly kept herself valuable by keeping much to herself and not even appearing at the American filled tables of the Pension dinner. Somewhere toward noon of the day before her departure she slid mysteriously through the hallways to Victoria. She was clad in a black kimono covered with huge gold dragons, and after apologizing that she had just arisen, she announced her mother's plan for the evening. They would receive the officers, friends all of them almost from her childhood, either in Fräulein

THE EMOTIONALIST

Tilly's own room, or in the Fräulein Furman's, just as the Fräulein Furman should prefer.

"Why not here?" said Victoria. "It's really a lovely room—don't you think? My piano is very nice, and the divan I sleep on is behind a screen."

That settled the matter. Matters were easily settled with Fräulein Tilly, who comprehended everything instantly with a clear-cut "selbstverständlich" on a lazy intonation. Her original idea had been that they keep the little affair quite to themselves, but Victoria demurred.

"You say your Ober-Leutnant plays the fiddle? Well, just think how those poor girls so far from home would enjoy that! And I sing such a little bit in 'Hänsel und Gretel,' yet every one of them has pegged out to hear me! All just because I'm American, too. And the very first time I sang that old woman rôle, the boys sent flowers though they'd barely met me at meal-times—and the poor chaps couldn't understand why I couldn't receive them over the footlights. I must do an aria for them, and let one of those Paderewski girls accompany me. I understand what you mean, honey. [Victoria did not hesitate at temporary intimacy when it came natural.] I understand—it might be nicer; but it would be a pity to leave the other boarders out!"

"Selbstverständlich," agreed Fräulein Tilly,

THE EMOTIONALIST

who had thrown herself on the screened divan alluded to. "Why, certainly."

"It would be a pity," repeated Fräulein Tilly, after a pause, which might seem to indicate some indecision on Victoria's part. Fräulein Tilly said it would be a pity, as if there were nothing else to say. For that matter, she said everything as if there were nothing else to say—or perhaps worth the saying, Victoria thought. She probably saved herself for her acting in that way. Everywhere, in the Pension Heincke, Victoria was getting points.

Therefore, was the whole Pension personnel gratefully in Victoria's room, when the officers arrived. Frau Heincke showed them in, single-file, following up in the rear herself. Victoria had the feeling that this particularly sociable commingle had been explained to them as mere preliminary, and found she had not been mistaken when everybody left at ten, except the actress and her officers, who had started the movement to go. As if at a signal they had arisen. But now that everyone was gone, they seemed in no especial hurry. When Victoria urged them to be seated and stay awhile, they acquiesced with an alacrity that bespoke preparation in advance.

Victoria found two, out of the three, more or less nondescript. They had geometrical shoul-

ders and curled mustaches, as did every other Viennese from the Militär she had seen; and they smiled much and said, "*Bitte schön*, gracious Fräulein," a great deal.

But the third was not nondescript. In the first place he was a veritable giant, overtopping the other two by a good half-head. He knew no English—the other two thought they knew a little—and that fact had kept him absolutely quiet until the departure of the American contingent. For Victoria, the military titles had not been made quite clear in the formal hurry of the introductions, and she was delighted when her natural choice turned out to be the musical Ober-Leutnant of Frau Heincke's recommendation.

The Ober-Leutnant evidently understood. He appropriated Victoria at once, with a foregone proprietorship, leaving the Tilly and "the mamma" in the kindly care of his two brother officers.

The width of the room separated the two groups.

"Are we sociable?" inquired Victoria, a little anxiously.

"They have wished it so. They told me they would make it so. You sing very well," replied the Ober-Leutnant.

Victoria could only reply that she had under-

THE EMOTIONALIST

stood he played very well on the violin. Why had he not brought his violin?

"I did," he explained. "I merely lied about it when you inquired in the presence of the others. It is in the hallway. Shall I get it?"

"Do," Victoria urged. "Though probably some of them will hear you, and vote me an ordinary *fake*, as we say in English."

The Ober-Leutnant arose. "I get my violin," he announced to the room at large.

He was back in the room in a moment, tuning up to the Tilly's chord of the seventh on the seventh degree.

Out he fared, thereupon, soaring skyward with his steady bow and vibrant left hand. Victoria caught the miraculous spontaneity of the thing. Once again she must bow her head as she had been sometimes wont to do when the Lubke had pointed out certain distinctions. This was "Temperament." This was something she had not: not yet!

Her voice half implored when he had finished.

"How do you do it?"

He saw the tribute, and, being flushed like a boy with pleasure at it, assured Victoria that he was but a bungling amateur, an "elender Dilettante."

Victoria shook her head.

THE EMOTIONALIST

"The old Lubke was right. You people have something we have not. I can't make up my mind whether we might not have it, too, if we could only train to your point of view."

The Ober-Leutnant shrugged his shoulders. He was not problematical. In calling himself a bungling amateur, he had expressed himself to his limit.

"Fräulein will sing beautiful rôles," he said. "She also will live. It will all come."

He threw further finality into another shoulder-shrug, and tossed off a tiny glass of kümmel. Frau Heincke had brought the kümmel with the remark that he must have played himself out.

For the rest, his conversation was terse, and uninflected. Victoria found it masculine, satisfying, and to the point. Particularly she loved to watch the lazy flash of his brown eyes: his only amplification when he said things with a monosyllabic effect of getting them uttered and done with. The impression this evening left with her was interesting enough to half fill a letter she wrote and mailed to America, next morning. With the three chums of her early Dresden days she still kept up a whimsical correspondence, and now she wrote to one of them, describing her new Ober-Leutnant, at some length, as a "husky brute."

THE EMOTIONALIST

More than anything that had happened since her arrival, indeed, did his advent signalize for Victoria the keynote of new mental, or emotional, processes. The Ober-Leutnant took her for granted in a fashion not unlike that of Fräulein Tilly. She had entered that world where things were ordered by temperament, and she would come to it by her own directest route: this appeared to be their commodious inference.

With the Ober-Leutnant *Temperament* was a mere plaything, and yet look how he managed it. How much more then might it transpire that her profession would exact it of her as a foregone necessity. Victoria began to fear she too definitely understood, nowadays, what the Graf von Lüdersberg had meant when he used to tell her she had too little to look back upon. She was not given to timidity, but something in the Ober-Leutnant's amiable, indolent twinkle, when he looked at her, made her tremble at herself—or threatened to, until she decided that anything of the sort was very foolish.

XIV

IN WHICH FOR THIRTY SECONDS VICTORIA IS TEMPERAMENTAL

FOLLOWING Fräulein Tilly's regretted return to Buchsenhimmel in Baiern, Victoria's days gained, as they must, in timbre and resiliency. The Ober-Leutnant was the sole member of his original three not to be dropped from her calendar, but she met many other gentlemen-from-the-Militär, in one way or another. One and all, they were disrespectfully respectful and insinuatingly gallant. One and all, they were ready to interpret themselves as events for her. Seen through Victoria's eyes they were not events. They were hardly even occurrences. She met them smilingly enough when she had to, and dismissed them from her mind. They were in the nature of vibratory particles, perceptible in the sunbeam which began to pierce her attic innocuousness. Also they differed from her likable Ober-Leutnant enough to give him an added valuation.

THE EMOTIONALIST

The time was surely moving. The Direktor of the Opera was now back from his vacation, his mightiness being instantly perceivable in the more anxious atmosphere of fly, foyer, and front-stage. It was in the course of events that Victoria should ere long be bidden to sing one of the larger rôles of her line—her Fach, as they termed it. She received formal notice to be ready with her Amneris for rehearsals of “Aïda,” which was to be newly mounted and put on with the éclat of a revival. From now on she was to know professional responsibility, sometimes within hardly endurable limits.

It was about this time that the Graf von Lüdersberg, whom she had half-snubbed, without in the least extinguishing, came one day, with the announcement that it had been arranged she should sing at once in a chamber concert, *am Hof!* before the Emperor!

“So soon!” she cried out in dismay.

“The sooner the better. It is very unusual at this stage,” replied the Graf, “but—we have done it.”

Victoria felt she must appear very ungrateful, and so was moved to a mechanical putting forward of both hands to him.

“You are good,” she said, “that is—to *me!* I’m sure you must think me an awful prig not to

feel quite certain it's not bad of me to let you be."

The Graf seemed to understand and to be inclined to give her plenty of time.

"Fräulein, Fräulein," he replied, with benevolent affection, "there is for the artist no possible danger—they live on flame, all of them—and no hurry!"

"But there must be!" she cried. "There certainly must be some hurry. Look how you're making me gallop."

"Because you sing before the Kaiser? Pfui! He has heard them all. To him the worst is like the best, because, when he must hear them, he must always smile just the same."

"Worse and worse!" Victoria felt a terror. The new honor, doubtful of judgment, began to get palpably on her nerves.

"And he has the wisdom—the old man. He has seen everything. If you have no past to let him hear when you sing, he will hear your future, and so it doesn't matter. There's no use waiting. They will write of it in the American newspapers. That should please you."

Victoria smiled. Her brothers would read of it, just as they would read of presentations of jubilee singers, and divorcées, and pugilists. The amusing part was that they would be no less im-

THE EMOTIONALIST

pressed. In Dresden, the public would not hear of it at all: or, if they did, in a merely private way as court small-talk. The good chap Aldrich would be certain to run across it, over across the water, if only because he wouldn't mean to. She had had the same feeling about him in Dresden, when she had set to work to account for, or explain away, many things she had no ground for assuming he knew anything about. He was one of those people gossip was sure to reach, because they were sure to ignore it. And deep in their hearts, according to Victoria's theory, such people ignored gossip because they so much feared it. They but fought off their diabolical intuition of the germ of truth too often lurking in it. Nothing made people so brave as cowardice.

The fellow Aldrich would probably take her engagement to sing am Hof at its exact value. He would throw in the Graf von Lüdersberg, as a factor, and know all about it, and never admit to himself that he knew anything about it. The thought irritated her, with its lightning-like darting and redarting through her mind, as she chatted ahead with the Graf. She chatted, it might be mentioned, with more than her wonted animation, and the thought rubbed her quite the wrong way with the extremely absent and unoffending Aldrich. What right would this prig of an

THE EMOTIONALIST

American have to assume the Graf had anything to do with her singing am Hof! Really, he *was* a sort of prig when you came to get him well cut down, and trimmed around. Or was he? Maybe she didn't do him justice. She thought she would like to see him, study him, if her way of going at things could be called that, and decide over again. She had somehow just lost him out of her memory without quite being able to forget him.

Her relief was that she would sing her Amneris before singing am Hof. If she did Amneris in the least respectably, it would justify the Hof proposition, technically, at any rate.

The relief was, alas! short-lived. For her the rehearsals of Amneris were but a further awakening to the fact that she had been luckier in her engagement itself, than in her proven fitness for it. This misgiving, always a closet skeleton, more or less, grew pronounced, for the time being. To the Direktor, whom she had so recently met, she perceived herself such a wholesome disappointment that she could conjecture his resolution never again to engage a leading contralto in a poke, so to speak.

"You have learned something of singing the rôle," he admitted, as he tried to dispose her, picturesquely and logically, in the group of the first

THE EMOTIONALIST

finale—a stiff proposition at best. “You have also learned something of the ‘business’! That is not enough. It is hardly a beginning. *Gott im Himmel!* this stage is no *Pensionat!*”

Anger swelled within her for an instant, and she had the crudest sort of an impulse to command him, in *Pensionat* parlance, to *please* tell her something she didn’t know already. She would have taken superlative pleasure in seeing him knocked down by one of the brothers she’d had so little use for. She felt she could have done it herself, had she been a man.

The effort of self-control brought a quick collapse in a return of humility.

From the Direktor a glance shot forth which went to her like a surgeon-prong, with balm on its point.

“Ja, ja,” he said. “You were magnificent just now, saying nothing, because I made you *feel*. Do that again. Do not be always so careful!”

She came back at him with a brilliant smile:

“I must take care to take less care?”

“Just so, Fräulein, but the other way round. Let go! Let go! Eat flame. Devour it up. Stand and let it consume you while you rise up out of it! That’s the idea. Now once again.

So!" He gave the sign to the Kapellmeister. Down crashed the orchestra.

Victoria struggled for breath against this rushing urgency, this omnivorous demand for what she could not arouse to. She was borne upon it, as a disabled swimmer upon a wave, for a moment. Then, at the climax, she stopped, dropped down her hands as might have been dropped a plummet, and collapsed in a huddle on the nearest chair.

"I cannot do it," she said, dryly. "I cannot. It's no use. I might as well resign."

The Direktor looked on with a patience which was the inexpressible iciness of disgust.

"It is the hurry of the thing," she tried to explain, with the tears standing in her eyes. "Such things cannot be forced. Oh, do please just give me time, and let me sing—sing—as well as I can, until—until I can sing better!"

The Direktor muttered something to himself. On this stage one was supposed to sing better before one was permitted to sing at all. He was only half heard, and he bit his lips and ordered the rehearsal to proceed.

Victoria was dragged by the weight of a sense of failure more abject than any she had ever known. Such despair had not been her fate even in those horrible first days when the Lubke had

THE EMOTIONALIST

drilled her head-tones with the German she didn't understand, in expletives destined never to be translatable.

But the Direktor did not again interrupt, and after a while she found her voice again and kept on the wings of it. By the last act, she was soaring out on big, round tones like a Cathedral organ: like some divine and apotheosized bugle. She could do that.

The rehearsal over, she stood to one side, deserted and crestfallen. Very kindly the Direktor approached her, and took her by the hand.

"Child," he said, "I see it now. You have a wonderful school. You've learned the bigger part of what your mere brain can teach you. What you must learn is to *feel more*. Why, child! You didn't even *weep* that time you broke down."

"Indeed, I wanted to," admitted Victoria.

"You should have. For a woman that's the true way. The law of any ascendance in a woman is the law of the amount she may yield—and yet recover!"

Victoria saw the trend. She knew what he would add. He spoke it distinctly, perhaps a little cynically, as if pronouncing a judgment, where there might be nothing more important than a Nemesis.

THE EMOTIONALIST

“You have not made for yourself enough *Tem-per-a-mént*. You must learn to love——”

She laughed aloud.

“And to be loved—to be *keck*—that’s it, isn’t it? My teacher told me that, too—or was it the Graf von Lüdersberg? Well, honored Herr Direktor, I do thank you—and I may conclude to try, some day.”

In an instant it occurred to her that she was *keck* enough already to be perhaps impertinent: a misplaced misgiving, apparently. The Direktor merely assured her that was the way to talk, and left her to the adjustment of hat and veil.

For all that, when Victoria went out from the K. K. Hofoperntheater that day, she felt, after her individual fashion, that she had surely “queered” herself all around. In her wretchedness, she came upon the Ober-Leutnant just outside the stage entrance, off the Kärnthner Ring. He was awaiting her. The sight of his shoulders, broad by nature, and padded in a military coat beyond the limits of nature, was comforting. He made his officer’s bow, his dog-brown eyes a cross betwixt sleep and a star’s twinkle.

“Servus!” responded Victoria, and she said it with all her heart. “This is good of you.”

“You want me? You are glad? I knew you would be,” said the Ober-Leutnant.

THE EMOTIONALIST

"Yes," replied Victoria. "I wanted you."

"I always know I shall be wanted," said the Ober-Leutnant, "and then I come."

"Yes," agreed Victoria. "How much you people over here do manage to know all about yourselves. It doesn't make you obnoxious, either, as it would any of us, out in America."

"No, no," he protested, and knit his brows to an effort. "You are not right. It is not so. It is *so*: you out of America know so much about yourselves all the time! You dare not know anything, for you know so much. So is it!"

For the first time in Victoria's experience the Ober-Leutnant wanted to talk. He had things to say: it was an astonishing side. The fun of it was that, though manifestly bent on saying them all, he yet failed to appear talkative.

"The Americans are like the English," he went on. "We like them much better. They are much worse. The English keep the Intimacy [he used the French-derived "Intimität"] for the family. In the family the English have the emotion. But everywhere, out of the family and in it, the Americans know they suffer from too much of the emotion. Everywhere the Americans have so much emotion they will not allow themselves to have any. Everywhere the Americans know themselves so well they will not be

THE EMOTIONALIST

intimate, no, not in the family—not in the soul.”

Victoria had followed him with interest. “It may be reducible to formula,” she agreed. “We’re simply so self-conscious we dare not give ourselves away. That is what you mean?”

“Is it not so?”

“Habit does the rest,” she replied, “and then we *cannot*!”

To the Ober-Leutnant such an outlook was the blackest depths of pessimism. “No, no,” he encouraged. “Not so bad. It is not so bad that you can never! After a time-long you will get fire. Here in our opera you will get fire, after many years.”

“If I’m not too old.”

“No, no, not too old,” he consoled. “Fräulein is not too old.”

“Thank Heaven for that. But you know, I meant, I might be some day.”

The Ober-Leutnant shrugged. She had gotten beyond him. She perceived the crime of fishing further in such limpid waters.

“You like the Herr Direktor?” he asked her.

Care crept over her face again.

“He’s the right person for *me*,” she said. “It concerns him more, I fear, that I’m not the right

THE EMOTIONALIST

person for him. He's disappointed—*aber*—frightfully!”

Another shrug from the Ober-Leutnant.

“It was only a rehearsal. You have a friend in the Graf von Lüdersberg. So have I always heard. Get him to fix the claque for you. You sing beautifully. Let him fix the claque. It is not so bad.”

His innocence was enough to disarm Victoria and leave her stranded on the points he missed. What he had just suggested was unthinkable from the lips of an American gentleman—like Aldrich, for instance; or even from an Austrian gentleman, like the Graf alluded to, for instance. She realized an oddity in the fact that the Ober-Leutnant was inoffensive, for all he might know no better than to say; and well-nigh lovable for whatever he might say better than he knew.

Moreover, his parting salute at the outer door of the Pension had a deference as loyal and unfeigned as any she could have claimed had she been a Princess dismissing a vassal.

“It might all be well!” he said. “I shall hear your Amneris. I shall tell you how you must make it, afterward.”

“Do,” said Victoria.

“And after many years you will learn.”

Yet Victoria mounted the stairway, her fingertips richly a-tingle with his deference.

On her dresser in her room she found the weekly missive from Fräulein Ackern. The poor lady was not doing as well as both Victoria and herself had hoped. Her health seemed no better. She was thinking of giving up Carlsbad as a useless quest and returning to the Blasewitz villa. She wondered that Victoria had not yet ordered the things sent on. Beyond this, there was no hint of her former plan to spend a part of the winter in Vienna, and Victoria felt the natural pang of conscience. She must be seeking that apartment. She must get ready for the inevitable balancing of favors, with her benefactress. But she did dread the care, the responsibility, and, above all, the expense. Her debts loomed large before her.

Frau Heincke came, as usual, with her ominous rap and her inquiry as to whether Victoria "wished something." As usual, also, she lingered to inquire, for perhaps the fifteenth time, how Fräulein Victoria liked the Ober-Leutnant Von Zonsk.

Victoria was more than ordinarily good-humored and confidential. She replied in English that she thought the Ober-Leutnant von Zonsk was "bully."

THE EMOTIONALIST

"You like him better than the Herr Graf?" probed Frau Heincke.

Victoria elided. The Herr Graf was a "right nice old thing," even if he was a little simple.

"He is a Genie!" said Frau Heincke, and Victoria perceived the words to be thrown out as a lure. Frau Heincke was insatiate with the thrill of developments.

"Yes," agreed Victoria. "He is a genius, even if he is a little simple. He doesn't know a great deal."

"Ach," protested Frau Heincke. "He knows much, *aber doch!*"

"I suppose," concluded Victoria, "that it is just as you say. He is a genius, and knows a great deal, to know so little."

"Aber!" ventured Frau Heincke.

"Better a genius with a touch of ass, than an ass with a touch of genius," pursued Victoria, meditatively, having had enough of conversation for to-day.

On her precipitous retirement Frau Heincke had the private opinion that Victoria's final remark was a slur at the Graf, and that it indicated lack of gratitude before the fact that within three weeks Fräulein Furman would sing *am Hof*—before the Emperor!

XV

IN WHICH ONE HEARS AGAIN HOW VICTORIA SANG BEFORE THE EMPEROR

VICTORIA sang her Amneris before the public of Vienna and succeeded in not disgracing herself. Among the loyal Americans were a few who thought she had done even better than that. She was relieved; and nothing makes for comfort or courage more than relief. Later, as arranged, she sang am Hof: before the Emperor.

His Majesty, accompanied by the Direktor of his Kaiserly, Kingly Opera, came quite informally into the ante-chamber where Victoria awaited her turn along with two or three of the others: a royal baritone or so; a royal tenor.

By free translation of the same parlance, she was a royal contralto. The idea struck her as a little funny. But she was considerably frightened and her hands were quite cold. Before the appearance of the Kaiser and the Kaiserly Direktor, she had asked one of the baritones if his were

THE EMOTIONALIST

also cold. With chattering teeth he had replied that they were.

This baritone had been a prime favorite in Vienna for a round dozen years. Victoria understood he had sung Am Hof once or twice each year of his incumbency.

"Doesn't one ever outlive the nervousness?" she asked.

"Not when you sing before the Emperor. I don't know—there is something about it!"

This was his only theory in the matter. He might have explained it, to some extent, by birth: he was the son of devout German-Austrian peasants. Victoria, for her part, felt much better after the Kaiser had been brought around and she had been presented.

"You are new," the very old Kaiser said to her, with his so traditional winsomeness. "Well—that is good. Keep so just as long as you can. There is always time! There is always time—for everything else."

She felt like pouring forth her dilemma in his ears. She would have liked to reply: "But, Your Majesty, they're trying to hurry me out of my newness. They're trying to make me live out more than I can feel—or feel more than I can live out." Could she but say this, the Kaiserlichen Direktor, who stood beside the Emperor,

THE EMOTIONALIST

might see the lesson His Majesty was pointing, more plainly.

As things were, she did what she should, and bowed low, and thanked the Kaiser. She realized that the Kaiser might jest with her as he chose, *if* he chose. But at this particular time and place her business was merely to acknowledge whatever he did or said with that worshipful deference which was so in the atmosphere she could but feel it as a sort of measureless height elevating His Majesty above his own personal selfhood.

He must be a hardened democrat indeed who would find anything incongruous, when the withered little bundle of uniform and decoration turned from her to the huge baritone of peasant ancestry, and the baritone towered above him, blushing, tremulous, obeisant. Victoria had heard this baritone thundering forth the vengeance of Wotan. Completely had he filled out her conception of a God. The genius of his peasant heritage had been a personality and a voice out of which he might carve the majesty of the spheres, the authority of omnipotence. But before him now stood a Kaiser from the realms of matter, a Kaiser you might touch and yet not measure, a Kaiser whose credentials blazed his certification round the earth.

What chance had here the merely fanciful God-

THE EMOTIONALIST

King who could trumpet his edicts from painted clouds?

The real King, before whom the God-King trembled, stood on the polished floor of his own strong stone palace. The God-King but blossomed in an imagination of tinted lights and gauzes. Victoria understood.

And there had been fantastic thinkers, ready to proclaim that in the mind were the mighty things of the world; that in the imagination of man lay the principalities of earth. Not much! thought Victoria. She stood, master of herself, proud of the American common-sense which some of her moods regretted. Things had been what they were from the beginning of time. Always had they been so arranged that the Cloud-King with all the cosmos in his brain might at any time conveniently be kicked from the august presence of the real King—the King with the stone palace and the credentials. She recalled Mozart and a few others. Of course, it might be a little different when both were dead; but not necessarily, even then.

One thing stood forth with a certainty particularly vivid here in this ante-chamber to which she had come at an Emperor's bidding. It touched the *respectability* of Emperors and their ilk. Rank guaranteed respectability. Was re-

THE EMOTIONALIST

spectability itself indeed. Or if by some stricture of terms it might happen not to be, then it was pretty sure to be above it: or, you might say, that through rank (enough of it) you were so respectable that you didn't have to be at all so.

But what if you had *not* the rank?

In that case, respectability in the strictest sense would be of undoubted service in meeting rank half-way.

Victoria's eyes sparkled. This decision had been instantaneous. If she was destined not to be the real artist, as the Lubke, in misanthropic moments was given to predicting, then she would certainly not be over hasty in making those sacrifices conventionally regarded as necessary to becoming one.

If, as seemed likely in her particular case, respectability were a stronger asset than this *Tempéramént* of which they were always prating, then she would hold like grim death to her respectability.

Standing by the grand piano at one end of the great salon, with the eyes of the Kaiser's guests, Vienna's ultra aristocracy, upon her, and the Kaiser's dimmed orbs smiling encouragement among them, from the foreground, she sang her Beethoven, Franz, and Schubert as she had sung them in the Lubke's musicale. They were the

THE EMOTIONALIST

wise choice beyond which she knew it were better not to venture. Instinct told her they were pleasing the Kaiser even before she learned the fact from his own lips afterwards, in words which were something more than the conventional compliment.

The Kaiser told her he had been listening for years to individualities: *she* made him listen to a voice!

At rehearsal two or three mornings later, the Direktor chatted of the occasion agreeably. He assured Victoria that he was glad it had so happened: glad the lack of temperament and consequent flawless literalness of her singing had enlisted His Majesty on her side. At the same time, he thought he ought, as her preceptor, to explain that the people who sang before His Majesty were usually people in whom temperament had been developed. Those in whom it had not been were indeed so rare in his experience, that the very novelty of the thing might account for his pleasure in it. The Direktor didn't mind warning her that she might find the Viennese populace, in particular the military circle for which the opera practically existed, a little more difficult. His Majesty had been easy. His Majesty might much enjoy it as an isolated instance, or as typical of this particular stage. But His Majesty

THE EMOTIONALIST

himself would not expect her to always sing as she did now. "Wake up, wake up, Fräulein Amerikanerin," he enjoined briskly. "Learn life and love—*lernen Sie das Leben und Lieben.*"

Victoria was not impressed by this advice. It appeared a little stale this morning against the fresh exultance of her new day. After rehearsal she compared notes with the royal tenor and the two royal baritones as to the jewels which had been sent them.

One and all, they were still happy, on an after-math memory of Royalty's smile. The lyric tenor had received a diamond-set cigar case, and was on the point of deciding to learn to smoke, with misgivings as to the very tenuous quality of the voice he might wreck thereby. The heroic baritone's gift had been the handsomest of the four. He had received a sunburst watch charm of diamonds and rubies, quite too valuable to ever risk suspending at the end of his leathern watch-ribbon. Victoria described her own gift to the others as a bracelet, very heavy, and set with a huge mounted pearl. It looked simply exquisite in the box, she described; though she doubted if she should wear it. She was big herself, and the bracelet was correspondingly big. Only little women, in her opinion, should wear heavy jewelry.

THE EMOTIONALIST

The royal lyric baritone jested with her that she might pawn it to help pay for the exaggeratedly gorgeous dress she had worn, which he surmised must have cost her a good half of her first year's opera pay. Victoria was earnest an instant before she controlled herself for the expected laugh. His hyperbole had struck nearer than he recked. She had ordered the dress of Dreysocks, two weeks before, and had added the eight hundred gulden it had cost to her two thousand dollars of outstanding debts, covering her three years as a student in Dresden before she had met Fräulein Ackern.

Of this debt, seven hundred dollars was reasonably urgent. It had been loaned her in small sums per Post-office money orders, from time to time, by the two steamer-chums, who, after a year or so of Dresden study, had gone back home to earn their livelihood giving vocal lessons. Three hundred was for opera scores and sheet music at one of the Dresden firms which, at the Baronin Lubke's suggestion, had given her unlimited credit.

The story of the remaining thousand was romantic. It had been sent her at a time when her distress was sorest, before the haven of refuge with Fräulein Ackern could be foreseen. Victoria had known a supremely darkest hour

THE EMOTIONALIST

before the dawn: the open-handed comrades back in America had not been having their usual success with their classes—or so they wrote; she had seemed to have her hands on an engagement in Leipzig, but it had gone by her; everything looked hopeless. In her despair the happy thought had struck her that she might apply to an American philanthropist known to have an interest in art and to be whimsically open-handed in furthering the interest of artists. To be sure, she had banked more on the vouchers which accompanied the letter she sent than on the letter itself. The greater virtue of her plan lay in her extreme care that these credentials should be only from the highest, most unquestionable sources. Baronin Lubke had stated the case over her signature; the Vorsteher des Leipziger Gewandhaus-Concert Direktion had stated the case over again over his name, with innumerable seals and signets. The leading music critic of Dresden had been another sponsor for the authenticity of her talent. Even the fastidious Direktor of the Leipzig opera had added his line declaring that, though he hadn't yet engaged Fräulein Victoria Furman, "hochbegabte Altistin," ultra-gifted contralto, her gifts were yet such as to warrant him in believing that he might some day do so.

This imposing array must surely either calm

THE EMOTIONALIST

him or kill him, said Victoria (alluding, of course, to the philanthropist). Luckily, the latter event was not in the issue. By the return steamer had come the philanthropist's thousand-dollar check, with his added graceful word of pleasure at being able to be of service in a case of such exceptional merit, and his courteous hope for the privilege of hearing Miss Furman at the Metropolitan some time within the not far future.

Hardly quick enough had been the steamer which brought this check, however, to overtake Victoria's dawn. Her darkest hour was already well on the wane. For, meanwhile, in a sequence of incredible swiftness, she had been taken up socially, had met Fräulein Ackern, and hardly realizing what might be befalling her, had stepped aside from anxiety to opulence.

And yet, during her year at the Ackern villa in Blasewitz, she had managed somehow to spend that thousand dollars. Just how she couldn't for the life of her say, since Fräulein Ackern had anticipated her every need, her every wish, with feverish generosity. The most difficult problem Victoria encountered was this strange trite fact of finance: that the more you had, the *less* you had, and the more you needed! In Utica of New York State, of America, she had once lived and saved money out of forty dollars a month. Now

THE EMOTIONALIST

it was beyond her computation to manage to get through this first year on nearly double forty dollars per week. Certainly her debts would most of them go over to the second year's increased salary.

Thus was the point of trepidation when the lyric baritone touched on debts. The heroic baritone in his turn pooh-hooed the notion that a singer at the opera couldn't save enough to insure an old age of comfort, and recommended a healthy cultivation of goulasch and beer. The lyric tenor raised his eyes Heavenward and confessed but to one deadly sin—his tailor—and one mortal terror—his haberdasher. But Victoria bore the burden home with her—the burden of the costume she had worn before the Kaiser, and might not find appropriate occasion to wear again until it should be old-fashioned; nay, worse—until it should be paid for.

For a few days following, the sense of unwarranted self-indulgence goaded her to a hysteria of inquiry after private apartments. Naturally, her obligations touching Fräulein Ackern twinged her the more now that she could afford them less than ever. When a right thing is made less attainable through a wrong thing, it is at least refurbished with new desirability. Most of Victoria's colleagues at the opera were cross-exam-

THE EMOTIONALIST

ined from day to day concerning localities, prices, and sizes of Wohnungen. She wanted her Wohnung to be *fech* [she'd caught the Viennese word], but not too expensive. And she should like to have its rooms airy, but not too large or too many. Of course, she desired a good neighborhood, though its being fashionable was out of the question. When it came to that, there was no such thing as a fashionable neighborhood in Vienna, as far as she had been able to discover.

Such an inquiry she chanced to make one morning of Fräulein Sammarone, one of the soloist dancers, the occasion being an interluding chat between acts and arias. Fräulein Sammarone had lingered on after the rehearsal of the new Allegorical Ballet, to watch the work being done on the new French opera in which Victoria had a subordinate rôle.

The Sammarone lifted her Madonna-face. She laughed merrily, in nasal high-pitch.

"Ach," she said, with the inevitable shrug, which, in her case, rippled all along under the slimness of her tight-tailored blue. "Here in the opera one must let someone else look after those things."

Victoria didn't understand.

"One must have a good friend," smiled the Sammarone, "a Prince, or a Jeweler, or a Graf.

THE EMOTIONALIST

But, ach, I forget! The Americans are said to have stricter ideas."

Victoria was shocked; genuinely enough, indeed, to bring a burst of apology from the dainty Sammarone. "Himmel, Fräulein, I am uhr-stupid! It is not yet so far, of course. Forgive forgive. I am stupid!"

Victoria could not but be amused. After all, it was the dullest thing one could do, to try and air any code in this atmosphere. Small was the arrangement for ventilation. Three things counted here: ability, hard work, and their everlasting *Temperament*. This appeared to be the code of Art with details left to the adjustment of the artist. In some respects, too, it was harder, sterner, more exacting, in self-discipline, than any ideal of mere chastity could ever be.

There was, though, a possibility that it made its ends the more difficult through its liberties in this respect. When you loosened your gear, you must better manage your steed.

Victoria, though she hadn't yet quite decided, saw in this last point of view additional ground for adhering to her standards and remaining what her forgotten friends in America would have probably thought it essential to remain. Moreover, many things might be tried, for the assistance of art, before one tried to be really what

THE EMOTIONALIST

one was supposed to try not to be. Sometimes it looked as if the people about her felt that was all there was to it.

There was, however, something about the Sammarone's illuminating nasals, coupled with her almost holily pure face, her torrent of apologies, because "it was not yet so far"—that Victoria hesitated to reflect upon, because it increased her uneasiness. Her uneasiness was now easily fed from several sources and, the chat with the Sammarone being brushed aside, remained ineffaceable. To rivet a thing on the memory, ignore it, systematically!

Then, too, the effect of the Sammarone's words was augmented, somehow, in the standpoint of the Ober-Leutnant von Zonsk. His way of looking at things had, for Victoria, an obsession for which she could not quite account. When he dropped in of evenings and sat with narrowed eyes, veiled and burnished, looking more often straight ahead than in her direction, she had the fullest sense of it. After the fashion belonging solely to him, he punctuated her running commentary of daily events, with the *Ja* or the *Nein*, or the shrug, which, being simple, and to the point, was namelessly indirect. He was never analytical, though (as once when he had discussed the Americans) he was sometimes conclu-

THE EMOTIONALIST

sive. He was to no exceptional degree an intellect. This was rather a point in his favor with Victoria, who considered that he had the great good luck to be greater than his own mind. So many men, particularly in this old-world civilization, were just the opposite.

Unlike any of the other men with whom she was now coming in contact, the Ober-Leutnant never flattered. Victoria was again prone to forgive, even to render him tribute of gratitude, for so frankly taking her as a woman: just a woman from whom he expected no more than from any other woman. No attitude is more fascinating to a woman than this, provided it be done with room for conviction on her part that she yet stands first among all women: that she may share their weaknesses, and, in so doing, but hold or strengthen her supremacy.

Victoria could recall men whose interests, put to crucial test, might prove sore trials. They would expect you to get beyond yourself in an effort to meet their notion of you.

Take that prosperous writer-chap, Aldrich, for instance. He would concede you preternatural strength of character and rigid faculty for resolve, and feel altogether bad, if you didn't live up to it in just about the way his mother or his Miss Low had taught him you must.

THE EMOTIONALIST

Take the K. K. Direktor of the Operntheater, for instance. He would concede you possibilities of exaltation and self-surrender, combined, impossibly, with self-discipline and self-supremacy, and expect you to live up to it, in just the opposite fashion. Which would be even harder!

The Ober-Leutnant—she had almost called him *her* Ober-Leutnant—conceded you nothing and made you feel you were “all to the good.”

“All to the good!” Victoria rolled the phrase in her fancy and liked it. It was the latest American slang, caught from the newest American at the Pension table.

There was plenty of Viennese slang, too, for hardy usage. But in the matter of preference in this respect, Victoria could think of no destiny, or history, in store for her, which could ever make her anything but American.

XVI

BROADWAY AND ITS REVELATIONS; INCIDENTALLY THE CAFÉ MARTIN

FOR Aldrich in America, the Great White Way was getting well ahead. It did not explain him to himself. He never ceased to feel foreign to it, to the extent that he had the impression of every human atom in its densest throng feeling the same way. But there were times when his soul spread a flat surface for the titillation of its picked lights, prickly as a needle bath. Impudently they blinked into the mystery of this great nation of which he was a unit. They had a way of inducing a frame of mind dangerously near to being poetic, and at the same time of flinging their taunt at poetry. That was one of the loneliest things about this singularly lonely city. It bred a terror, unspeakable, of the very idealism it engendered in you.

Into him the bulbs, white and red, of the Great White Way streamed their blended hypnotism, the which he had the instinct of fighting, as one

THE EMOTIONALIST

stirred by brandy might fight the lure of an opiate. White, and red, and yellow, mingling ever again into white, they bore but emphasis into the shadows: and nowhere in the world were the shadows thicker than here, in the byways, where their trail faltered!

In their assertiveness Aldrich read a symbolism. They were a typical blaze, equalizing, exultant. Since the published account of Victoria singing he had been buying the theatrical journals, and those magazines which gave a third of their bulk to portraits of actors, singers, mummers. As with the lights, all talent was here blended into a single password for publicity. Inspiration, incapacity, the actual, the sincerely make-believe (that and the *insincere*, there being two kinds), the fake, simple and undefiled, ready to confess itself and pride in itself—all glared out along the darkness in the violent aggregate of flickers. In these journals, as along the Great White Way, photographic art patterned the devastation of a prairie fire, wherein poppies, and wheat, corn, cornflower, and garlic, burned together in a spectacular flare of retouchings, and unpolished encomiums.

Where was the pitiless night to swallow them all, just off the turn of a corner?

Nor did Aldrich by vigilant perusal again find

THE EMOTIONALIST

allusion to Victoria. In an article on "Contemporary Opera in America," however, he discovered mention of negotiations just closed with one Fräulein Minnelied, by "special arrangement with the Royal Opera at Dresden." Her Ophelia aria, of the Lubke Musicale, came before him vividly: its contrast with Victoria's classic ballads. Intently he examined her accompanying full-page portrait. It was an attractive picture suggesting radical recent improvement, either in the woman portrayed, or in the photographer who portrayed her.

But the Minnelied's portrait and her incumbency at the Metropolitan were soon forgotten. Aldrich was adhering to his plan of work, as the winter progressed. Somewhere in his mind was the ineffaceable conjecture of Victoria Furman bowing to the people of Vienna. Swaying like a poppy before that blithe multitude, whose blitheness was not of this New York. Singing before the Kaiser!

And she would regard it as her pinnacle to some day come to this New York—to some day sing in the great opera in this great, unconciliating, crude, replete city. Her disapproving brothers, who were Sunday School superintendents, would come up from their local trading booths and hear her. And being utterly dazzled,

THE EMOTIONALIST

they would be immediately reconciled. Victoria would doubtless teach them a lesson in condescension: and yet, when he tried to picture it, he could not quite see her doing that. In his attempt to do so he saw reason for fearing that the positive antipathy of his mother and the negative disapproval of Georgia Low, might trammel him with injustice to his own conception. Victoria Furman would not condescend with her brothers. She would not patronize them. She would simply force them to accept her standards, whatever those standards might be. Always had she done that, more or less.

For his part, he must look upon these thoughts of her, these uprisings of the animation and color she embodied for him, as mere digressions to his present purpose. What he *must* do was to get into his writing work as much as possible of this America, which had dried out of him in a half-dozen successive years of Europe. What he was resolved to do, while doing that, was to see as much as possible of Georgia, of whom he had never, since the first summer, seen enough. Indeed, the scant evolution of his friendship with Miss Furman did not even permit that young woman's rational exclusion from purposes which might otherwise have been to forget her.

He had set about getting America into his

THE EMOTIONALIST

writing by assiduous study of the things in New York which considered themselves most European. In that which aimed at being European, you often sensed the dominant Americanism most strongly. America was a vital flavor, for instance, at the Metropolitan Opera; at places like Little Hungary; at the Café Martin!

From any of these he carried home tangible warm substance for his pen to solidify, as it cooled, in the night-and-day spectacles along the streets. He assured Georgia that the Café Martin in particular would be Godfather to whatever of his should next succeed.

By way of demonstration, he piloted her and Cecilia there for dinner one evening late in January. In the beginning Cecilia had shuddered at the proposition. She had understood the place was a little "off color," she said. But Aldrich came back with his reply: who in the world was better equipped than they three to give the Café Martin the needed touch of respectability? They would add that to the café's variegation, as thousands even more monotonous than they had not desisted from doing. As for Georgia, she never hesitated. She was, Aldrich declared, the ideal Bohemian: consummately she could traverse with a fellow the whole of Bohemia's stickily painted region, with a due eye for its rainbow

THE EMOTIONALIST

riot, and without so much as soiling the tip of her glove-finger.

To Martin's they posted, therefore, where Aldrich had seen to the reservation of a table which was a nucleus to the maëlstrom. About them, encompassing them on four sides, the turbulence of New York's day seemed to have bloomed flowers for New York's night, in aggressive petals of scarlet, tawdry, yet vibrant. There was much clash, and clatter, much restiveness, much vulgar, rapid consumption of the remarkably low-priced and excellent table-d'hôte menu. Yet all, even to the last, were softened in the idealizing sense of locality which enveloped the mood of a fair proportion of the diners. They were, many of them, visitors in New York, and they were at "old Delmonico's." The acute consciousness of being there cast about them the spell which they gave forth again in measures of sparkle and vivacity, so compelling that its transience was betrayed.

It was this transience which here, as frequently in New York, chastened the cheapness with a plaintive note for whomsoever might conjecture the bald, strenuous, American life, to which it was giving its moment's breathing space. So many of this evening's diners would return, on the morrow, to the city, town, or hamlet in Missouri, in Alabama, in Nebraska, and resume their quest

THE EMOTIONALIST

for money, of noon-tides; and turn their hose upon their green grass plots at sunset-times, between election seasons. They were allowing themselves the foretaste now. They came to New York for that. And the saddest thing about this transient happiness in this good and reasonable dinner (with as much or as little wine as you might choose to buy) was their probable belief that the money they were seeking would eventually make it permanent.

In fine, it being for things like this that they wanted their money, once they got their money, it would be their characteristic American way to be quite beyond this, and things like it. The green garden lawn would in so many cases be so much bigger, requiring so many more feet of hose, that pretentiousness would be sore put to keeping pace with it. About the time some of them might properly and limitlessly enjoy their Martin's, there would be the terrible developed conscience for the Waldorf-Astoria, or the St. Regis.

Pretentiousness, in that riper stage where it becomes exclusive, would unquestionably find the place vulgar. A natural doubtfulness hovered as a miasma about certain of the types dining at its tables. The country-beauty, coming up to town with pride in her fresh color, might here see complexions beside which the smoothness of her own

THE EMOTIONALIST

would be as nondescript rose-leaf to glazed porcelain — miracles of luminous pink, once known only to Paris, but now a sign and assurance that the owners were no mere day visitors in regions of Manhattan.

In allusion to which Aldrich remarked that, as with the automobiles which brought a proportion of them thither, there were every year revolutions of improvement: new and more compelling lusters were being discovered; fresher lacquers were being unearthed; whether in the laboratory of the chemist or the masseur, or the osteopathist, it was impossible to say! Whatever it might be, it bloomed forth on God's handiwork of woman as a wonderful handicraft of the woman's manipulation, when dusk came out, and the lights went up.

"Not all of them, you see, are on to it," said Aldrich, who had been putting it all into his undertone of comment during the meal. "Some of them have plain pink-and-lily powder—six years behind the times. One or two welter in antediluvian scarlet, without gradations or high lights. Take, for instance, the young woman just entering, with the stout man. She looks as if she might have been berouged in Magdeburg in Saxony."

"She might have been!"

THE EMOTIONALIST

Cecilia seemed like to burst with her excitement. "Look closely. Isn't that the Minnelied—or is it her double?"

"Fräulein Minnelied—the Frau Baronin Lubke's pupil—of Dresden?" It was Georgia who put the query.

"She's temporarily in New York, according to the operatic news," explained Aldrich; "had none of you heard?—and I think that is she."

As if to atone for the fact that they had not, and to make a certainty of all possible doubt, the Minnelied and her companion were given a table so close that Georgia's cloak, thrown back of her chair, touched now and then the Dresden singer's animated elbow.

"The people you've never dreamed of seeing again have a way of coming and sitting next to you. It always happens that way here," whispered Aldrich.

"Everywhere," smiled Georgia.

"And thus we're always compelled to remember just the people we've completely forgotten."

Aldrich elaborated it with one of his boy's grimaces. His dinner had progressed to the salad.

"Just to fancy it," said Cecilia. "And she looked straight in our direction! She has no memory of us, at any rate."

"She would have, though, if she'd ever had

THE EMOTIONALIST

the pleasure of forgetting us," said Aldrich. "The pleasure of forgetting is unforgettable!"

In carefully guarded tones they were joking out the coincidence. Meanwhile, the Minnelied was chattering to easy earshot, in an apparent abandon of security in her German. Aldrich had the unwarranted sensation of her talking for their benefit—for their entertainment, indeed.

"Careful," he heard her companion warn her. "In New York are many who understand the language you are speaking."

"I should recognize them," retorted the Minnelied. "There are only good Americans around."

Good Americans—gute Amerikaner! Her Saxon was a soft lisp on her words. The Minnelied had come to America to pray, and would remain to patronize.

Against his will, more and more, as stray phrases floated penetratingly out, Aldrich found himself straining nerves to catch them. His obsessed tendency to do so he might have combated, but unworthiness may be more than normally assisted by opportunity. There were fractions of time too propitious. Even now Cecilia was deeply absorbed in the selection of her ice. Georgia was having one of her far-away moments. To all appearance she was absorbing the sur-

THE EMOTIONALIST

rounding medley with her inner vision. And, as if to end his struggle with diabolical concession, opportunity had moved the Minnelied to shift her seat until she half faced him, and her words reached him as distinctly as had those of the ladies of his own party. From the very start, as far as he could make out, she had been discussing her erstwhile sister-student, Victoria Furman.

Her companion's interest, too, was more than casual. When the narrative tended to close, he inserted the wedge of some quiet inquiry, and opened it again.

She was retailing small gossip. With the mean sense of the eavesdropper, particularly vivid when we try to listen to things against our will to hear them, Aldrich made attempts at starting fresh drifts of wit and humor, at his own table. He succeeded, too, in moderation. But ever and anon strength flagged to the lull, whither pricked the little points of German chatter, his ears devouring them as they fought them off.

"Sehr verliebt"—he heard her once say—"very much in love!"

This seemed to go with much previous reference to some Austrian officer of the rank of an Ober-Leutnant, whom the Furman might "buy" (kaufen) if "the old Ackern" would only die soon enough, as seemed very likely. The Fur-

THE EMOTIONALIST

man would surely get her money. It took twenty thousand gulden to marry an Austrian Ober-Leutnant and have him remain in the army. And unless he stayed in the army, there was no possible advantage in marrying him at all.

Aldrich had a notion that even Georgia must have caught the allusion to Fräulein Ackern's precarious health—the one detail which would possibly interest her. She gave no sign, but a shadow veiled her eyes. As he knew, there had been a time, years before, when Fräulein Ackern had especially singled her out for the devotion it was a necessity of her nature to bestow upon somebody. Georgia had accepted the spiritual part, and so must inevitably have her successors who would profit by the material.

Not until he held Georgia's wrap for her, when they arose to go, did he catch the final thrust. Distinctly he heard the Minnelied's Saxon cleaving the babel:

“And you sent her four thousand marks! Um Gottes Willen!”

As unmistakably came the reply in crisp, quick well-bred American German:

“Philanthropy is the American vice. I and my brothers devote a certain amount each year to that kind of thing. Sometimes it makes you your singer——”

THE EMOTIONALIST

“And sometimes it doesn’t——” Aldrich must guess the finish of the sentence. They were on their way before it ended.

Let it be understood that his eavesdropping, if such it must be considered, had been as adroit as the ordinary undertaking of the amateur. He had disguised it from both Cecilia and Georgia in the facility of his running comment, apropos of Martin’s, Manhattan, Missouri, the world at large.

Or, if he had not done so—not quite—he was personally convinced that he had.

His only reference afterward was a question put to the ladies on their way home.

“Did either of you,” he inquired, “happen to note the gentleman who accompanied the Minnelied? Did you recognize him?”

Neither of them had done so.

“I didn’t have a very good look myself,” he went on, “but, if I mistake not, that was Jack Gorman, one of the millionaire Gorman brothers—the bachelor one. They are said to have an artistic as well as financial interest in the Metropolitan, and the Director sets much store by their judgment.”

With a little gasp for the sensation of it, Cecilia began recalling:

“A connection of Caddy Gorman’s—the man

THE EMOTIONALIST

who bought up so many Kentucky mountains and built a French château in the middle of them? ”

“ His brother—in all probability.”

“ Dear, dear!—you exasperating boy! Why didn’t you say so, at the time, and let us get a good look at him! ” Cecilia’s distress was genuine.

“ We couldn’t have walked around their table,” said Aldrich. “ And, for that matter—I didn’t get a good look at him myself.”

Then something moved him to be suddenly and absolutely frank. “ Nor even a good listen,” he added, attempting to smile, “ though I tried to, mighty hard.”

At the openness of this confession, Georgia knew a relief as from pressure. Her contribution was a smile warm with undeniable gratitude. Unreasonably to the triviality of the thing, she had her sense of stepping into the open.

“ Did the Minnelied drown him out? ” she laughed, merely seeking speech after her silence.

“ It would be interesting if she and Miss Furman should ever be imported to the Metropolitan together,” he subjoined. But his words were far away, on his own lips. An abstraction was on him.

“ Anyway, the Minnelied knows how to choose

THE EMOTIONALIST

her escorts," sighed Cecilia. "Dear me, if I'd only had a voice."

In this there was nothing offensive—from Cecilia.

And Aldrich had not heard it.

XVII

WHITE ILLUSION

WHEN the father she had lost at five had held his motherless baby girl on his knee, he had re-christened her after the nickname he had once given the wife. He had called her Georgia; and the name had clung, as names may, when they symbolize in their vowels and consonants some richness, or warmth, or softness, or repression of personality.

But Georgia's real name was Constance Martha, and its existence she remembered, occasionally. There was in its legal substance some irrevocable mandate. It confronted her sometimes like a superstition. Her friends might call her "Georgia," and dwell upon her youthful appearance. But she *was* Constance Martha, a spinster almost by profession. The real name was a surface of background for her, against which she projected her extraneous selves. It must remain her code, self-merciless, if necessary, at the supreme moment.

THE EMOTIONALIST

Her supreme moment had come—the test of all her ideal of womanliness, garnered in isolation, or in renunciation, or in such unselfishness as may lurk unostentatiously in cultured aims.

The morning was the second after the evening's dining at Martin's.

Open on the desk before her was a letter: a bulky missive of manifest studied coherence. It contained the proposition of all others she would have deemed it inexcusable in herself to imagine. Consistently, almost formally, but with genuineness and a maturity not quite like him, it explained how and why the writer, Archibald Aldrich, desired her consent that he should make her his wife.

That her heart should leap out at this was her humiliation: more—her Gethsemane. Brought face to face with destiny in the guise of this happiness she must reject, the woman knew a sudden tumult. It was resistless, at its height. The great hurt of it went through her. She bent low. Almost she touched the earth.

The beacon light was a will-o'-the-wisp. She could but know the swampy blackness over which it hung, so like a star.

Stifling, benumbing, there closed about her the proof that she had only been safe in the aloofness of her imagination: that through these writ-

THE EMOTIONALIST

ten lines the security of her thought life, the very inviolateness of her selfhood, had been rent asunder, without return, in the self-revelation of having to relinquish the thing for which she would have shamed to hope.

She had lived in a white illusion.

Now Archie had asked her to become his wife. That was a supreme fact, rending the veil of her belief in herself, as a flash might intercept moonlight, making ugly what the softer radiance had made fair.

"My lad Archie," she had called him along the years. There had been a time when he had kissed her cheek, as he had kissed the cheek of his mother. The mother and the friend had smiled out at him together. And the mother had not known the friend: the friend had not known herself. Not even had she dreamed herself.

Dry-eyed she sat, staring at the written pages, the symbol of her impossible happiness, knowing these pages to be their own unconscious command of relinquishment. That was the fact she could not quite extricate. It was there, turgid, suffocating her remoter consciousness, somewhere, but she could not get it plain all at once. She could not formulate it.

It was in her to make a systematic effort. De-

THE EMOTIONALIST

liberately she read the letter through, word for word, syllable for syllable, a second time, a third time. She forced herself to note the maintained crispness of the chirography: the wide even spacing on the outer edges of the pages.

Then she saw it all—so plainly that she must shiver with the misery of her clear perception. The directness of her intuition gathered about her like a chill. He had evidently been schooling himself for this letter for months. By his own admission therein he had planned to speak it rather than to write it. Perfectly she saw how, at the last moment, his enforced spontaneity could get no further than the writing.

He had had a proposition to offer, which, in the turn of events, had struck him as an alternative. Possibly even worse than that! She winced with torture at the cumulative evidence that, in a way, he might have grown to look upon it as his duty.

The scene at Martin's, stamped upon her memory in her excessive care of overlooking it, returned to make her understand the dumb suffering he had undergone. That scene was the climax which had killed the remnant of his other hope. For every word concerning the singer in the city overseas, she had seen him grip back something he did not recognize or admit: some-

THE EMOTIONALIST

thing he unceasingly believed he stifled, possibly did stifle at times, even from himself.

Had certain facts never reached him, severing him, as he believed, from his dream, half-conscious, sub-conscious, though that dream might be, the resolution which had carried him to this letter would have kept failing him to the end. That much she knew now. To that degree must her wretched understanding penetrate, thrusting, as with a rapier, even the consolation of magnanimity. He was offering her that which not only had she not the smallest right to take, but that which he who offered must eventually despise her for taking. He did not realize—now. She was alone. For the little while in which he might fail to apprehend himself, she must realize for both.

The clear contour of the trick of fate making puppet of him as of her—through his unacknowledged despair of another as through her unacknowledged love of him—was outlined for her more and ever more pitilessly. She thought it might have been endurable had it left her with her self-respect. For she must comprehend to the full how, despite all her perception, it was yet leaving her—tempted. She clinched the crumpled sheets with trembling fingers. The sob came at last.

THE EMOTIONALIST

In some way she reached her bedroom and cast herself upon her bed, and beat the pillows and held the sheets before her mouth to make mute her anguish.

“God—God,” she cried, “why must I see—why must I understand! Why may I not be duped! What is renounced is uncompensated! God—God! Why may I not be a fool! Why may I not be a fool!”

The afternoon came with a searching clearness of sunlight. A warmth had come out of the January skies. From the sources of some perpetual summer, birds had dropped upon the boughs in the park. Such balminess, at such time when nature slept, had the deceptive glory of an awakening, and seemed alert with twitterings.

From the window of her room Georgia could catch a glimpse of the premature pageantry. Her crisis was over. The vague stirring toward new life came to her with the peace of that reaction mercifully ordained for all the suffering that may be endured by the children of men—or of God.

Into the strip of blue-lighted nature seen diagonally between her window curtains, she looked and smiled. The earth was having its flaunt of arch coquetry. This ogling sky and lambient air

THE EMOTIONALIST

struck her as retrospective rather than prophetic. The earth looked back to its vanished springtide. It mimicked its youth, for an instant, in the spell of its recollection of youth.

Then, with the thrill of it steadily descending, Georgia threw wide her window and gazed squarely at the undulance enfolding the world. Peace had swollen to the proportions of some unaccountable joy. It was as the echo of spring's resurgence.

Archie had begged her to let him make her his wife. That was the supreme fact now. And it had its radiance. Life seemed to turn back to meet it as it might have been met. She no longer harried the morrow or the solution. The morrow might bring back its January sleet, its engulfing shadow, its leash of wan years. To-day it was being granted her to meet half-way the momentary smile of the hours.

"For the eve's a morn
And the morn's aglow,"

she hummed to herself: some bit of one of Archie's poems.

With more than ordinary care she made her toilette, seeking to devise that shade in hat, parasol, and gown which should least rebuke the

THE EMOTIONALIST

afternoon's misplaced glory. Archie had said he would be there at four.

The sound of his knock, prompt to the minute, found her cloaked and gloved. He entered briskly, only to pause uncertainly just beyond her threshold.

"Just going out or coming in?" he asked.

She met him with her smile unfaded. "We're going out together," she said, and seemed gleeful at the plan. "I'll wager there's going to be what any good American lad would call a 'peach of a sunset.' After all, doesn't that express it literally sometimes? We'll walk in the Park, instead of having stuffy tea by lamplight."

He looked down into her eyes. "Jove," he said, "but you do look stunning!"

"Next thing you'll be rudely asking me how I do it," she teased. "Come! Let's talk over nothing here. Every moment brings the darkness nearer. You have to catch an afternoon like this almost as it vanishes."

As they made their way out, he said in undertone:

"Are you not a little elusive yourself? You give me an uneasy feeling I may have to catch you as you vanish. There seem to be many you's. This is a new one."

"It won't last. I should like to catch it, too."

THE EMOTIONALIST

She was still jesting, as it appeared. He walked beside her, seeking adjustment.

Once in the Park, they sauntered slowly and at random.

"Speech eludes me," Aldrich said, as they made winding way up a slope. "But you know why I came, Georgia—dear——"

He stammered. "May I get to my point now?" He hurtled the words at fumbling resolution, as the two of them paused, half-turning toward the distant rectangles of buildings glimpsed through haze and lacy twigs. She had seemed somehow receded, lost in the scene, intangible in the soft glow of the fast-waning day.

All at once she turned blue eyes upon him. Their softness was shadowy. No light touched their moisture. She stood with her back against the West.

"What a dear, dear boy it is!" she said.

He hung his head. Her words measured her remoteness.

"I thought you—you might understand," he groped; "how, understanding each other as we do, there would be fulfillment in this way." Speech strengthened with the rise of his words. "You see, dear, you know my faults so well; you have watched my incompleteness so long; you

THE EMOTIONALIST

have seen my boyhood merely harden into a habit—instead of mellowing into the maturity which might have made me worthy of the things you once foresaw in me. You'd have no illusions from which to recover—if there's anything in that!"

Tears were in his voice now, and pleading. She caught the note of youth outliving itself, tired and vanquished, searching for refuge. Strength in her was added to strength. Meekly she smiled down the wild throb threatening the instant. In its place her heart found the Great Pity, and went out to him.

They had started slowly onward, to half pause as they reached the top of the knoll.

"And you?" she said. "From what must you recover, Archie, lad, to win back yourself? For, you know, you are temporarily lost, and you empower me to make it permanent."

"I think," he answered, "I think—I but empower you to make me—happy."

"Only wait," she said. "Wait—my vanity would say three weeks. My reason and intuition tell me three days. But because you are very dear to me, lad, I'm setting no limit. I'm saying good-by to you now, and I'm not sure it's not forever. At any rate, it is for a long, long time. I shall not be here to-morrow. My little moment's work

THE EMOTIONALIST

here is accomplished. I shall head again for the Elsewhere—and you must let me do it, unprotestingly. See! The ways divide. I shall find my peace, perhaps even my happiness, as I have always found it. You must find yours as you haven't quite found it yet—but something assures me it can't be long. Go toward it, lad—as straight as you can——”

“Georgia!”

She had fleetingly pressed his hand, and stood already in the farther path with the sunset still behind her. He was as one stricken; powerless to follow.

“Good-by, Archie—don't forbid me that—at this moment. I ought at least to tell you how you've made the moment deathless. Good-by! Good-by!”

The massed light of the yellow sunset stole through her hair, and he saw youth, even beauty, and magic sweetness. He saw the woman in the mirage of her exquisite girlhood, lost to him, as it seemed in the moment's bitterness, merely because he was born too late.

Then she turned slowly and walked onward.

The yellow faded. The dusk came glimmering, enfolding her as she receded, until afar through the trees she was swathed in it as in a veil. The white illusion! For her only had it

THE EMOTIONALIST

been rent asunder. For him, it was even now enfolding memory in thicker sheens of radiance, like a moonlit bridal-shroud.

He choked down a sob; then strode back toward the city lights.

XVIII

THE PLAYWRIGHT, AND THE CALIFORNIA STAR

Two interesting things marked the slow dragging of Aldrich's lonely spring in New York. Of these the first was the acceptance of the play he had done during the winter, by a manager with a California imported Star and a prematurely vacated playhouse. Aldrich's play was hurriedly rehearsed, and, from the author's standpoint, carelessly put on. To the astonishment of everybody, however, it "made good"—reasonably, for a piece-out production of late March. The California actress aroused discussion. Her methods went to the physiological, if not the psychological, root of things. They branded Aldrich as a scarlet realist.

Originally, he had been innocent of such intention. He had thought merely to present the average eternal struggle between mind and matter, the mind being a woman's and the matter one man's money and another man's position, with a few radio-active conventions as chemical precipitant. He had believed he could do it all

THE EMOTIONALIST

with nice discrimination in the way he brought it all about. He had planned that this discrimination should give his work the character of a fine, if rather pessimistic, satire: a sort of tragic comedy which should be true life—plus analysis and atmosphere, which should be Archibald Churchill Aldrich.

A very few rehearsals with the California actress soon proved the hopelessness of his own ideas of his own play—in her hands, at any rate! In some way known only to herself, she managed to make his epigrammatic first two acts a sort of insipid feeder for an outsoaring suggestiveness at the climax of his third, a colossal hysteria with broken furniture at the end of the fourth, and a bedimmed reaction into a holy-of-holies, chastened womanhood with gray cashmere, for his close.

In fact, she compelled certain alterations in the fifth act to make logically plausible the perfect impossibility of the change. Her demands were autocratic, backed by the afore-mentioned manager, who had come out of the West with her. Aldrich might change his play or not, just as he liked, they declared. If he didn't care to, they would revive "L'Article 47," and special *matinées* of "Camille."

It was Aldrich's first play. He subsided philosophically. Indeed, he worked with something

THE EMOTIONALIST

like enthusiasm along the new lines. If they must smear paint and gilding over his polished mahogany, he could at least assist in the daubing. He, therefore, proceeded with fervor. Into himself, wherever he detected himself in his lines, he drove his blue pencil like some fanatical suicide, with nine lives, digging a stiletto into hypothetically vulnerable spots.

He had his reward in the smiles of the California actress and her manager. The latter slapped him noisily on the back every time he reduced the heroine's intellect from a paradox to an exclamation point. That lady herself beamed upon him as an angel of light, on those occasions where he would cut out her crispest epigram and direct a catch-breath sob. The quick rehearsals went with a remarkable smoothness.

Encouragingly the manager had assured him he was "getting along," "catching the hang of the business," etc., and the first night, though in no sense a social, nor yet an epoch-making, nor even an uncriticised occasion, proved a certain truth for these statements. The play stayed out the four weeks allotted to it. Arrangements were completed for giving it a return engagement and a chance of a winter run, next season, after it should have seen a few weeks of the road,—for improvements were still seen to be possible. The

THE EMOTIONALIST

star had made an essentially personal impression. Her attenuated beauty, original methods, and deep bass voice, had been the theme for considerable argument, if not unanimous approval. The attention she attracted had quite snowed under the supporting cast, a fact less deplorable than it might have been had the cast in question been less woe-begone. Incidentally it had snowed under the author, too. In consideration of circumstances the author was not without his gratitude that it had.

The manager opined that all subordinate characters ought to be still more cut down, and the star part enlarged with whatever was good in any of them. Aldrich yielded *carte-blanche* liberty: star and manager, together, might decide on anything they saw fit, during the road tour. The author left them free to make any curtailment, enlargements, or other alterations that might show up as advisable on the journey; and comfortably reflected that the play bid fair to get back to New York next year, a monologue for the star, with lay figures as a concession to vividness. He didn't mind. He'd had his fun at that phase of it.

If this had been an enlivening experience, it was yet less so than its main outcome, which he set down as event No. 2, in his exclusive calendar.

THE EMOTIONALIST

Event No. 2 was a letter, from Victoria Furman at Vienna: a letter as characteristic as it was signally unexpected.

She re-introduced herself with his play, and dismissed it in her opening sentence. She had read of it, and rejoiced; and she wished to assure him that she wished him to know she rejoiced. That ended that part of it; and Miss Furman used up some eight more pages, down one side, across another, in, out, and skip again, to a new sheet. (A woman's plan of getting over note-paper may be not unlike a rabbit-chase across lots.)

She was moving along, she said. Her debts were being checked off, slowly but surely, and she was singing more frequently, though not yet often, in the opera. Not before had Aldrich received any intimation (from Miss Furman herself) that there were any debts. Her frank mention of them, as to one who knew all about it already, so suggested a way out of certain impressions he had permitted to grow upon him, unreasoningly, that Aldrich felt a buoyance—a sudden removal of some great weight.

Her words were a solution. He knew that were he in her presence at that moment, she would, offhandedly, reveal the whole mystery of rumors concerning sources of her income while a

THE EMOTIONALIST

vocal student in Dresden. He had never given such rumors the slightest attention. Yet there had been a culminating night when he had eavesdropped upon one of them, and the most insistent. And now, between her lines, she seemed to invite him to listen to it all, some day, when there should be another unforgettable stroll like that one in the Waldpark. Between her lines he could read the simple fact that, having had a fixed purpose, she had borrowed money here, there, and elsewhere; and that now, having carried out her purpose—she was paying it back. As she had borrowed from others, so had she borrowed from one of the Gorman brothers: undoubtedly through some intervention of parties in a position to vouch for the promise of her talent. The loan had surely never been made otherwise. She would pay back this money, along with the rest, if indeed she hadn't done so already. Aldrich saw it all, and with more justice of intuition than generally goes to the credit of his sex. The Gorman brother was making the most of his bounty, as his careless comment with the Minnelied indicated. But Aldrich found it difficult to forgive himself for having lost sight of the evidence that this millionaire had probably never so much as laid eyes on the object of his assistance. In the pain of having to overhear proof of what he had

THE EMOTIONALIST

refused to believe, Aldrich had overlooked that side of it.

Victoria's letter had yet other intimations. She was "coming on," she repeated, but "only in a way." She was just as puzzled, just as undecided about many things, as ever. Her brothers had written, as Aldrich had predicted they would, and assured her of their pride in her and their hope that she would not permit her great success to interfere with being a good girl. "They have ceased to doubt that I am anything else," she wrote, "and just when I try to decide whether I am or not—just when it's hardest to make up my mind whether I ever really *have* been or not. Sometimes I think a business like this of being on the stage could never have confused a woman who hadn't it in her, originally, to be attracted by it—sometimes I think *that* might mean a great deal that wasn't just as it ought to have been."

The sentence was cryptic enough. It might have meant many things, but Aldrich thought he saw, among them, just what Victoria Furman had meant. In any but her such words would be the things convention must consider unsaid. But he could close his eyes and hear her saying them: and then he could perfectly understand.

Miss Furman ended her letter, barring the postscript, with a devout wish that his work, or

THE EMOTIONALIST

study, or play, might bring him some day to Vienna. Then he might see for himself just what a poor excuse of an artist she still was, and maybe help her to locate the trouble.

Her postscript made mention of the fact that, as she understood, his two friends, Miss Low and Miss Whiteside, had swung back to Blasewitz; Miss Low being, just now, the guest of Fräulein Ackern, and Miss Whiteside at the old Pension Schramm.

Though Aldrich knew of these things through his mother, it was agreeable to get them over again in such unexpected fashion. A line came, too, at last, from Georgia; merry and impersonal, apropos of his play. Cecilia and Herr Adolf, she said, were getting along capitally on some re-arrangement. She had reason to hope now that all might eventually be well in this matter, and was more than glad, for Cecilia's sake. She related how she herself happened to be at the Ackern villa, around the corner. Fräulein Ackern was in distressingly poor health, and a state of pathetic yearning for constant companionship. She would leave with her shortly, for the Ost-see, having promised her that much. But she hoped to put in the better part of her own summer wandering in Norway, a thing she had been promising herself for years. All was as of old at the

THE EMOTIONALIST

Pension Schramm; Katychen was getting much taller and beginning to speak excellent English. Everybody inquired with real interest after "the Herr Aldrich."

In this succession of greetings brought, by his insignificant success, from the other side, Aldrich found a comfort as near to joy as anything in his life's experience. It was well-nigh perfect until, reactively, his contradictory loneliness came up and oppressed him. He was just at that moment in his career when the most heedless thing he could do would be to rush across the water. One or two managers of standing and import were hinting at plays. Appointments were reaching an endless chain for discussion of scenarios, temperaments, and personalities. The people it might be important for him to meet were drifting, one by one, into town; if only as birds of passage through it. He could not tear himself with self-respect from this richness of opportunity before the middle of June, and ere the middle of August it would be expedient that he should be back.

In short, having written an American play—you might perhaps call it that—America was beginning to claim him. Fortune was making as if to ordain his localization.

He hoped it might not be his labeling off. It might be approaching manhood. If so, it pinched.

XIX

THE RIALTO AND MANHATTAN, WITH A DIS- COURSE ON OPPORTUNITY

TOWARD evening of the sultry mid-May days, filled as to their mornings with writing, and as to their afternoons with rambling plan or preamble, in the society of manager, or actor, or publisher, Aldrich sometimes drifted out with the aimless current of the hour along the Rialto.

The White Way had altered on his mind since the winter. Perhaps its own quality, which might be seasonal, had changed with the possibility of longer twilights and less sudden lusters. But there was something more than this: something untasted before, in the flavor of his relation to it; something, nowadays, of alternate sweet and bitter, driving him to impotent enthusiasms and rebellions. Back against his hollow sense of alienation, swelled the trumpet call of his country's miracle. In antiphony—cracked as a forespent bugle-note—came the echo of his country's shallowness.

In the mid-May twilights the Rialto dilated and

THE EMOTIONALIST

contracted with perfervid languor. Its pedestrians, now thronging and congesting, now thinning in semi-deserted stretches of sidewalk, were as visible corpuscles, coming and going in an artery. He felt his hectic unison with the mightiness of that heart-beat which sent them hither and thither.

And what vibrant, almost scintillant, red blood they were!

Was it a fused crimson from the nations which had fed it? Or, had the penetrant scarlet from the stripes wrought this wonder of color in a nation which looked not too obviously toward its stars?

At all events, and whatever it might be, Aldrich could never cease to realize that these American people were, in their aggregate, superlatively beautiful to look upon. They were beautiful in a way unknown to older worlds over the seas. Their young women and their young men (and an astonishing number of their women and their men seemed young) were as wrought upon by some finishing touch, beginning at a point where beauty in France, in Germany, in Italy, would be deemed complete. Something had been added: a clearer sweep of line; a nimbler buoyance; a more resonant vitality. If there lived a real art-impulse among these people, then surely

THE EMOTIONALIST

it had gone out in the cultivation of whatever you must see when you glanced at them.

Someone had analyzed that American instinct for dress which so finds its source and center in New York, as a latent feeling for sculpture, directly akin to the impulse of the Greeks. The interpretation was picturesque, though it did not quite account. Other explanations also did not quite account. That mere environment should be so universally productive of personality, looked incredible. Were his people saner or sincerer, Aldrich asked himself, and the question brought back the alternate, the bitterness which seemed to force him to his denationalization, hopelessly.

From the penny-shows at every elbow-turn, to the musical comedy, the only dramatic art living full lung-power into the spring, there was the patent obverse. The expatriated American might have his exaltation at the spectacle, New York, and the vertiginous patriotism it sponsored. New York might be for him as any other wine, quickening superficial first pulses. But from beneath must recur for him the homesickness, perhaps ever induced by home to the homeless.

This homesickness bid fair to become a film over Aldrich's eyes. It froze his native exuberance; slowed his ready humor to something like drowsiness. He drifted on with the corpuscles

THE EMOTIONALIST

along the Rialto artery, feeling himself the unhealthy particle said to be more or less indigenous to all circulation. His point of view must be unfair. He had so strong a derision for the shallowness, the cant, the insincerity, of so much of the national tendency, even while the national ideal repudiated these things—or seemed to repudiate them.

In their very repudiation, he thought, was self-boastfulness, a bid for the same display. *Spéc-tâcle*—that was the German word, when you twisted the accent—*Spectâcle*—you could not escape it! It was round-about, round-about; in the flawlessly planned beauty of the women; in the calculated Greek-ness of so many of the men; round-about, round-about—like Peer Gynt's great Boyg!

This was the Rialto of Manhattan! Manhattan: where prosperity, in a thousand instances, met art half-way with pianolas and phonographs; throbbing symbols of the national spirit in that they were easy and mentally cheap and financially expensive.

Manhattan: where virtue was so highly prized that every penny reporter was instructed to hand it out, thick-cut, and margarine-coated, as the only paying food for Sunday editions.

Manhattan: where they would erect a tri-

THE EMOTIONALIST

umphal arch to a National hero, one week, and fling mud at it (and the Hero, inclusive) the next; ere the official order might be made out to pull it down.

Manhattan: where sentiment flourished with such rich appreciation that defunct chambermaid novelists were periodically resuscitated to resell their hundred thousand.

Manhattan: where musical buffoonery might only be unchaste in due proportion to its imbecility, as an approved form of innocent relaxation.

Manhattan: where a half-dozen financial plunderers might undergo a very public spasm of purity over some epoch-making creation of art—and having plundered the public enough for the right to dictate the æsthetic renunciations of the public, might order the epoch-making creation from the boards willy-nilly.

Manhattan: where true goodness was so adored that true realism, that was to say true *truth*, was despised. If the public would not reject it, there were custodians of the public morals who would, and their power of censorship was more insolent, if more asinine, than that of any autocracy in the universe.

Manhattan: where portable magazine literature——

THE EMOTIONALIST

“Careful, careful——” he would warn himself; and pull himself together.

Then he would quiet himself, forcing mental admission that these thoughts must be unjust; that the denationalized artist, by the very nature of his craft, and his development, could not comprehend the real tendency of this Manhattan, epitomizing the tendency of the American people.

The strength of America defied analysis from the æsthetic standpoint. It was a strength like that of England—a strength founded on what it concealed, on what it was unconscious of having, or perhaps ashamed of having. Kipling had tried to define it for England, without quite succeeding. The artist who might try to define it for America would have an even slipperier task. At all events, Aldrich knew his own limitation. He would neither write the Great American Novel, nor the Great American Play.

Meanwhile such publishers as he lunched with, at their clubs, were in effect clamoring for the one. And such managers as he drank with at their hostelries, had nebulous lofty theories of the other. They were confessedly in pursuit of the Great American Play, only it must not be too great to be quite conventional, and commonplace. They were first blood-cousins to the magazine editors who wanted short stories absolutely fresh

and original, and exactly like all the stories they had published before, were publishing now, or would publish in the future. The great American nation, symbolized in Manhattan, had its watchword: imitativeness—universal and gregarious. The man whose mental arrangement did not subscribe to the prevalent size, shape, and height in collars, was, generally speaking, as inadmissible in a factory as undesirable at a lunch counter.

Truth to tell, Aldrich had met what popular parlance called "opportunity," and was finding it empty. Opportunity might, after all, be termed the clogging of personal impulse with existing demands. Opportunity had also a lively faculty for singling out the victim from the unwilling. It had a way of fettering the care-free whom it discomfited, and eliding the care-worn whom it might have consoled. In brief, opportunity was habitually inopportune. His present days, dull with activity, or thrilling with inanition, bore witness.

He scoffed idly. Petty irritation is prone to weak logic. The Rialto, which displayed so much, concealed the blessing which lay in wait for him.

Something in the eddy of its current brought Aldrich to the office of Brescio, when the mid-

THE EMOTIONALIST

May was waning and warming. According to Rialto standards, Brescio was the greatest living producer of costume drama.

The call was mediated through mere chance suggestion of one of Brescio's assistants. It had interested Aldrich chiefly by reason of the opportunity it gave for studying Brescio himself at close range. As an appointment it was, of course, scheduled in advance, elaborately.

Aldrich found Brescio gazing at the top of an office desk, while his fingers raked his black hair from his forehead to the base of the neck, and slowly back again, to as slowly repeat the process.

"Ah—Mr. Aldrich," said Brescio, by a divination fathomless to the man addressed, since the speaker had failed to look up, and his abstraction had seemed to deepen rather than dissipate.

The hand, however, ceased its raking at the hair, and went out absently to the visitor.

Brescio arose as at second thought. Slowly he fixed eyes of tragic fire upon Aldrich, and the extended hand closed in a grip.

"Do let us sit down," he said. "No—not there! Over here by the window, where we can get a glimpse of the outside. I'm always getting new electrical effects out of that three feet of sky. Mr. Aldrich, I happened to stumble in on your play—last half of third act, I think. I stayed

THE EMOTIONALIST

through the act and even witnessed the next. I liked your play, sir. It had blood in it."

"Very much so," laughed Aldrich. "I'm inclined to think it needed a leech."

Brescia had little sympathy with the sense of humor which implied lack of deference before a sensation. His eyes veiled again. He had supported his head on his left elbow; now the fingers of his right hand resumed their mechanical orbit from crown of forehead to base of brain.

Brescia proceeded:

"I think we might be joint authors of a costume comedy of manners, laid some time during the latter half of the eighteenth century. The nicest problem would be the selection of a locality which should most typify that epoch."

Aldrich had been well prepared that Brescia's time was important. That was why he had his inspiration in a flash:

"Why not Vienna and the court of Maria Theresa?"

Practically the whole story, this. The rest came as if oiled, or cut to measure. Other calls at Brescia's succeeded the first.

The close of the week saw an agreement put into legal form and signed by Forsyth Brescia, and Archibald Churchill Aldrich. The latter could foresee that this agreement, for all its le-

THE EMOTIONALIST

gality, was distinctly loose. It offered an escape for Brescio if the play didn't suit, and no escape for Aldrich if it did; and it was carefully designed to put the lion's share of the thinking and the research on the writer-assistant; and to bring the calcium focus of credit and glory and (probably) of financial profit, to the author-producer. Forsyth Brescio was one of those modernly prevalent dreamers who are never caught napping.

All this mattered nothing to Aldrich. No schoolboy permitted the privilege of cleaning blackboards ever found greater alacrity in his privilege.

The play was to be ready for presentation one year from date.

"And that means," Aldrich fairly sang to himself, "that we shall go to the old home-place in New Hampshire, and rest up a couple of months, and then in the early Fall get to old Vienna as fast as our portable legs can take us. We'll get up a comedy that will warm Forsyth Brescio to his limit. We'll study Schönbrunn and the box-trees, and we'll have old red-heeled Haydn teaching his giddy young Marie Antoinette the clavichord, and hovering all around the prolific, beatific, politic Queen Mother Maria, and the courtiers with snuff, and the Fasching revelers, and the bel-cantists, with the Italian names, and

THE EMOTIONALIST

their male sopranos warbling falsetto before the throne. We'll even do the grewsome, and get a sensational fourth act, in the Capuciner vault among the coffins of the Kings. And old Forsyth Brescio can have it all, but he can't have the fun of going to Vienna and getting it up at leisure. He can't have the joy of digging it out of the Praterstern and the Mariengasse and the Ringstrasse. He can't—he can't—because he's one of opportunity's slaves—and he doesn't know what he's missing!"

XX

IN WHICH MORALIZATION SUCCEEDS DECISION

THE changes which her first season of opera wrought in Victoria Furman were not external. They failed, apparently, in touching either herself, or her impersonations. True, she fell easily into the Viennese jargon and altered her suffixes, saying "Bissel" for "Bischen," as did everybody else. She adopted the offhand "Servus" when she greeted those army officers and intimate new acquaintances for whom she had no greeting in particular; and she let herself be victimized by the promiscuous hand-kissing of janitor, maid-servant, and messenger-boy. Yet despite all this she retained, or appeared to retain, her emphatic novitiate.

Once she had gone to the Lubke, humbly prepared to observe and learn what she could of the art of singing. Her modesty should have been commended, but the way of looking at it had kept her, to the last, more than averagely dependable upon the Lubke's disposal of any question pertaining to her work. In like manner, being now

THE EMOTIONALIST

in Vienna, Victoria was resolved to take in what she could of the business of being a singer. Such a standpoint may be so detached as to remove itself from the sphere of the very thing by which it seeks to be influenced. Victoria was learning much without being able to congratulate herself on getting much farther.

Her work at the Operntheater, as she informed Aldrich in her letter, was kept insignificant. She could see that in the Direktor's eyes she was that sort of ordinary disappointment he had schooled himself to get used to, and to make the best of. Her contract had designated her as first Altistin, which meant that she might be cast for any or all of the great contralto rôles, if the Direktor so desired. Since it was for this apocryphal contract that she received pay, and since the pay had to be increased each year, the Direktor conscientiously made use of her, casting her for any little rôle that didn't matter, and once in a while giving her a chance at her Amneris, in an evident spirit of scientific investigation.

Twice during the season—once in the winter, and once in the spring—the opera for which the Lubke had trained her longest and most exhaustively was put on the boards, and she was permitted to appear in Meyerbeer's "Prophet." After a fashion these two performances main-

THE EMOTIONALIST

tained her prestige. On both occasions the Kappellmeister sought her out behind the scenes for encouragement and congratulation. At the second presentation, as at the first, he expressed his surprise that she "had it in her" to sing like that. It was not the least of Victoria's trials that every time she sang at all well, every one seemed surprised afresh to think she had "it in her."

Toward the wane of the season, her American friends in the Pension had a way of assuring her that she was, if anything, more American than when she had first arrived. They meant to compliment. Victoria accepted the flattery graciously. Truth to tell, she was not altogether displeased at it, though it might seem to hint at her inflexibility, if not her stupidity. She could at least keep very American as long as there were any Americans about. There was, in this, a sort of technique not unlike other kinds of technique she foresaw she must acquire through some mode of life, and thought, and feeling yet to be revealed.

Moreover, though her awkward aspect might not betray, she herself knew well enough the velocity of alteration in her undercurrent; even though it but deepened and widened the channel of what she had been from the first. Exactly putting it, she knew that beneath the surface she

THE EMOTIONALIST

was already considerably changed, if only through being as she had always been, so much more than ever.

Victoria had never scrupled, though she may have hesitated, before the pro and the con. As the one had never dazzled her, so had she never been frightened by the other. She now looked at her problem, whatever it might be, with even greater simplicity. Her indecisions themselves were resultant to her temerity in looking at things as they were, stripped of their embellishment. Conventionality, disguising a thousand facts, has a far directer road than naked truth seeking to circumvent its half-dozen issues.

Victoria, therefore, accepted a recent onslaught of proposals of marriage, from the Ober-Leutnant von Zonsk, with equanimity. The Ober-Leutnant was apparently ready to give up his post in the Austrian army at any time, and, for all Victoria knew to the contrary, become her pensioner whenever she might direct. What his financial situation was she did not exactly know. But she was reasonably certain he was reasonably poor, and she had, for herself, the invariable answer regarding him: if she should ever want him at all, she would want the officer part as well as the rest. The Ober-Leutnant remained her baf-

fled but not discouraged suitor. Victoria admitted to herself a great uncertainty as to how it might terminate.

Perhaps the best defined episode of the season was the apotheosis of the Graf von Lüdersberg, whose fortunes were materially and suddenly altered through the death of a childless and landed uncle in Schlesien. Once again the Graf's limitless family connection profited him in making him heir to an estate. As a youngster, he had squandered two—to their dregs. It might turn out the same this time, but chances were against it. Many better-regulated and economical years had since elapsed to routine him in forethought.

As soon as possible the Graf honored Victoria with a formal frank proposition, which, after a fashion, increased her respect for him, though it brought his annihilation—and at his zenith, so to speak. The Graf's proposal was not one of marriage—Victoria had half-feared it might be—but, as he expressed it, bore relation to her debts and financial embarrassment generally.

Her salary was absurdly insignificant to her needs, said the Graf. Many times she had admitted as much to him. Might he not, merely as a friend, be permitted to settle twelve thousand gulden a year upon her?

THE EMOTIONALIST

"For what?" Victoria replied, thoroughly comprehending, and rather amused.

"For your friendship," said the Graf.

"My friendship——"

"I have never been anything more than a mere outsider," said the Graf.

"And now the Herr Graf must be even less than that," explained Victoria.

The Graf looked aggrieved; or, it might be, angered—like the worm turning.

"Am I too sudden?" he questioned. "But, perhaps, some day I might wish to make you a Gräfin—who knows?"

"That would be wonderful of you," said Victoria.

"Never mind," pursued the Graf, with cumulative intensity, in growing dread of failure with a full hand. "You are American. You will not care for being a Gräfin, perhaps. Then you need not be, you need be nothing you do not wish! My interest has always been fatherly. I should like to see you free from anxiety——"

"From now on I shall be so—quite," said Victoria.

The world of the K. K. Hofoperntheater, to which she belonged, was one which scoffed at anger over situations like this. Her intuitions had prophesied far too much for any loss of tem-

THE EMOTIONALIST

per—even any great surprise. But she had her anticipated opportunity for dismissing the Graf and assuring him, very earnestly, that he must make his absence permanent.

“The saddest thing about saying farewell to some people,” sighed Victoria, when he had gone, “is the great likelihood of seeing them again.”

She was not offended certainly. He had been laboring under a misapprehension. This was the first definite opportunity he had ever given her of putting him to rights.

Three weeks after his extinguishment, there reached her a privately distributed rumor that the Graf von Lüdersberg was lodging Fräulein Mikuli (freshly engaged at the opera from the Vienna Conservatory), in magnificent apartments. Fräulein Mikuli was barely nineteen, but, as an artist, remarkably developed. Against all precedent, with one so inexperienced, she was even now being cast for Elizabeth at all the performances of “Tannhäuser.” It was predicted that she would be a favorite Lottchen in Massenets’ “Werther” next season.

“A singer,” Victoria reflected, “must learn her rôle from a very soiled prompt-book, though she vocalize a spotless character before the foot-lights.”

Then she wondered whether a singer might

THE EMOTIONALIST

permit herself the privilege of being heartless at command, until she had mastered having a heart full to order. She had the misgiving that it might be necessary to overlook many kinds of sincerity, in a business so dependent upon effects in the opposite quality.

These things were an echo from the new life which was appearing to change her so little. They were tentative, mildly speculative—experiments in incandescence, not in the least dangerous if they but played over the soul of a fire-proof woman.

XXI

POISON WITH HOMEOPATHIC ANTIDOTE, AND HEROIC CURE

THE name Miss Cecilia Whiteside was delivered orally to Victoria one morning by Frau Heincke.

“ She come to my Pension and will look for a room,” explained the Frau, “ but my Pension is full. I tell her about how we have a hof-opern singer in my Pension, and she ask me if it is Miss Furman, and I say ‘ yes, how did you know ? ’ ”

“ Well ? ” inquired Victoria.

“ I have no room, but the lady say she know the Miss Furman and will not intrude. But maybe the Fräulein will speak with her and give advice——”

“ Then she’s still on the premises ? ” said Victoria.

“ She will not intrude, but she was waiting in the salon if the Fräulein Furman will speak to her.”

The Frau Heincke tiptoed nearer and whispered :

THE EMOTIONALIST

"Is she all right? For if she is a friend of yours I will find to her a room. She come to my Pension without letters at all, but I find a room if she is a friend."

"Oh," laughed Victoria, "she's *all right*, all right! At least, I know nothing to the contrary. And we know several of the same people. I guess you might as well show her in."

"*This is* an unwarranted imposition," gushed Cecilia, at Victoria's threshold, a moment later. "Just fancy—I hadn't the remotest idea you could be seen. It is so good of you."

"Not at all," Victoria declared with unassumed good nature. "Glad to see you. You come direct from the Schramms, I suppose?"

"You would never have expected me, of all people," surmised Miss Whiteside, accepting the edge of a seat.

Victoria admitted that she never would have dreamed it.

"No doubt we Americans crowd on you, until you have to make rules to protect yourself," said Miss Whiteside. "I suppose fame has its disadvantages."

"You mean I have a great many callers?" Victoria shook her head. "You might think I would, but, on the contrary, I have very few. I really wish there were more."

THE EMOTIONALIST

"Just fancy!" Miss Whiteside was genuinely astonished this time. For once the exclamation fitted.

"I fear all my fellow-countrymen are all of them thinking just as you thought," pursued Victoria. "Each of them thinks there must be a lot of others, and stays away from me out of consideration."

"Dear me," gurgled Miss Whiteside, settling a little further back in the chair. "The first thing I know you'll be making me think of this imposition as a favor."

"Why, it's no joke," said Victoria. "Anyone does me a favor who breaks in on the monotony."

She was exaggerating, in crescendo, in the fervor of having been compelled to do so a little, in the beginning. The forced dissembling of a moment easily grows on a woman for several.

"That ought to be inclusive," began Miss Whiteside, in a threatened new fidget of uncertainty.

"You've chosen the most uncomfortable seat in the room," interrupted Victoria. "Do take the German rocker."

Cecilia protested, but eventually did as she was bid. "My, my!" she said, sinking far back until, through the misadjustment of its size to her stat-

THE EMOTIONALIST

ure, her diminutive feet (they were only proportionate, but she was very proud of them) were lifted from the floor. "What a wonderful chair. It's like a steamer chair on springs."

"If you were but a singer in the opera here," said Victoria, "you might sit and rock in it all day. When did you come?"

"I came on from Prague last night. I'd stopped a day there," said Cecilia. "What a horrid town! There was nothing in it but a bridge."

"So you left Dresden day before yesterday. How were they all?"

"Don't ask me after that stupid place," implored Miss Whiteside. "I'm most awfully tired of it."

Victoria could be very dull when it seemed useless to be otherwise. "Oh, I wasn't asking after Dresden," she said. "Doubtless the old place is just the same, with the bridges and bath-houses. I was just wondering how they were: Katychen and the rest of them out at the Pension. And you must see Fräulein Ackern sometimes. Would you believe it, I've hardly laid eyes on her this blessed winter!"

"Just fancy! Yes — I'd understood you hadn't. *How did it happen?*"

"Nothing happened," replied Victoria, with a quick eye for the inference that something must

THE EMOTIONALIST

have. "Of course, we've written heaps of letters back and forth. Then I meant to go over and spend a week at the Villa, Christmas, but they were rehearsing the new Puccini, and, though I had only a villainous six notes in it, they wouldn't give me leave-of-absence. So Fräulein Ackern came over here instead. We tried to make her comfortable, but, poor thing! she was sick the entire time, and couldn't be persuaded to stay but two days."

"What a pity!" Cecilia's sympathy might have been either for Fräulein Ackern or for Victoria.

"Since then I've planned to run over and see her, a dozen times at least. But something always happened. If you're not singing much at this opera here, and want to, just plan to do something else and ask for Urlaub!"

Miss Whiteside had removed herself to a remote field of cogitation, from which she signaled with another "It's a pity!"—this time absent, and reflective.

"Yes," admitted Victoria. "But it couldn't be helped."

"You know, of course," ventured Cecilia, "that she's taken a most violent fancy to Georgia Low."

"She always liked her," said Victoria, resolv-

ing at the same time to display none of the interest she began to feel.

"A peculiar character," mused Miss Whiteside, more for herself. "A peculiar character—this Georgia Low. I've never pretended to understand her."

"They must have fallen out," Victoria concluded, and was attentive.

"She has her good points, of course," Miss Whiteside went on with an increasing sense of latitude, "but—well, you know, really, I think she ought to marry. She would be so much happier."

"They have certainly fallen out," thought Victoria.

"As it is, she's not happy at all, poor Georgia!—and she's just a little—ah, well, it seems dreadful to say it—but you remember that old fable of the 'Dog in the Manger'?"

Victoria remembered it.

"That's Georgia Low!" The time had come for Miss Whiteside to tighten her lip with decision.

"I know whereof I speak," she proceeded. "She's quite well-to-do, you know, and she doesn't spend half her income, as far as anyone can see. And yet, she's simply determined that Fräulein Ackern shall will everything she's got to

THE EMOTIONALIST

her. It's common talk at the Pension. Why, she's been devoting every moment of her time to her, for over a month now. And at last she's gone off to the Ost-see with her, where the poor old thing will be absolutely under her influence."

"It's a cold summer," said Victoria. "They'll surely freeze."

But Miss Whiteside was abstracted again, with a philosophical effort. "It does seem," she said, with careful deduction, "it does seem—doesn't it?—that when a woman doesn't marry before a certain age, she invariably becomes grasping."

Victoria began to be a little put to, for just the best method of receiving the revelations being laid before her. She compromised on an indifference made easier by the type of her interlocutor.

"If she can cut any of us out with Fräulein Ackern," she said, "she's welcome to, I'm sure."

Foreign to the topic in hand was Miss Whiteside's little "oh" at that moment. From leaning forward to the significance of her disclosures, she had reclined into her chair again with a suddenness which had caused it to rock violently, the while her colliding picture-hat was tilted forward over her nose.

"Take it off," said Victoria. "Do. Why not stay to lunch?"

THE EMOTIONALIST

"I really think I shall have to," said Miss Whiteside, removing a hatpin, "and fix it on before the glass! But you're too good, really. Indeed, I must not stay to luncheon. That *would* be presuming on good nature."

"Give it to me," said Victoria, appropriating the beflowered headgear. "Now, get comfortable, and do go on. It's not often I hear anything really interesting like this."

"I don't know why I'm speaking so freely," said Cecilia. "It's a shame to impose on you and inflict you. But in these few moments I feel almost as if I'd known you always."

"People often feel that way with other people—at any rate, until they know them better," said Victoria.

"It's really quite strange," marveled Cecilia. "It's my nature, you know, to be very reserved. But you just make me feel how long a time——"

"Oh, we're old friends," interrupted Victoria. "You were talking of Miss Low."

Recalled to her subject like this, Miss Whiteside could perceive no indiscretion in further disclosures concerning it. "It's a shame," she declared. "I've said from the start it was a shame for you not to have Fräulein Ackern's money. She always meant you to have it, of course. I think it's simply robbery."

THE EMOTIONALIST

“Not quite that bad,” Victoria corrected. “They can’t gag and throttle her—not any more than I can. She’s got a will of her own, you see.”

“Oh, but, my dear, you don’t know that woman, that Georgia Low. No one can know her as I do. Why, I’ve given up my time to her as I’ve never given it to anyone else. For two years past my very life has been hers. I’ve let her drag me about, from Europe to America, where she followed that young Aldrich—(what she saw in him I can’t imagine—I always thought him the worst sort of an *it!*)—and then back to Europe again, when she gave up trying to get him. And what was her gratitude? How did she repay me? By turning my friends against me. There was a particular friend of mine in the Pension—maybe you’ve met him—his name was Adolf—Herr Adolf?”

“I met him once, I think with Miss Low,” said Victoria.

“You see!” Cecilia acclaimed her exultance in a proven point. “That was the beginning. That was when I first had my eyes just a little opened and began to understand Georgia better. But I didn’t yet fully comprehend. I couldn’t, you know. I loved Georgia too deeply. I——”

THE EMOTIONALIST

Miss Whiteside's voice stuck in her throat. A tear began to indent a groove into her powder. It was daintily intercepted by a tip of filmy pocket handkerchief.

"And now," Miss Whiteside proceeded, with self-control, "she has in some way ended the friendship between myself and Herr Adolf. How she has done it I've no idea. Georgia has always been quite beyond my comprehending. You can never find out her methods. Just when you think you have your finger on them they escape you. But Herr Adolf took to acting strangely distant toward me, for no reason whatever. And now he has gone off and left the Pension, and Georgia has gone off with Fräulein Ackern and left *me*—deserted me——"

The tear was intercepted again in the opposite eye, to leave a tiny red rim of emotion.

"Of course, she did it some way. How, will never be known. I don't think she really wanted to marry him? But——"

"I see," said Victoria, whose interest had lagged at this part of the narrative. "But I wouldn't worry over this Adolf, if I were you. Remember, he's only one fish in a world-wide puddle."

"Oh, but you can't fish *everywhere*," moaned Cecilia.

THE EMOTIONALIST

Conscious of endangering her dignity, she was upright in a moment.

"You don't just understand," she said, adjusting her neck-band as she straightened herself. "It's not Herr *Adolf* I'm so distressed about! It's the treachery of a friend—one to whom I gave so much of my time—one to whom I gave so much of myself——"

"But maybe she didn't do it. Is it proved?"

Victoria was, at heart, far removed from this phase of the topic. She was trying to conjecture how much truth there might be in that other inference: that she had damaged her prospects in Fräulein Ackern's will.

"Such things require no proof," Cecilia was saying. "They may be seen with one's own eyes. I saw it coming last summer. She lured him then, openly, with every wile. Now he must go to the Waldpark, and now to the Central Bahn. But I think he must have seen through it. At all events it all stopped, all of a sudden. And such was my loyalty to that woman, that I made up my mind never to notice him again."

"That might have been better," Victoria noted, absently.

"It was my mistake." Cecilia deepened her voice. "A man *ne-ver* forgives a woman for that."

THE EMOTIONALIST

“Well, then, maybe that’s all the recent trouble—maybe he got to thinking about it and got sore,” said Victoria, who wished to be as sympathetic as she could.

“Ah, my dear——”

Cecilia was beginning to feel thoroughly at home. She interrupted herself to arise and go to a hanging mirror for the purpose of adjusting a puff and a ringlet to more geometrical symmetry.

“Ah, my dear—all I can say is: *you don’t know her* as I do!”

“For that matter, I don’t know her at all,” Victoria agreed readily enough. “In the very nature of things, I probably never would. We weren’t at all the same style, you’ll remember, and would never have looked at anything the same way in a hundred years. All I knew about Miss Low was that Fräulein Ackern seemed to be very fond of her. I don’t think Miss Low was particularly enthusiastic about me; but I must admit she always seemed to me to be a lady.”

“She manages to create that impression,” admitted Cecilia. “Oh—well—I suppose, leaving out the question of disposition and character, she really is! Perhaps she can’t help her faults.”

“Some people can’t.”

“Just fancy! But I believe you’re right. And these New Englanders are always more or less grasping, don’t you think? No matter how much they have already, they always want more. They’ll always get the better of you, if you don’t watch them, don’t you think?”

Victoria agreed to that being the popular conception. Down among her hoard of unexpressed thoughts was a feeling that she herself, from New York state, and not from New England, had desired considerably more than she had already, and had been very lax about insuring it to herself. If this Georgia Low was ousting her, she deserved it; but it would be particularly hard to have things happen just that way. The little estate of Fräulein Ackern would not overwhelm anybody, but it would be enough to clear her absolutely of debt, and leave a surplus, besides. The surplus would give her some freedom with her own destiny, instead of the cramped limitation which so stifled her now. She might not, for instance, care to marry the Ober-Leutnant von Zonsk and retire to become an insignificant but socially recognizable quantity as an army officer’s wife; but she was sure it would make her sing and act better to have the option of doing so or not, just as she pleased. On the other hand, she was beginning to believe the plain bread-and-butter side of it

must be part of the difficulty. People couldn't do what they *had* to do, half so well, as the things they might do, or leave undone, as they chose. Her own history bore this out; and she now felt confident she should never have been engaged to sing anywhere, had she not been so safely sheltered in Fräulein Ackern's villa that it didn't matter.

"I really ought to be going," ventured Cecilia.

But as Victoria told her not to hurry, she respected the request.

"How strange and unnatural," she resumed, "was her attraction for that Archie Aldrich. I really wish it might have been returned, for she exactly suited him."

"It's odd," cogitated Victoria, "but you know, when a woman just suits a man, he rarely falls in love with her."

"My—my!" cried Cecilia, in admiration. "You people do see things! I suppose it's the life you lead. It must be a very wonderful life——"

"That depends——"

"And this Archie Aldrich is exactly a case in point. You're just right. Dear me, how right you are! Georgia Low was just his notion of how a woman ought to be. She knew a great deal, and was very refined, and clever, and broad-

THE EMOTIONALIST

minded, and all that. What she did know was what most American women don't—and he didn't care for what most American women do know, at all—or he thought he didn't. And here are you: and because you've always been just as American as you could be, and only known what they all know, everything has come to you, and Archie Aldrich was the first to follow and get infatuated. Oh, don't protest! Everyone in the Pension saw it. He was infatuated almost before he ever saw you."

"Maybe that was it!" said Victoria. "I've often thought most cases of infatuation take place in advance through some idea men get of us beforehand, and then have to live up to, out of loyalty to themselves."

Cecilia was thoughtful. "But that didn't work in Archie Aldrich's case with poor Georgia——"

"He didn't get it beforehand—she had always been there, more or less."

There was another of the long pauses to remind Cecilia for the fourth time that she must be going. Victoria forbore to repeat the conventional protestation. But she gave her departing caller the names and addresses of three or four good "American" Pensions, and hoped she would like Vienna as a change from Dresden.

THE EMOTIONALIST

"What a shame there are no rooms here," sighed Miss Whiteside. "It seems to be perfectly lovely here. The place would just suit me."

"It is a pity," deplored Victoria. "But you'll find some of those other places all right, I feel sure."

"Now that you've spoiled me, you must let me come and see you sometimes."

"Do," said Victoria.

She found the latest quandary more thinkable when Miss Whiteside's attenuated leave-taking finally had a vanishing point in the silk swish securely outside the outer hall doorway. Having accompanied her visitor thither, she started toward her room, to be met by tiptoeing Frau Heincke.

"Is she gone?" whispered the Hausfrau.

"Oh, yes."

Victoria's reply had a reassurance for her caution.

"She is not your friend—nein? I know her kind. If I find a room for her it would must be cheap!"

Practically without pausing on her course, Victoria dismissed the subject. "You don't want her," she said. "She's not all bad—but for all that, she's a good deal of a cat. Before she got

THE EMOTIONALIST

through getting on our nerves we'd be getting on hers."

There was no opportunity for prolonging the discussion, though the personality and possibility of applicants for rooms was a pet theme with the Hausfrau of the Pension Heincke. Gently Victoria closed her room door in a manner which seemed to consider that the one thing her Hausfrau would wish her to do. Yet it shut off the threatened analysis.

In the middle of her increased solitude Victoria stood and drew down her brows at each of her four walls in turn, while she restlessly tapped her foot. In that part of Miss Whiteside's narrative pertaining to Fräulein Ackern's defection, she felt convinced of something beyond the mere germ of truth. Had it not come as a culmination of her own vague fears in the same direction, she would have given it as little heed as she had to Miss Whiteside's own romance with Adolf—a plain case of a man bored. But, while modest enough, as a rule, concerning any latent spiritual prowess in herself, Victoria was too much the woman to deny herself a moiety of divination, even of prophecy. Traditionally like every other member of her sex, she was sure she always foresaw things. She had dealt precariously with the allegiance of the most devoted and influential

THE EMOTIONALIST

friend she'd ever attracted to herself. Knowing she had done so, she had felt, for some time, a forewarning of retribution.

Being very human, she naturally failed to escape a touch of bitterness toward the usurper who seemed to be bringing it upon her. "I feel almost depraved to even think of it," she thought, "but this is a mean old world, and for all I know she may be a cat, too. Once I might have cut her out of her Archie, and—you never can tell. It's a world of quits."

She was glad the idea had not possessed her for such time as the Whiteside woman had laid her friend out. Rather the opposite, thank Heaven! Still, you never could count on a disappointed old maid. Their condition was too unnatural.

Thus Victoria confessed her shame at her unconquerable growing spite, in the hope of lessening it. Without success, however. Her irritation grew apace, until the bell announcing the midday meal (variously known as dinner, or déjeuner, or luncheon) discovered her, to herself, as unfit for meeting her fellow Pensioners at table.

She decided on the open air, pinning on her hat with the much-chronicled vicious jabs of the woman out of sorts. The Pension Heincke lay

THE EMOTIONALIST

just to one side of St. Stephen's Church. Three times she walked widely around that Cathedral, her course comprising the Gassen on two sides and the open square in front. Then feeling an increase of energy, if not of relief, she took the direct way of the Ringstrasse which swept out before the Cathedral towers to its curve at the Volksgarten.

Her walk now had an added zest. She knew that at this particular hour on this especial promenade the chances for meeting the Ober-Leutnant were favorable. More than once she had counted on it and had not been disappointed. His habit was to walk alone, and if she, too, were alone, he never neglected to come forward with his courtly "If the gracious Fräulein allows it," and to join her until she dismissed him, accepting such dismissal with good-nature.

To-day she could make out his shoulders in the distance before she had followed the Ring as far as the Burgtheater. The sight of him was to a degree softening, in that it induced a pensiveness which partook of the nature of renunciation. "I never much meant to take poor Fritzchen seriously," she thought. (She had nicknamed him for her private pleasure without his knowledge.) "But now I never can—even if I ever should!"

She smiled at the tangible paradox that this

THE EMOTIONALIST

morning, even as he came toward her, he receded. Hereafter she must know Fritzchen a little less. While she had in reservation a prospect of Fritzchen's official value in coin of the realm, it had been all right. But now it was different. And as she parodied herself thus, it all struck her as so funny that when Fritzchen was near enough to make his profound obeisance she was on a verge of laughter, not at infinite distance from the hysterical.

"If the gracious Fräulein allows!" He turned and walked beside her. "The Fräulein is very happy this morning. A rehearsal?"

"I only wish there were," she replied. "I'd surprise them."

"Ach—so."

His brown eyes had a slit-like penetration for her meaning.

"Ja," said Victoria. "I feel extremely temperamental."

"Where do you go?" he inquired.

"Into the Volksgarten, over by the Grillparzer statue, and home again, and *um Gottes Willen*, talk to me, talk to me, all the way! Nothing is as it should be, and I like your way of seeing and saying how it isn't."

The Ober-Leutnant had nothing to say for that.

"Of course, I strike you dumb," said Victoria.

“ Well—I suppose it’s your way of *not* seeing or saying, that I liked, and I’d merely forgotten. All right! I’ll talk to *you*. Did you ever see ‘Zaza’? The best line in the old thing is ‘all men are beasts!’ Is there any play with a good, old-fashioned, self-evident corresponding line like ‘all woman are felines!’; or something of that kind? ”

The Ober-Leutnant shrugged out a world of ignorance on the subject. “ In Latin—perhaps! ” he ventured.

“ No doubt,” said Victoria. “ You have to go back a great ways to find what’s always striking you. Well, here is our Grillparzer statue, and I’m not going to take you any farther.”

“ It is well,” said the Ober-Leutnant. “ I have little time to-day.”

“ And little curiosity—do you know that’s the simply great thing about you! ” said Victoria, with enthusiasm.

She returned from her walk, refreshed, and half resolved on action. As soon as the opera season was over at the end of the present week, she could, if she willed, hasten to the Ost-see, with or without Fräulein Ackern’s urgency. She could make a fair stand with this Georgia Low and fight it out as to who should be the most devoted; and whose devotion should be most ac-

ceptable to an invalid. But, after all, was she not feeling unwarranted anxiety? Fräulein Ackern might live to spend many summers at the Ost-see, after this one. Next winter she would surely find the prettiest, coziest Etage in all Vienna, preferably on the Ringstrasse overlooking a park, and compel Fräulein Ackern to come and live with her. She could get even with Georgia by inviting her, too—without expectation of acceptance, however. . . .

Events were moving toward that which should make all her planning as idle as it is the general fate of such things to be; as useless as it was unworthy. With due appreciation, and with a deeper bitterness of pure shame for the other bitterness into which she had fallen, Victoria faced its unworthiness, when a telegram was brought to her door, early the following morning, before the serving of her coffee.

“Of course, it is from Fräulein Ackern,” she said, from her pillow, calmly, but with drawn face. “Give it to me.”

“Ach Gott,” whimpered Frau Heincke, withholding the envelope. “I fear to see you open it.”

“Give it to me,” demanded Victoria, sitting upright.

She tore it open with dogged roughness. “Of

THE EMOTIONALIST

course," she said, as she dropped it on the sheet covering the divan where she slept.

The telegram read :

Fräulein Ackern no better. Come if your duties permit. I think she wants to see you. Letter follows.

CONSTANCE MARTHA LOW.

"I shall not wait for the letter," said Victoria. "Find out about the trains at once. I shall not ask their permission at the opera. I was to sing to-night. No matter. After I'm gone they'll have to grant me Urlaub. I'm going to Fräulein Ackern at once. See to everything, please."

"Ach Gott, ach Gott!" wailed Frau Heincke, as she hastened on the ordered errands. "Fräulein might lose her engagement. Ach Gott, ach Gott!"

XXII

FROM THE RAIN, AND THE SILENCE, AND THE SOUND OF THE SEA

Two miles inland from the Baltic, across the heathered moraines and around an easy declivity corniced with thin woods, a half-dozen villas grouped themselves about a ribbon of green parking, a pavilion, and a white-and-gold Conditorei, laden at its windows with flowers, animals, vegetables, and architecture in almond paste. The villas, comparatively new, and of an opulent aggressiveness, were yet but an annex to the ancient village of Pretzenpringel, to be reached by a ten-minutes path through the trees. At Pretzenpringel was the usual Gasthaus, or inn, built like a mere enlargement of the peasant's thatched stone huts, all about it. At a corner of the main floor of the inn another Conditorei terminated the limit of the local trade, which, for any appearance to the contrary, ran exclusively to bakery, and was here given over to the steady users of black breads and various types of Brötchen.

THE EMOTIONALIST

At its remote origin, Pretzenpringel had occurred, less with an eye to the prospect of the estuary to be had across the pink and gray moraines from the upper windows of some of the villas, than with a careful forethought for changes of wind and weather. As it was archaic, so was it also bosky and sheltered. On the other hand, the villas of the newer section stood for the most part in their bedizened gardens, high-walled from the gravel roads, but unshielded from the level sun.

In Fräulein Ackern's make-up there had always been a touch of the English, which preferred shade and seclusion to whatever wider sweep might be granted the eye at sacrifice of these things. In the older Pretzenpringel was a renovated peasant's dwelling. A thrifty Beamter's widow had added a second story, and eked out her pensioned retirement renting the rooms she had made habitable. Two gnarled elms threw a shifting, endless dusk across threshold and window ledge. Always against the stone and brick walls rang the ocean sounds from the Ost-see, which might be heard the more vividly for not being seen. It may have been that these things, or something in the somber unobtrusiveness of cool stone and shade, had singled this house out as the chosen summer home of Fräu-

THE EMOTIONALIST

lein Ackern. At all events, since the renovations many years before, its owner had leased the rooms to no other occupant. No one had ever habited the newer rooms, save Fräulein Ackern and the maid she always brought with her, and the chance friend who sometimes came as her guest.

The Beamter's widow occupied one room opening into the kitchen on the original ground floor. Across the wide entrance area was a large chamber furnished as a sitting-room and leased with the rooms above as complement to the suite. Under the direction of Fräulein Ackern's maid, the proprietress looked after the daily menu, serving it sometimes under the elms, sometimes in the sitting-room, and sometimes upstairs in one of the sleeping apartments. On those summers when Fräulein Ackern had come alone, the latter had been the more usual procedure. She was one of those who take their solitude in real seclusion.

In time it must come about that even as Fräulein Ackern's maid knew the exact tastes, and habits, and peculiarities of her mistress, so the good woman who let the summer lodging to her, year by year, should come to know them, too, and to consider the arrangement one which could never conceivably have end. For her,

THE EMOTIONALIST

Fräulein Ackern's return was the one annual event.

The widow's own name, of which she was more than proud, because he who had conferred it upon her had been in the Government postal service, was Hörner. The fact of his rank might never be lost sight of, as she always indicated it to the full whenever she wrote it down: "Frau Beamter's Witwe Hörner—Mrs. Officer's Widow Hörner."

It was singular, Victoria thought, that in the cold gray of the morning when she drove across the moorlands from the five-mile distant nearest station to Pretzenpringel, little facts like this should most insistently come before her. They made up her memories of the Ost-see summer of the past year. They were a spell of impregnable removal, too; dividing off all the past, and singling out its details as if to make plausible its remoteness.

Across the moraines the sea gave now and then a long, swashing noise, like a fold of sound through the fogs. The air was so damp that she had been compelled to have the coachman close the top of his droschky. Along the gravel road its wheels had a muffled creaking which tended to increase the stupor of drowsiness that enveloped her. She had been traveling all night.

THE EMOTIONALIST

Blurred through the panes of the carriage, she made out the flight of sea-gulls. A peasant workman passed close by as the droschky slowed on an unaccountable whim of the driver. Like all peasants he was silent, with an embodied inertia that made of him, at this dim hour, a figure like unto death, or a wavering shadow. Across the white rectangle of the droschky window, he moved in a blurred motionlessness that knew neither speech nor sight. Visible, and intangible, and inanimate, he took on a semblance to tableau from her childhood which, at certain times like this, after too little sleep, would come in still procession before her eyes.

At such times, things actually seen had all the impassivity of things remembered, ranging themselves in a line with them. There were the sea-gulls, white against colder white; herself and brothers, speechless, still, against the snow-drift at the schoolhouse doorway; this North German peasant with his massed bulk limned out in the paleness of dawn; the long stretches of heather with the straight interruption of artificial woods; herself again, still younger at five, peering tip-toe and awe-struck over the side of her father's coffin.

The real blended only with what was far enough for immutable stationary visioning. As

THE EMOTIONALIST

the visual eye brought nothing but the unattended sense of detachment in things seen, so the mental eye rejected all that thought or feeling might touch, evoking only from that dawn of life which is a sort of sleep which sees, ere the awakening which blinds. She leaned back, and closed her eyes.

The droschky halted with a jolt. Victoria had a feeling of having slept hours made into a moment, or a moment made into hours: the two sensations were interchangeable. She was slow imaging this as her destination, even with the proof confronting her in Frau Hörner tugging at the carriage door. Impatience on Frau Hörner's part was, in this instance, as unsuccessful as is impatience usually, until the driver alighted and jerked it open for her.

Still feeling but half-awake, Victoria received and returned the subdued greeting of Frau Hörner, and added Trinkgeld to the fee she had paid the coachman at the station, and let herself be conducted with a certain awesome ceremony toward the house. The two elms reeked of palpable moisture as she passed under them, and the strip of stone-walk was greenish with dampness.

"She heard the carriage coming," Frau Hörner explained. "You're to go right up. Fräu-

THE EMOTIONALIST

lein Low is away. She has gone an hour already to Heisenbrot for another nurse. The first one must go, all at once, to her bridegroom in Königsberg, who has fallen at his work and hurt himself."

"About how far is Heisenbrot?" asked Victoria, as she removed her long cloak in the sitting-room, and touched her hair, with the thought of how Fräulein Ackern had always had a pride in her tendency to be dressy.

"I mean," she whispered, "when do you expect Fräulein Low back?"

"We do not entirely know. She will make the right selection, or the maid might have gone. Before Mittagessen, perhaps."

They ascended the stairs.

Fräulein Ackern lay high up among the pillows, and put out her hand, beckoning Victoria, who ran toward it, and seized it, in her old way, and laid it against her cheek.

"Schwesterchen," she said, "I ought to have come long ago—long ago—before anybody had to send for me."

"I did not permit that they should send," said Fräulein Ackern, with little alteration of voice, though the effort of speech was perceptible, and the distinguished clear-cut German trailed a little. "I had great fear you could find irritations

with your Herr Direktor, who might not wish that you should leave your work. I have still a great fear you should not have left it."

"Always first with you—that work of mine," said Victoria. "Ach, Schwesterchen—you remember I wasn't so eager to begin it—and now I'm often sorry I ever did. I'm not sure I had the right to."

"Do not talk so," said Fräulein Ackern, severely. "Your success has been already great. It will be always and always greater. You should not speak as you speak."

"Something must happen before I can feel as you do about it," said Victoria. "I seem to be all the time awaiting some revelation. Ach, Schwesterchen—let us not talk of that. Let us talk of when you're well and strong again. What is my work, my silly little make-believe career, compared to that!"

"When I am well and strong"—Fräulein Ackern thought deeply for an instant. "That is of no moment," she said, finally. "I am only an old woman—an old maid—unmarried, therefore childless and inconsequent. You must marry. That will be the revelation. You must sing, and sing until you find the man you can love and respect, and then you must marry him—but do not cease to sing! When you have borne

children to the man you love and respect, then will all you look for come to you."

In her humiliation and remorse it seemed incongruous and brutal to Victoria that she must realize at this moment how far was such a theory from the technical one of the Director of the Vienna opera. One of the clauses of her contract forbade marriage of any sort, without the especial deliberation and consent of the Director and his associates; and for no other reason than the supposed terrible danger entailed by motherhood to a voice. The fact faced her with depressing negation, against these sentiments of a German woman, candid and innocent, who lay dying as she gave them utterance.

She felt as if her face must bear the burden of its irresponsiveness, its sophistications.

But Fräulein Ackern was not watching her. Directly forward she looked; and she summoned her strength for the yet unuttered messages and explanations:

"But all that will be—I have no fear for that. My only fear has been that you may think me hard, may cherish my memory less, because I have done so little toward it, and what little I have done must be all."

"Oh!" she protested, and could get no farther.

"For it is the hard duty that those of us who

THE EMOTIONALIST

may only do so little, should yet distribute what we do. To me the great joy of all joys would be to follow my heart, and give to you, who have most brought pleasure to my life, all the little that I have. But you are provided for. Your destiny is assured, and I have no right to leave undone what I may do for others who have no promise of happiness."

Victoria felt an onrush of thankfulness that all covetousness had left her soul—forever, surely! What she was hearing was as she would have it. Tenderly she kissed the speaker's cheek.

"I had much bewilderment, at first, how I should do good with the little I should leave behind. Many times I begged Fräulein Georgia that I should leave it to her name, because she would have the time, and the youth, and the great heart to do the good with it I could not. But she will not let me. She forbids. And so I try to remember all who will one day need, and I have given to them that they may need a little less. I remember first a grand-niece in Baiern, who is a governess, and has no good looks, and only intermediate brains. But maybe with a few thousand marks she will get a husband, or she will at least not work so hard. I remember, too, a grand-nephew also orphaned, who would be an engineer, but cannot. I have not believed he

will be a great engineer, but I have so made that he may try. I have left a few hundred marks to little Katy Schramm, because she would go away to a young ladies' Pensionat and become a governess, and Frau Schramm, her mamma, cannot afford to send her. And I have remembered all the servants who have worked for me, many years ago, or now, and who have no husbands because they can never marry, or because their husbands are dead. Altogether, have these things taken what I have. You know we, in Deutschland, are not rich like your rich in Amerika."

The account had been a long one. The speaker had an ensuing exhaustion when she must rest. Victoria stroked the coverlet and chafed the poor thin hands, and prayed her to tell no more. All was well, all was right. "Who am I," she thought, "that this spotless woman should make confession unto me?"

"Do—do be at peace," she begged, softly. "All is right, dear, and I understand. You have done all as I would have had you do it."

"But—but," Fräulein Ackern made husky effort again. "It was all so much trouble. I have lived very selfishly. And I thought, at first, it would be easy to leave it all with Fräulein Georgia, and only tell her to do good with it, when

THE EMOTIONALIST

she can, where she can, as she does good already with her own."

"She should have let you," Victoria murmured, with averted face.

"No—no—I now see she was right! There was that one duty before me. I must not be so selfish to avoid it. I had strength left for that. She was right."

Victoria buried her face in her hands. "Oh," she cried, her words coming muffled between her fingers, "you all make me so ashamed——"

"Child——"

"For the little instant, while I get the light, I see myself as I am, self-centered, crude, unworthy—vulgar. And the worst of it is—the light is only for the little instant. I shall go back to my old self again. I can't help it, because it is ingrained deeper than the other thing which sometimes—once in a long, long while—helps me to see it just as it is."

"Dearie—dearie——"

Victoria heard the English syllables, the little twirls in the r's, and felt she must break her heart with weeping, but when she uncovered her face her eyes were dry.

Their sight settled, staring at the foot of the bed. For all that might happen, she must face her inevitable self. For all she might wish to

THE EMOTIONALIST

be, there was no escape from what she was—nothing save some rare occasional revelation like this of the duality which permitted her to remember what she was only to know she must again forget. Aspiration might soar Heavenward; but resolution could have no showing before plain honesty, which recognized the forces of its breaking to be stronger in the aggregate, than those of its making. It was an old, old parable—this one of fishes, swimming about in globes. But who could escape it? On every side the light might cast its rainbow prisms; but the hand that molded the glass barrier had been stronger than the wavering of golden fins in an imprisoned gleam.

There was little she could do now, though she was glad she could sit there holding the dying woman's hand.

As the morning advanced rain came out of the sea to tick against the windows, in gusts of fine spray. Fräulein Ackern dozed for long intervals, but at times she would arouse for a while to speak, more languidly, of Victoria's months at the Villa, the most perfect of her memory; or of Victoria's work; or what concerned Victoria's happiness.

The day moved, however, with the terrible swiftness of still hours. The twilight settled

THE EMOTIONALIST

down early with its clouds, but would yet claim as long a durance as the day. Not until it had thickened to a stationary dullness of light did Georgia return from her quest. She had found the right nurse after a longer search than anticipated. Victoria was released from her vigil as Fräulein Ackern slept.

“Who but you would have done what you have done?”

The two women stood together. The sitting-room downstairs held out to them the cold dusk, broken by the lamplight. It was Victoria who had spoken from the silence.

“Those of us who want something else than what we have—something else than what we can have—are always thinking how, maybe, something might have changed us. To-day, for so much of the time, I’ve been wishing I could have known you—years and years ago—as he did.”

The other strove to find words for her protestations, but failed. Something in Victoria’s earnestness intensified the exaction of speech which foresaw no reply.

“All day, with the rain against the window, I’ve been deluding myself that to have known you, then, might have made me different. It would not have, of course. I should have failed

THE EMOTIONALIST

to realize you then, just as I've failed to realize you now, until the unnecessary tangible proof comes to me, to seem to help me for a moment. Well, it may be only until I forget—but I want to tell you that I do see it now. How I see it—oh, good woman—oh, true woman—oh, tender and heroic woman!”

“There is,” faltered the other, “always somewhere an explanation. You would overwhelm me but that I know what you mean. I am none of those things, but—since you speak them to me, I'll make one confession. I have written it here—on the fly-leaf of his first book. I found it among the things he had written, knowing not what he wrote. My confession is—I have known! Read it. Keep the book, dear. He had not yet found you when he inscribed it, but as surely as the morrow comes——”

“Don't tell me that—don't,” cried Victoria. “I have thought so, too. And I know I cannot meet him half-way—as you would have done. Try as I may, it will end in a wound for him!”

Georgia shook her head.

“We cannot know,” she said. “That must work itself out as it must be. It will be you who must discover and decide. My hope—my hope—goes with you—dear——”

Victoria had opened the pages.

THE EMOTIONALIST

"Life may not die . . ."

she read;

"Love may not die:

For I have seen how e'en a falling leaf

Beareth its beauty toward the earth,—

And tarries, yearningly, and sweetly, in the
Autumn wind."

"I shall try to meet him as you might have."

Victoria lifted haggard eyes to the other: like an Oriental, lifting some wan supplication to the East—across a universe. "I shall try—but I shall fail! I shall fail!"

A week after Fräulein Ackern's death, Victoria learned that by the terms of the will all the household effects of the Blasewitz villa, including many articles of beauty and value, had been left to her. She was in the Harz at the time, coaching for her winter work with the Baronin Lubke. She decided at once to arrange for the disposal of the bulk of the things at auction. She could keep whatever was most worth keeping. But, as she calculated it, she could realize just about enough from the sale to enable her to send a check for four thousand marks to her unacquainted benefactor, Jack Gorman; and in doing that she felt she would be doing Fräulein Ackern's memory no injustice.

XXIII

THE HESITATION OF A KNIGHT-ERRANT, WITH THE POETRY OF TURQUOISE SILK, AND TEMPER- AMENT DEFINED

ALL the air of one especial day in the September following seemed to Aldrich nimble, and perky. Even at late afternoon he was still exhilarated with a pride in his significant moral triumph of his morning. His satisfaction held yet compact after the lapse of hours—a conviction of original grace in the winning of himself. Passing beneath the windows of the American Pension Heincke—Victoria's Pension—with the sunlight on the St. Stephen's towers opposite, and the morning invigorating every sense toward its immediate impulse, he knew how easily he might have been less resistant. He might have met, less alertly, the coil of haste he had escaped with such level-headedness. There were laws, elusive, delicate, whereby it was plain, if indistinctly so, that it were best, on the whole, not to seek Victoria at

THE EMOTIONALIST

all, perhaps, until occasion should first seek her for him, in some encounter on the Ringstrasse. Such accidental meeting could be managed into probability. And if he had really come to Vienna more for Victoria than for this Marie Therese Costume Comedy Drama, then he could but assert his authority over himself by forcing Victoria to a secondary place in his immediate purpose.

He, therefore, got himself to work at an hour when he often idled, and endeavored to pack the thought of Victoria into seclusion until future airing. He tried to poise himself into ease and circumspection with the situation and its demands. It was all useless. His restlessness began sweeping a shimmer across printed lines of old vellum records—records which he had drawn from their archives at noon. The ancient script grated his nerves. The printed archaisms beat his eardrums to deafness.

His Hausfrau brought him his supper on a tray. She brought him cheese, ham, black Kümmelbread, and a large glass of Münchner—most satisfactory of all, in its power to induce the plethoric spirit: Aldrich's strength of character began to claim from him some indulgence in recognition of its worthiness. The proven triumph of the will not infrequently congratulates itself

THE EMOTIONALIST

at the crowing stage, and retires, voluntarily, to happy defeat. There was no reason, Aldrich said to himself, why he should not call on Miss Furman—no reason why he should not call to-day. Superfluities of will-power were steadily trickling, like thawing stalactites, into a single runnel of warm fancy. At his toilette he lapsed from the subjective side of the matter into an impersonal survey of Victoria's story, his thought thus browsing over an incalculated expenditure of time between his waistcoat and his necktie.

There could, of course, be but one end. He surrendered as soon as a fit hour of early night made surrender possible. The writer sent in his card on this first evening after his arrival in Vienna, to the singer at the American Pension Heincke.

A few moments later he trembled a little, much to his own disgust, at the lush heavy sound of her gown as she passed along the hallway. There was, furthermore, the commingle of her voice in some greeting with another boarder. Then she entered in a brodered turquoise blouse, above breadths of shadowy skirt. Being one whom certain incentives made a poet, he thought of a blue-bell swaying to light from thick dark grasses.

Personable and feminine for all her strength

THE EMOTIONALIST

of feature, there was the old swing, unaltered, in her stride toward him. Yet there was a change, he thought, and he felt that self-cumbersomeness which means a necessary quick alteration of standard. His preconceptions seemed to find themselves in the way, and to be sluggish in getting themselves off. Something, too, in the Valkyrie erectness of her head made him and his step forward insignificant.

Any halt to formalities was, for her, out of order, and she greeted him, right heartily, as if resuming the acquaintance where it had been interrupted fourteen months before—at the villa gate.

“Why didn’t you send us a telegram?” she said. “We might have taken you in here. The Pension is ‘full’ officially—but Frau Heincke’s a genius in the discovery of new corners.”

“I should have wanted a very dark one in that case,” he said. “Even as it is, I’ve lost little enough time. I arrived—late last night!”

“That’s the way. But why haven’t you written more?”

“When letters came from you I had no permission to answer them more than once,” he said. “You wrote two—in all.”

“Well,” she shifted, “anyhow, it’s good of you to look me up, particularly if I don’t deserve

THE EMOTIONALIST

it. Ah, me! you know, I never could claim to deserve much of anything."

"You never could claim to have to!" They laughed.

"I've been wanting to see you, and scold you," she said, "oh, ever so hard. What's all this the papers have said about your play being 'suggestive'? That isn't like you."

"Why should it be like me?" he replied.

"There is something in that," she reflected.

"You see," he reasoned, with light experimentation, "if a man doesn't get tugged beyond his own conventions, sometime or other, he stands a chance of rusting at anchor."

"Why—why"—her cordiality had the something well-nigh maternal he was always perplexed at arousing in all women. "That sounds as if our Archie were growing."

"Well—whatever it may be, 'our Archie' has often felt he needed to. Why, after all, shouldn't his chaste faculty have had this unpremeditated joy of one high kick!"

"But he dreamed of soaring—once—didn't he?"

"I'm glad you're willing to think it might have been."

"My—my!" she mused. "He's never done anything else. That's what alarms one."

THE EMOTIONALIST

He searched her expression. "You don't look different or older," he said, "but you *are*—many years."

"It might be mean to account for it by saying that all summer long I've been trying to soar with you. In short, I've been reading things you've written."

"There is no flaw in your proof," he replied. "You never would have done that in Blasewitz."

"I meant to, even there—indeed I did. But you were presented and I never thought of it again. Having the man himself around just killed his poems."

"Of course," said Aldrich. "No man can ever be around himself without ruining himself."

"Unless he's the best part of himself—that's what you mean, isn't it?" As of old she chose to look thoughtfully at words he had not quite meant. "For you know there are some men who contrive to be that—probably because they're not anything more."

"You made possible a double distinction—so I don't just follow, begging your pardon," he laughed.

"You don't follow? Of course you do. Turn it around. Haven't you known women whose visible presence was so much that it overshadowed whatever they did? And weren't they

usually women who did very little of anything?"

"And there are such men."

"There is one at least—right here in a garrison stationed in Vienna. And I see him often—and even like to."

Because it made Aldrich to a vague degree unhappy to hear this, and because he surmised already, he forbore to ask the identity of the man in question. At the same time he was sure Victoria, with her zest for making a clean breast of everything, had intended he should ask it.

"Perhaps it's a good thing to see him often," was the only reply he could think of, "if his value depends on his visibility."

"Most of them can't boast even that," she interrupted. "Yes—on the whole I believe it has been a good thing, under the circumstances."

He was kneaded by strokes of her personality. Experiencing, at moments like this, some sense of the flabbiness of dough under her hands, he as quickly knew some of the lightness, too, which more than compensated.

If in the succeeding conversation she featured one Ober-Leutnant beyond necessity (as though to inform Aldrich, without stint, of his veritability) she yet spoke of him with an indulgence which did not guarantee the adoption of a high

standard in measuring him. Aldrich thought it but just to recognize here the nascent artist, co-ordinate with the stoic. For her, no formal scale might be established at this period of her growth. More than any other must the stage-life open the eyes to elasticities, expansions, contractibilities. From even a circumspect standpoint, a woman like Victoria could but gain the rebound of personal instances: which was merely to say that she had opportunity for knowing that where human nature is concerned, the muddiest water-fall has yet a white and lively spray.

That universal attitude of this strangely contradictory profession was something Aldrich had brought with him from his recent closer approach to it in New York. He could not veto it for Victoria. But it consoled him, beyond calculation, to note how little, in some respects, her profession seemed making her over. And where it had made her over it had been for the better—to a degree he would not have dared prophesy on the Dresden Terasse, one Fourth of July.

The days and weeks following brought unnumbered opportunity for seeing her. At her own suggestion, he made an arrangement whereby he had his midday dinner at the American Pension Heincke. For a considerable interval he made a feint of retaining some stand at neutrality,

more as a question of self-discipline than from any faith in his power to subvert the issues. With what he deemed good effect, he enacted the keen, interested observer : and though his oncoming was now fated, his preliminary was the full latitude of trying to see her as she might be were he not there. But her presence saturated his fallowness. She was there, none the less : femininely rugged, overtowering his mental sensitiveness beyond the ken of either. She seemed to widen on his imagination in sinuous spirals, from day to day.

One of the things he most noted was the way her directness utilized, and openly, every little crudity, straight to adornment. Some of them became her well enough to soften, rather than intensify, the conditions surrounding them, and Aldrich could blend them into harmony with his own pride in whatever she did. The days of his fallowness were now numbered. During many noon waitings at the side door of the Operntheater, when he found himself among gentlemen of the ballet or scene-shift, he did not mind being stared at and smiled upon. The looking and the smiling conveyed : " We're in the joke—know all about it—you belong to the Furman." It well-nigh pleased him to see them thus sniffing intimacy in the relation. They might indeed misinterpret according to familiar precedents. The

especial contacts of such lives would probably guide them to their moral estimates. But there was a gusto of paraphrase in remembering that unto those knowing naught but evil nothing is evil. Here, this appeared to hit the average better than the familiar theory as to "the pure" to whom all things must look so alike.

Once only did he catch himself squirming slightly at sliding scales in himself. It happened when one morning Victoria issued around the little curled stage-stairs, unsuspectedly, in the midst of the usual waiting dozen, which included Aldrich. Over her shoulder, like an inept and pollenless Mephisto, bent the lyric tenor to whisper in her ear, but too audibly, as she descended: "Fräulein Amerika, so, so! Still does the home capital the military shoulder-padding outdo." Though Aldrich had long since learned minor laws of professional license, he could not be blunt to one significance in this chaffery. He was, to a degree, financially independent of his literature: was he, then, defined for her more in terms of his money than of his work?

Such a thought must make its slight recoil. But Victoria was upon him ere it stamped itself, and she gave him her hearty Servus, and inquired after his "Gesundheit."

"I can answer more cheerfully outside, where

THE EMOTIONALIST

these lyric tenors are not," replied Aldrich, inaudibly save for her.

They drifted out under the arches to the Ringstrasse. Out from the doors of cafés lining this thoroughfare filtered aromas. The sound from within was deadened through plates of heavy glass, huge blank windows, glazing and framing the iridescent pantomime inside. Hosts of wine-sippers, beer-bibbers, ice-tasters, all at leisure with Epicurus, Slavic and South-Teutonic physiognomies in swarth zigzag, sat motionless, or read or wrote in their seats, or recounted, or exclaimed. It was a complication of aimlessness, a part of which, at least, would fructify in symphonic poems, or colored statues with glass eyes, or verse for green and purple interlinings. The cafés of every continental city like Vienna are as phosphate for the rich soil of modern secessionistic tendency. Then, too, the wide promenade was a replenisher, drawing many toward it, as it had drawn Victoria and Aldrich, to deposit a percentage of them inside the plate-glass rectangles. Along the Ring moved groups of Jewish women, exaggeratedly moded, but on the whole less so than in certain portions of Fifth Avenue. Here, as elsewhere, complexion and features gave each other the lie, in women of bleached aquilinity. Women of portliness, much compressed (and or-

THE EMOTIONALIST

namented with a prominence to nullify such compression), led very beautiful dark-eyed children, like deep garnets, sending purity of color through thronged wrought brass.

"The eyes of these people make one dizzy," said Aldrich; "they have so much *see* in them. In comparison, our American eyes have merely a quantity of *look*."

"I can quote a case in point," said Victoria. "In fact—speak of angels! The case in point is upon us!"

The Ober-Leutnant von Zonsk passed them as she spoke, and bowed low.

Aldrich raised his voice to a palpable lightness.

"That is the man who is the best part of himself—have I guessed?"

The pause was an emphasis.

"You don't understand," she protested. "It's not he exactly. It's the thing he represents: a thing so pervasive hereabout, that he sometimes seems to embody it like an ideal. Take, for instance, his music. He is a soldier, by profession, and yet he plays his amateur violin with more telling conviction than I can put into my staple article of a voice."

"Haven't you yet learned how that comes about?"

"You mean——"

THE EMOTIONALIST

"Haven't you yet learned how there's nothing so difficult as to do a thing well, once you've begun to do it ideally? *That* is the lasting advantage of the dilettante over the genius."

Yet Victoria had set him squirming again. She tightened the undercurrent with a remark final to their present theme:

"Howsoe'er that may be, I can't help sometimes feeling that like you, with your play, I need some sort of break-loose initiative. I wish, sometimes, I might sing like that Herr Ober's fiddle-bow. He brings a big, exultant tone, unobstructedly—from his circulation."

"You've hit upon the secret of one conception of *Temperamént* at last," said Aldrich. "*Temperamént* may be defined as circulation."

This was but a casual eddy, and Aldrich had launched himself full-sail toward the purpose for which he now felt his whole life had but tended.

XXIV

SURRENDER AND TRIUMPH

As the days followed, Aldrich began to know himself as an embodiment, of a sort differing indeed from that of the Herr Ober-Leutnant, but related to it in the pros and cons of Victoria's measurements. He was, he could see, for her, an ambition, or even an aspiration: though his modesty would have vetoed, and she was responsible. This American Girl had been many years out of America, yet she was conjecturing a social weight he might command, in a country where she had first foreseen herself broadening her own standing.

He knew that no subsequence can quite efface those dreams which have reigned in a doll's-house, when any woman was a child. He might easily be for her a symbol and code from this first ideal, garnished with illusions from a later vanity, with a strong influence in reminiscent moods, weakening the emancipation she yet sought. He both lured and obstructed.

THE EMOTIONALIST

It was in the face of much, therefore, that his project lifted him bodily, with a sense of daring: he would try to marry, without direct or immediate interference in her work. There was the other side, too, in the outcome with his mother and sisters in New Hampshire. But, for misgivings, New Hampshire was a far target. He reckoned, not illogically, that having defied, by his play, as well as by his verse, some of it, his marriage with a singer could but further illuminate the family tree for its evening festivity. It was an old tree, after all. Upon it was sunset. Already the shadows were gathering. The situation took on a relish of rich lanterns hung beneath his elms. Its most vital flaw lay, after all, in the two forgiving brothers, and they were but as invisible specks in a scheme glowingly secessionistic.

One fortifying effect of something in Victoria's methods was everywhere in evidence. Every one in Vienna had the habit of referring to her as "good" ("anständig" was the word they used). Victoria had always too much realized that herself. How often had she declared, in no very round-about terms, how it disturbed her whether it were better to be good or not! And sometimes still she spoke of it.

"But how do you get around the facts in the

THE EMOTIONALIST

case?" she said one morning. They were curving their way in small steps through the longer route of the Volks Garten. "Take any of the good ones——"

"Are any of them good?"

"I don't refer to moral goodness. Quite the opposite. That's just the point. I mean, take any of the successful singers, say at the opera here—the ones that can tumble headlong into their parts, and astonish the whole auditorium into the keeping of the claque——"

"Well," he filled in her pause, "that's one dramatic ideal!"

"I can't make up my mind yet. What I do know is that the applause is very nice, and that my deep tones won't wring a great deal of it out of this public. The Frau Baronin used to say they were all right. I don't have to tug at my chest to get them, to be sure—but when they sound out they don't tug at anybody else's. What's the matter?"

"I think I catch the theory toward which you've always thought yourself drifting," said Aldrich. "It's tolerably old. It surmises that no good woman can possibly become great until she makes up her mind to reform."

"Now you're flippant again! It *is* very possible that no good woman ever gets as much

THE EMOTIONALIST

applause as she might get if she weren't so good."

He whisked down a leaf with his cane. "You have the floor," he suggested.

"I have the stage in 'Aïda' to-morrow night; then my point may be clearer. Last week, when I had that hoarseness, you saw the weather-beaten old second contralto do my part in this opera. You've not yet seen me. Wasn't she quite satisfactory? Did she do it badly?"

"Irrefutably so," Aldrich agreed. "The point's the same again. She's hardly good enough to do anything badly."

Whereat Victoria was undecided whether to keep on presenting her case honestly to her friend, or to cover the whole matter, evermore, with that wry smile he was so insistently obtruding into it. Had she not herself defined for him in the very beginning his temperamental respectability? And had he not been chosen, if fortuitously, as her American symbol? He was more. He was become the final bond unto the dreams behind her. Throughout its stretch, any life reproduces, from time to time, its vanished periods in instant flashes. At this moment, the pendulum of what she most desired for herself had swayed well toward what she knew Aldrich stood eager to place at her command.

THE EMOTIONALIST

“It’s just this,” she began; “I’m incompetent. My engagement here, as you know, was an accident, or, at most, a coincidence——”

“Are not most things one or the other?”

“Well, don’t interrupt, sir! I can sing well enough, sometimes, but there’s still the unattainable bigger half. Whenever I go through a part I can’t banish the general notion of a boarding-school girl doing a stunt—or when I can, the Direktor can’t——”

“No limit to individual conception!”

“If you do that again I may be angry! At the rehearsals he keeps dinning, forever, ‘let go! Furman—let go!’ And then he tells me not to lace the part, not to act on stilts, and so forth. But I can’t let go. And the lacing is tight, and the stilts pitchy, and I keep remembering that I must be intense, *temperaméntvoll*, first and foremost for these Germans *temperaméntvoll*, *temperaméntvoll*!”

Her voice had arisen to a serio-comic quaver of despair. “Ach Gott,” she said, “it’s because there are hovering angels from somewhere on the right side of me, where the devil, on the wrong, appears to deal in the particular magic for which I’ve been searching.”

“Will he offer fair compact? I refer to the devil.”

THE EMOTIONALIST

"Probably not. That was my original conclusion at least. But——"

"It's a false logic, a shallow reasoning." Aldrich was now earnest to the point of fanaticism. "It's not your own, moreover, though these philosophers of limelight and percussion instruments are doing their best to drum it into you. I'll admit that a tendency toward the Permanent Brimstone has been sometimes notable in women with fine artistic faculties, and that thereby they've sung a good Carmen. I'll even admit that there may be some psychic bond of sympathy between the devil and the talent that consummates his ends in private, while making them picturesque in public. But you can't artificially establish this connection. A naturally honest, limited woman, adopting the methods of an inherently lax though gifted woman, will likewise become lax"—he paused—"and more conspicuously lacking in gifts."

"In other words," said Victoria, "a woman can't act like a born actress, by simply behaving like one!"

"Sad enough—even though your 'born actress' may, sometimes, and particularly on the stage, behave very much like a woman who can't act."

Victoria had easily divined the undercurrent.

THE EMOTIONALIST

She caught all the piquantry of his mistrust. Implicit faith in a woman is not the final intensifier. The American Girl believed she knew her American well enough to divine how in a measure his infatuation for her was directly dependent upon his lack of confidence. Possibly she had never been more sincere than when, in all candor, she took the insincere attitudes which he might fathom, thereby growing more covetous of her actualities. Aldrich stood toward her in peculiarly clear relation of one who apprehended, yet whose apprehension, being of the reason pure and simple, had always been as naught before her magnetic appeal. Recognizing her primarily for what she was, infatuated secondarily by what the law of her nature could not avoid being, he yet strained against his susceptibility toward what she was not. Herein was Victoria amused and fortified. Out of her woman's deduction she framed a law unto Aldrich that he might at any time be defeated, confusing what he wished a thing to be with what he thought he ought to wish it to be.

These things she read with considerable accuracy. Where she did him injustice was in her failure to recognize his readiness for considerable sacrifice toward his convictions. A man's nature, itself, can't be said to be the whole of him.

THE EMOTIONALIST

Indeed, Aldrich represented a family in which for many generations it had been a minor part. It is precisely in this non-recognition that the invincible feminine may sometimes fail, where it unfailingly divines.

All issues were dropped when the two of them, passing out by one of the garden entrances, emerged upon the openness of foliage, light, and architecture, as though Vienna's Ring should brim embellishment upon the world, a foam upon the champagne of the humanity taking its path.

"This is one place, at least, where the Eternal Brimstone, if we must be misanthropic, takes on the hue of Blessed Redemption," said Aldrich, expanding his chest.

She was silent, but he felt her responsiveness.

"You like the life here, don't you?"

"I can't quite make up my mind."

Yet she lifted her head. Her step, suddenly springy, conveyed a sense of having bounded from rock to rock.

"You know I'm independent of my work," he said, reminded only for an instant of the lyric tenor, with his tell-tale designation. "If I might ever hope to be your helpmate, I believe I could add my little to the detail of your life, elaborated

THE EMOTIONALIST

as it is already. I might even try to give you a taste of another sort of success, should you tire of this sort. I should try hard."

Still she said nothing.

"You may live here and sing, though, if you like—as long as you like. We'll have the costumes for your rôles all especially designed and made wherever they best know how. It must hurt you to wear those makeshifts: the Binoka's old dress to-morrow evening, for instance, as Amneris. We could make you an 'integral part' of an indefinite sumptuousness. You'd like that?"

"To-morrow's costume has been cut down to me, and is not a bad fit. I'll be robing myself in tradition, exteriorly." Her smile flashed. "But I'll be violating every precedent when I marry you."

He felt proud, agitated, uncertain. Successfully had he anchored himself at his ultimate. For this had all things happened.

"With you for a husband, and your money, and your work, and your growing fame," she said, "I'll be properly disposed of at the final lap. The story can't be better rounded."

"Unless it be given me to round your happiness in the mold of a heart—my heart."

"I'm to keep on singing; but eventually I'll

THE EMOTIONALIST

do it so coldly that I'll stop of my own accord. Isn't it that way?"

He was a little startled. "Not exactly that. I think I've explained——"

"You're the dear, wise Archie!"

He thrilled unspeakably to the charm of her.

XXV

FROM THE STAGE DOOR, THROWN SUDDENLY WIDE

THAT Victoria, her engagement with Aldrich being perpetrated, should appear to settle herself to a disregard of it, was but characteristic. An established thing is liable to lose outline and segregation in the mind. Through its very familiarity it may suffer a species of extinction on the thought. Victoria had to admit that she found it difficult to feel very different from the way she had always felt. Disposed of at first lap, or not, there was still much to be worked out, and little to alter.

She sang her Amneris, however, more with the feeling that she was doing it especially for Aldrich, and, as usual, when it was over she felt the first fine satisfaction that she had been able to do it at all, succeeded a few hours later by the bitterness that she had not done it better. A word came from the Direktor expressing terse pleasure in the improvement noted, and more confidence in what he foresaw she would some day accom-

THE EMOTIONALIST

plish. As a piece of thoughtfulness, Victoria was touched by this, but the reservation sent a great sigh through a mood now becoming attuned to first details of triumph. They were details so early and uncertain. And remembering Aldrich, and Aldrich's standards, she wondered if she were not compromising destiny in a direct set at what destiny might be compelled to turn from in sheer boredom.

"I'm doing the commonplace, sensible thing," she thought. "There's no need of mounting—or is it descending?—into crimson glory, when you can find it substituted in a well-walled garden of cabbage roses."

The thought produced a sulkiness which she dismissed as unreasoning. She liked Aldrich. She was sincerely convinced that he held the passport toward the unquestionably higher side of everything. She could not permit herself to lose sight of that. Yet still she yearned, dimly, toward the thrill of pure tentativeness unbegotten by aught he had to offer. Still the old contest waged: the plainly desirable with the vaguely longed-for; the definite, without friction, with the potential, which——

"You'll merely have to call it respectability versus individuality"—she would interrupt herself, with determination to get the truth of this

THE EMOTIONALIST

side boldly enough to offset that of any other. "But I suppose there's no individual case in which individuality does not tempt."

To the self-suggestion, "individuality," there recurred always the type of the older contralto, who was also a soprano, (at a pinch), who often sang Victoria's Amneris and many of her other parts, and whom Vienna preferred. With her agile, fat body, and her huge wobbly voice, careless of all limitation, this secondary contralto, this Fräulein Frech, could express what to them was the symbolism of seventy chaotic instruments in the orchestra; that was why they preferred her. To Victoria, it was an argument inspiring in phases, if disagreeable in others. As its natural complement arose the perpetual military whiff from the standing place in the back of the parterre, where the officers were granted free access.

Aldrich said to her: "You are so evolved along your own lines—I constantly find myself repeating a formula: 'This woman accepts you as a new and difficult condition in her further progress'! I should like to justify your acceptance, dear——"

"Where is the doubt?" She perceived it in him.

"In New England, I suppose—in the keeping

THE EMOTIONALIST

of the dust once shaken over me from the generations."

"And you fear it's in your eyes. Now, don't you?"

"Not there; not that! But I can estimate your own fear, dear, for that voice of yours, should I unwittingly make you breathe too much of it."

"Oh, don't let that worry you," she reassured. "As long as I can stand it, you can, I guess."

"Yes," he replied. "I can do that."

She looked at him quizzingly.

"And yet," she said, "I wouldn't always swear to it! Well, anyway, let's be good and make up."

This was about as near as they could get to a lovers' quarrel; it seemed to him sometimes premonitory that they couldn't do better.

At the opera the Direktor had been so pleased with her last Amneris, that he announced a revival of "Orpheus und Eurydike," and bade Victoria be ready for immediate rehearsals. Aldrich was, of course, the first to hear of it, but the announcement was made by Victoria herself at the Pension dinner. "They're going to give 'Orpheus' at last," she told them. "And I'm to try it."

"You can't lose us," enthused Frau Heincke, standing guard behind Victoria's chair. "We Americans are people in the whole earth! Fräu-

lein Furman is the best Sängerin they've got at the opera, and they find it out."

The ensuing interested discussions among the boarders were in the end a unanimous decision to send a Dienstmann to the theater to purchase tickets for all the boarders, who would go in a body.

So Victoria sang the classic Orpheus, made over into tone by the almost equally classic Gluck: the greatest rôle she could, as mere contralto, ever hope to sing. Long before coming to Vienna she had been drilled in the part, thoroughly, even exaggeratedly, by the worn, forceful, tyrannical, hysterical woman in Dresden, to whom she owed every syllable of her artistic training, as she owed what inner breath might be in her dramatic intuition: the woman whose price had not been in gold, but in perfect liberty to insult and extol, belittle and magnify, by turns. Victoria had wielded her own weapon, however, with covert security, when the fact got beyond the first stage of her astonishment. She had been able to avenge herself at any time by merely letting her interest lag. She had learned to mean to succeed, without meaning that the Frau Baronin should be too invariably sure she meant to. The attitude had kept the balance adjusted. It had kept the Frau Baronin under sanitary restraint. The

THE EMOTIONALIST

one time the Frau Baronin had been thoroughly frightened was when the American Girl had threatened to go back home.

There was no such consolation now, for she had shouldered the burden of her own proof. Victoria longed to be able to regard this opportunity of singing Orpheus as the termination of her first epoch, and the initiation of her second. The part arose to a flood of song on her imagination the morning of the day set for the performance, and grew apace toward noon. She actually longed for her toga, and the opening minors, and the pendulum swing of the baton urging them to her wail above the funeral urn. Then, as evening drew nearer, courage gasped for breath, and went out completely, in a heavy cinder-heap of personalism and mistrust. She was all at once weighted to earth, with herself; with old, odd traditions of incompetence in herself. It seemed incredible to her that she could know just what to do, just how to do it, just when to come in.

She didn't, she decided—the cold sweat starting from her forehead. It was all an illusion, too. Those things all came from magic realms to which she was a parvenu, if not an outsider. She was Victoria Furman, of the Utica foremost church choir. Her brothers were of the type to

THE EMOTIONALIST

contentedly sing Gospel hymns in tonic, dominant, and subdominant chords without modulations, by the hour, each Sunday. They enjoyed it. She herself had enjoyed it. And now she was expecting of herself some conception of a nebulous quiver, vibrating down from the heart of the childhood of man, into the new youth of art—the lute of Orpheus, divinely attuned at length after ages of experimentation, during which the world had sought his heritage. Her whole career soured on her fancy and jested at itself.

Under such conditions, any sort of inspired rendering was out of the question. She could only resolutely force her mood as much as possible from her mind, try to keep intact her belabored thinking faculty, and make the best of a bad matter. Her nationality mocked her again, in echoed upbraidings from the vocal-lessons days. “If I were from Italy, or Poland, or Hungary, or Russia,” she thought, “this particular kind of misgiving would be impossible. This isn’t artistic nervousness. It is what the old Lubke used to be always calling it. It is a rabid and malignant form of American horse-sense—only that—nothing else!”

But Victoria had overdiscounted her ability to identify the music of Gluck. What she must sing was all uncontaminate and grammatical. In

THE EMOTIONALIST

her interpretations of Orpheus, a discriminate listener would think he perceived true calculations, in the spirit of oratorio, intelligent, majestic. As always were her phrases rounded. As ever, her tones poured calmly, widely out, with big bulks seemingly left in the sources from which they had come.

Aldrich had even more than his ordinary enthusiasm, and did his best toward swelling a casual applause which clattered down from high beneath the roof and grew shapeless in the space between. When with the Eurydike of the performance she came before the curtain, he moved into the aisle, and she caught his eye, thus enabling him to appropriate her nod. The smile, across the lights, gave permeate warmth to the figure-woman, in the guise of a demi-god, until now intangible, with boundlessness between.

Later at the stage door he found the Ober-Leutnant von Zonsk, with whom Victoria had found opportunity for making him acquainted soon after the first encounter on the Ring. The officer's long mantle wrinkled about him, diagonally, in the November wind. Within it he was quiet. As Aldrich observed him, he felt a greater sense of the weight of the man than hitherto. The force of this Austrian was, after all, military and disciplined, and Hungarian ancestral vein-

THE EMOTIONALIST

ings were ballasted. Lacking Victoria's alleviation, Aldrich felt inched and counter-numbered.

"You also await?"

"The issue of victory—*ja*," replied the officer.

"Appropriate to your calling. But her performance may be reckoned a triumph inasmuch as she didn't offend."

The elision sank.

Unforewarned, the Ober-Leutnant shook himself upward, for a greater loquaciousness. "But you Americans are all too conscientious," he observed. "No one can be dramatic and be conscientious."

"It's a dull old world," Aldrich admitted.

Beamwise borne on the light from the stage-door, thrown suddenly open, Victoria's chiffon and fur and magenta, interrupted. Her mouth was tightly wound about with a lace scarf. She beckoned to them both radiantly, ere hurrying across the pavement to her carriage.

"Get in, both of you," she said. "This drive home will give you leisure to tell me all I want to know about it, before the general competition at the boarding-house—bless their hearts!"

The light in the droschky was a mere glimmer from the Ring outside, but Aldrich thought she looked toward the Ober-Leutnant, as though his were the opinion she had waited for.

THE EMOTIONALIST

"Ja," shrugged the officer, "Orpheus was a little frightened!"

"What did you expect of him in Hades?" Victoria pouted.

"My view is grossly dilettanteish," said Aldrich. "I couldn't perceive that you were frightened and I thought you magnificent."

"Thank you, boy. That is good of you." She grasped his hand from under her cloak in the dark of the carriage.

"*Ei, ja,*" agreed the Ober-Leutnant, tardily. "It is all coming. It begins to be almost—already."

"Oh," cried Victoria, with sudden intensity of interest. "*Does it? Do you really mean it?*"

"You can be very great one time," said the Ober-Leutnant. "But first you will tire of being frightened."

"'Tire of being frightened!'" quoted Victoria, inspecting the phrase. "'Tire of being frightened!'"—that's a new light. I've put it in a thousand ways to myself, but never in that one." She sighed deeply. Once or twice before, as they talked, she had sighed.

Aldrich had learned this sigh, now. It came, as he had to recognize, from some place in realization where genuine things lie lurking.

THE EMOTIONALIST

Back upon him with a sharp pang came his introspection. He was loving Victoria with an enigmatical love that denied, to falseness, his critical faculty in testimony to something that faculty was missing. Could he be loving in her the very thing his influence might bind more closely into naught? He had fancied his faith was in Victoria as an unconsciously ideal artist, elevated by the pure mentation of her talent above the promiscuous public, which, whatever else it might require, surely exacted *sensation*—would as surely exact *sensation* forever. It was the influence of this faith that had made easy his agreement that she should remain in opera; and she had pointed out, not without divination, that he had done so hopefully, foreseeing her eventual conviction of a wrongly chosen path.

He had, in short, wished her for a wife, on an unconfessed prediction of ultimate entire possession for him, through failure for her.

Yet within her was the call which he had a growing sense of stifling: a longing toward a wider ethical and emotional freedom. A fear of what he might be doing smote him with abrupt keenness. Justice, chivalry, a sense of fair play, seemed involved. If it should in this case transpire to be Pallas, in little golden flames, and not merely a woman in danger of burning! How

THE EMOTIONALIST

more than absurd, then, how criminally destructive, must be his hair-cloth blanket, woven in the looms of New England.

Away with such indecisions! Away with this miserable analysis forever plunging out in the dusk of thought on bat-wings of too ready emotionalism. Must the chance and incipient hurt—vague loneliness, vague jealousy—forever return upon him, magnified to a torturing goad in a hundred syllogisms, or metaphors, or symbolisms? Must he be forever as an exposed battery, catching every unwired ray? Here he, too, was falling into mental cadence with a murmur from the cafés on the Ring: the philosophy which men made for the quieting of conscience in the presence of their mistresses, the sophism of “liberty” which they coined to the justification of sleep-squandered sunlight, and cigarette fumes, and absinthe, and wanton hours.

XXVI

SURRENDER ONCE AGAIN, AND SACRIFICE

THE American guests assembled in the dining-room of the Pension Heincke raised a cheer upon Victoria's appearance, following her performance of Orpheus, which they had all witnessed. Frau Heincke sought no curb for her enthusiasms, and was literally vociferous, upon Victoria's neck.

"You're so kind, all of you," Victoria said, gently extricating from muscular arms, and resting her weight with both hands on one end of the table, as she bent facing the company. "Your applause helped me more than I can say, over at the theater—here it—it quite overcomes me—because—I can never feel I deserve it at all. I do thank you—and—I do hope I'll come nearer being worth it some time."

"What a dear!" murmured somebody from far in the background, but with penetrating conviction.

"And you just wait a year," cried a young physician from Oregon. "You've just begun. But you're great already—don't forget that."

THE EMOTIONALIST

"I thought you were simply glorious as Ameris week before last," ventured a piano student, blonde and fragile, her face heavy with ceaseless keyboard drudging. "You've something about you so strong, so repressed."

"That's the terrible part of it," cried Victoria. "It *looks* like repression, but it isn't. It's what I *haven't*—not what I'm holding back. They're like sunrise and sunset, you know—they look alike until you know the direction, or until you notice there's no dew, or no birds singing."

They were now all seated and neglecting the prepared refreshment, eagerly hanging upon her words.

"You'd suit fine for Wagner's operas," announced a candidate for Ph.D., whose Alma Mater (the Methodist University of Palingtown) had given him the confidence of his authority. He pronounced the composer's name with an American *a*, richly flat and drawn. Aldrich winced.

For the entire remainder of the evening no one spoke of anything that did not pertain, either directly or indirectly, to the countrywoman who had distinguished herself: Victoria Furman. Such is the comely outline of success even in its initial stages. Each woman in the Pension had long since acquired the habit of regarding her

THE EMOTIONALIST

as an especially intimate friend; or, at all events, they would speak of her as such when they returned to America. One or two assured her how grand it was to find a true woman, ready to exert a purifying influence in a profession that so needed it.

After all the others had departed, Aldrich and the Ober-Leutnant still sat with Victoria at the depleted supper board. A maid was removing the dishes between rubbings at her eyes.

"In the Pension is a true imported atmosphere," said Victoria, sitting lazily back in her chair, and drawing circles on the table-cover.

"Fräulein, Fräulein!"

The Ober-Leutnant's voice had a strange note, well-nigh reproach, or it might be, pleading. His attitude brought to the front a recklessness which might now be seen to defy odds. Aldrich noted how his hand took an unconscious grope out on the table in the direction of Miss Furman's elbow, and was spotted, white and red. His dog-brown eyes lurked their alert sleepy twinkle to an exceptional degree.

"You're tired, Victoria—you must be," said Aldrich. He was pleading, too. He was seeing so clearly.

"I must be, of course," chimed Victoria, in audible petulance. She, too, was reckless, and

THE EMOTIONALIST

weary, and disappointed. She was hardly aware of Aldrich's presence.

The Ober-Leutnant spoke with assumption, which recked of naught:

"An artiste cannot treasure conscience just as do all the others. She must reconstruct it after especial laws."

Victoria acquiesced. She thought there was a great deal in this; that matters of duty, and ideal, with one who took it upon herself to interpret emotion for ordinary folk, must differ from those of ordinary folk. She argued her point, vindictively, almost fiercely.

Her conversations with the Ober-Leutnant being conducted exclusively in German, Aldrich was disinclined toward any extensive share in them. He knew the language well enough, but was not a virtuoso in it. It chafed him to have to feel duller than he actually was, through an obstruction of rhetoric.

Moreover, when the Ober-Leutnant talked at all, he did so with a certain effect of neat brevity, turning the heavy Teuton polysyllable into light tongue-points. The moments sparkled with Victoria's conversational abandon under his influence. At him, singly, she sprang her small themes in showers.

Aldrich felt himself flaccidly spooking their

THE EMOTIONALIST

confluence. This quality he had sometimes sniffed at—this “circulation” as he had defined it: a lustier tang of virility was there where the nature took itself positively, without elaboration or synthesis. He was weaker, to the moment, with the ache of formless suggestion. Yet through his hurt he could trace a flush of fuller power on the girl’s lips—this man beside her in dominance.

“She is right.” The conviction reached him with final penetrance. “She will both sing and act some day—some day, when she has paid the costs.”

The officer took his leave at last, in plain perfunctory recognition of Aldrich’s prior right. Then Victoria, as was her wont, extended both hands to the other man, but very, very wearily.

“Now kiss me, and go, too,” she said.

“Yes, yes,” he assented. “There seems nothing else to be done.”

But he kissed her with timid lightness. This greeting had never seemed quite his right. In it, perhaps more than in aught else to-night, he recognized his foreordained casualness with her fate: the wildness of the dream he had, first, so long refused to acknowledge as a dream, and then so long, so self-surrenderingly, refused to see as but a dream.

THE EMOTIONALIST

“Victor-*chen*, Victor-*chen*,” he said. “These dry drops! You are for a tropic rain.”

“No, no, don’t say that,” she protested, but languorously; “it isn’t fair to either of us.”

Below stairs a sleepy, half-clad Hausmann received the ten-kreuzer fine and unlocked the outer door. Aldrich plunged into the night. The wind on the street was strong. Intermittent about the lamps were hung rolling curtains of dust. It was cold. He drew the chill huskily into his lungs. Something stung his perceptiveness, forth and again, with a clear shrill note which pierced like anguish, as he caught it.

Once again, for him as for another, whose face arose before him against a sunset, everything pointed a one and only way. Fate would confer a kindness to the reason when in obverse aspects she twice presents her lesson. In equal degree his part in it was parallel, and culminate and clear. He felt its decision and met it laboringly.

He tried to view the situation in as many different lights as possible, not to nurse his misery, but the rather to attain the universality of it. In this way he sought to numb himself after an old habit.

“I suffer,” he reasoned. “There is nothing to be done about it. Until it exhausts itself by processes of nature in a quarter-hour, in a half-

THE EMOTIONALIST

hour, in a half-day, this suffering must continue. Nothing I can do can aid or alter it. I am confronted with one insignificance, or many, one triviality, or many, which reminds me of the particular self, appointed me by the law of things, whatever it may be—and my being revolts irresistibly, uncontrollably, leaving in a result the one immutable, unalterable fact, that *I suffer*. There is for the moment no thought to aid me, no scheme devised, or desirable, to help me, no possible cessation save through the natural law of change—that quasi-mutation of time which produces another *I*, to supplant this down-dragging thing—this *I*, of this helpless moment. I suffer, I might just as well face it—and wait.”

Reaction devitalized him next morning, as expected, to the mere aversion of self. His position of the past few weeks produced in him a more nauseate sense of artificiality than had either of the three books which he had successively written and as successively grown beyond.

It may be possible that in certain taut natures, every thrill recoils back to distended conceptions of sincerity. The cloister cry of the monk redoubles upon him after his garden dream under the Heavens.

Aldrich wrote the letter he felt he must write, and he wrote it without hesitation.

THE EMOTIONALIST

VICTORIA, DEAR: Your destiny is far worthier of you than I. I think I have somehow known this all along without being aware that I knew. And I have also known, as you have known, that in me lies not the influence of its nurturing. You wish still, as you have always wished, to find your own way into it, dauntlessly. It is for me to make outward recognition of the wish before you are compelled to. If by any possibility I might be even a little wrong—but I would not unwarrantedly cherish a hope false to the greatness I await of you, confidently, and which I shall share with the world as a recompense.

Faithfully,

ARCHIBALD ALDRICH.

He waited twenty-four hours beyond the time for his letter's delivery, in the undefined hope to which he had alluded. Then perceiving the acceptance and agreement of her silence, he left Vienna without an unnecessary good-by.

XXVII

FINALE: WALKÜREN CALLS AND THE ALL-SURMOUNTING SKY

THERE was, however, a kind of dignity given to Aldrich's unwillingness to filch an affair from Providence. It lay in the diminution of years succeeding. Their impetus seemed altered; though their activities only increased proportionately. Non-committal years, three of them, they glide into the proportions of nonchalance with circumstance as Aldrich traversed it, looking little to right or left, because there appeared to be little to see. Through the episode he became more the poet, in some ways, that he was eternally more the humanitarian, and, in trite consequence, more the humorist, with some power of eliminating emotional stress where it could but encumber.

PASSING of necessity, and inattentively, through this trio of years succeeding his departure from Vienna, the rounding point arises when he is found returning again. He reappears, as he disappeared, save for the filling of the police certifi-

THE EMOTIONALIST

cate presented to him at his hotel, as to every stranger; and whereon he wrote:

(Name)	Archibald Churchill Aldrich
(Occupation)	Private citizen
(Religion)	Protestant
(Last residence)	New York City

Following the Dienstmann who carried his traps to his room in the Hotel Monopol, he peered from the hall window out upon Vienna's Ring. He had watched every degree of its rounding, up from the station. This street was the essence, the over-soul, of the newer city. Through it he was feeling his way to the graces of the place: just as when he visted Paris he always walked down the Avenue de l'Opéra, as a first process of incarnation, or, in London, traced it out z-shaped and in sequence, up Oxford Street, down Regent Street, and into Piccadilly.

Sidewise through the Monopol window Aldrich saw, at peering, the Opera House, diagonally across, a mere square further up. It was, as formerly, a dun-hued stolidity of arches. It looked more a temple for Beethoven than for a ballet, though its allegoric dances at mid-season filled two or three evenings each week; more for the monotonous than the secessionistic, though it led the opera of German-speaking Europe in a tendency toward the modern French or the modern

THE EMOTIONALIST

Italian school; more for reflection than for romance, though its scandals were an important source of Vienna's supply of small-talk.

No sooner did Aldrich feel brushed and glossened than he walked out, making immediately for one of those announcement-bills fastened in wire cages to each wing of the opera building. He could have secured a newspaper at his hotel, and examined the evening offering there. But he wished to see this programme in this place. Tacked in this manner to its own walls, it had an official relish and significance. Its list of names seemed, here more than elsewhere, a roll of honor—a signet of attainment.

From the announcement he absorbed, not quite impassively, the information he was seeking. The evening song-drama was "Walküre." In the vertical row, enumerating the warrior maidens, he read once, and then again, and then repeatedly, still unable to reassure himself, while positive there could be no error:

Brünnhilde Frl. Furman

This line, with its connecting dots, began to dance before his eyes; to multiply; to enlarge, and fill the wall until it seemed trumpeted into the streets: Brünnhilde—Frl. Furman, Brünnhilde—Frl. Furman, Brünnhilde—Frl. Furman!

The rôle of Brünnhilde culminated every dramatic difficulty. Here, at this opera, was a Kapellmeister, perhaps the mightiest in the world; one who had been with the composer, note for note, as he had gotten this titanic creation to paper; one who was prohibitively intolerant of the slightest defection from what the master had exacted of it. And here under this Kapellmeister's direction, Victoria was singing it!

Not for nothing, then, had Aldrich yielded her, when yielding her had seemed like yielding himself into nothingness. As he had compelled himself, against himself, to see it might be, so was it ordained that it must be, to the glory of that universalism which was better than self. All was well, surely!

She had sung so little outside Vienna, that he had only been able to follow her career in fragments through the press. Once he had seen her engagement with a Fürst announced, and denied immediately as apocryphal and without the slightest foundation. Once he had read of her singing the Erda and Fricka rôles at Bayreuth—mere mention, without comment. Brünnhilde was evidently local as yet. He could well understand that. She was one among all women to let her wings get slowly and securely strong.

He secured, for the evening, one of those more

expensive seats which are, as a rule, easy to obtain. Youth—and enthusiasm sometimes outlasting youth—buy the Cassa dry of cheaper places within an hour after the commencement of the sale. They crowd about the entries and line the highest galleries, thickening into places where nothing can be seen, where the sound of the orchestra itself penetrates only in thin rivulets, between human interlinings. They bring the appetite and unto them is the richness of the nectar. But Aldrich did not envy them, despite the fact that his seat was choice, and hence, by rational supposition, something he'd gotten beyond. His delight in the wizard of Bayreuth surmounted the circumstance of a five-gulden seat, paid unmisgivingly.

When the weaving of melodic threads began to steal out under the outstretched palm of the Kapellmeister, Aldrich refused to be wound. He chose rather to watch the pattern: careful diletante that he was. The love of Siegmund and Sieglinde, wefted in instrumentation, sighing through strings and reedy tubes, he could watch enharmonically, melting, reshaping, in new forms, ceaselessly. Even so, the thought arose, he had watched carvings of clouds in his own higher sky, until they had become a mere mechanical arrangement of winds. Even so, perhaps,

THE EMOTIONALIST

had he failed to reflect the higher warmth of a fuller love.

Such musings were now distracting closer attention. The weaving color drew in and out, around, near and far. The gradual overcoming of voluntary senses was a process not like that of sleep, nor of hypnotism: it seemed, rather, a higher alertness.

Recurrent in a thousand shifts of light the theme of longing coiled, incessant, undulating, knotting its divine entanglement. He gave it possession without further seeking to trace the way. His eyes were opened, too, as he felt an outgoing of something permeate, satisfactory, needing neither account nor explanation. He was undergoing a symbol of the unbound love. So could he love—now—at such a moment.

The ascent was sheer to madness, with the torrent of spring. Poets and dreamers had called such moments, living! Forces of the universe sagged to the durance of one gigantic thrill!

Strange the awakening for him
the woman whose calling awaited a love like that. . . .

But the music thundered to the climax of its unrestrained passion. The curtain fell; the throes stilled on a single shudder from all the instruments.

Up shot the yellow glare that marked shadow or wrinkle on every face he might scan with his opera-glass—an awakening from an awakening. And they smiled, all of them, or else they dreamed. Shadow and wrinkle had been forgotten.

The next act would bring forward Brünnhilde. Aldrich conjectured the moments of the waiting into the mood of the woman who was to sing. Expectation enveloped time, athrob to all the energies of the years concentrated in the attention of these passing instants. He had yielded, and waited. She had gained the mastery she had sought, otherwise the rôle had surely never been allotted to her. She had won the knowing, whereby a soul ascends to zenith having seen the changes of the all-surmounting sky, from light shade to dark shade. What imaginative essence from things undergone would pass into the exhilaration of her Walküren's eagle call? Like a refrain, on every separate wonderment, crossed the words evoking *Götterdämmerung* in his fancy:

Das ein Weib wissend ward.

And he saw the world-wide flare of Brünnhilde's torch arise from the bonfire of her yielded selves. He heard her voice resound in song, as the Gods themselves surrendered unto twilight.

Das ein Weib wissend ward.

THE EMOTIONALIST

A ring, too, had been tossed back.

Pale, chanting Rhine-daughters, who held it: fit guardians of a cold gleam stolen from the depth of a heritage!

There sprang the cry of war and wings from the conductor's baton. The curtain arose, revealing Brünnhilde, with her javelin, on the painted cliff. Aldrich leaned strainingly forward. An inattentive female listener next to him grew nervous, noting his pallor, which, in the semi-darkness of the auditorium, was ghastly. She remembered that there were said to be men who grew hysterical, even unmanageable, under the spell of enharmonics from the Nibelung.

Aldrich gazed long and intently, to completely satisfy himself there could be no mistake. Finally he sank back in his seat.

The Brünnhilde before him was surely not Victoria at all. It was another.

Having settled this point, once and for all, he took his neglected opera-glass, and scanned the impetuous, pudgy figure on the painted cliff, leisurely.

No, it was not Victoria. But it was Victoria's old-time substitute, the secondary contralto, ancient standby and makeshift of the Vienna opera, for every conceivable rôle; without whose variegated talent things might often have gone badly

THE EMOTIONALIST

enough. Fräulein Frech had indeed become as a ready oil for troubled waters of epidemic indispositions among the leading singers.

Aldrich caught everywhere about him the murmur: "Wieder abgesaget"—"called-off again." After which the public settled itself to the inevitable, and gave the Frech its undivided attention.

When the act was over, Aldrich walked out into the foyer. He found the official blank, filled in with writing, as usual in such cases, hanging on the wall. It announced that the rôle of Brünnhilde, owing to a necessary Verurlaubung of Frl. Furman, would be sung by Frl. Frech.

Aldrich stood before the piece of framed cardboard. Others paused to read it, from time to time, and a group of officers stationed themselves near it.

"The Furman has the reins *a' bissel*," said one.

"She is wise," commented another. "She has sung too much *sopran* of late."

"No more Isolde for her." An officer shrugged his shoulders.

"Divine fire and American oil! She but escapes in time."

"And a contralto-Isolde! Nonsense!"

"They would let her do it again," said the first speaker, "and will try it for her great farewell next month. Until then she will rest——"

THE EMOTIONALIST

“ In Baden. I have heard already : she left to-night.”

“ The Direktion will not let her off,” explained another, with an air of inside information. “ But she goes, anyway. She says she is tired, and the rehearsal yesterday has shown her she cannot sing, and if the Direktion will not let her go, she will leave without her farewell.”

“ The Direktion cannot afford that they lose her farewell.”

“ No matter whatever. Our undying Frech grows more lovely as she grows more plump. She will always sing for us—her Brünnhilde—or her Isolde—or her Santuzza.”

“ Associations hallow our Frech-lein ! ”

“ Have you heard how the Sammarone stubbed her toe? Because it was so awkward she will commit suicide——”

They moved away, carrying with them their Viennese raillery and speech, thick with liquids. All they had said had increased mystification for Aldrich, and a great fear of the possible meaning of part of it griped him until he threw it off by main power. Whatever he must hear or learn, his own episode was past. His three years' schooling must not avail him as nothing.

A penetrant, excited voice spoke in partial English at his elbow :

“Herr Gott, *sure!* I knew, from the back, already. It is the Herr Doktor—the Herr Aldrich.”

He turned to face and greet an old acquaintance: the Frau Heincke, in regalia attire of black lace and spangles, with lace mantilla over her hair, and a general manner of disappointed festivity. She was accompanied by one of her housemaids, in droopily garnished alpaca.

“Ach,” she said, “is it not shame! It is sin! Fräulein Furman has promised us the tickets for ‘Walküre’ already three weeks, and now she don’t sing. I was all dressed to come, when I hear she has gone to Baden.”

“Is her home still with you?”

Aldrich could not have explained why, but, hoping against hope, he awaited some affirmative.

“Ach, no, no,” sighed the good Hausfrau. “It was long ago not *privát* enough. She must work and study so much. She went to live at the home of the Frau Widow Brunheim—the Herr Aldrich has surely heard of her—she was, one-time, a great dramatic singer here, and afterward the wife of the composer, who died the year the Herr Aldrich left Vienna, and——”

The Frau Heincke cut herself short with an anxiety of having referred to what she perhaps should not.

"Yes, yes, I remember," said Aldrich. "But what is all this I hear of a farewell?"

"*Jésus Maria*," cried the astonished woman, "and you have not heard of that! You, in your America, where they hear of everything!"

Aldrich filled in the gap of Frau Heincke's catching new breath from her astonishment, by explaining that, in especially arranged cases, things might be kept as exaggeratedly still sometimes, as they were flagrantly heralded at others.

"Ach, yes—I forget it has been *a' bissel privat*. But she will marry a rich man from New York who has sold the oil. You know how rich they get in New York when they sell the oil. Gott, Gott—it is a great pity for Wien. We will lose her. She will live in New York, certain."

The bell announcing the last act jangled loudly through the foyer, in the corridors, on the marble stairways, echoing in all the entrances above and below. As not infrequently with Wagnerian drama, the wait had been unusually long.

"But it was all a romance—and beautiful, fine," rhapsodized the Hausfrau, as they turned toward the doors of the parterre. "All a beautiful, lovely romance! The man she will marry had once pay all the expense, that she must study, and before he know sure she is worthy. She sings only a year before she send the money he

paid, all back. He have paid much money, for many talented Mädchen to study before; but no Mädchen had ever sent the money back, and so when they meet they love at sight. Auf wiedersehen! Come to the Pension, and see the old room where Fräulein spent so many hours. I have hate ever to rent it—and would not, if I mustn't."

In the darkness of the lowered lights, inside, the Hausfrau and her impalpable maid-servant turned into their own aisle, leaving Aldrich to half-grope his way to his. Out of the vacancy, mercifully concealed on his countenance, there unraveled a skein of philosophy, shooting down from his contracted eyelids to the corners of his mouth. His face tightened into a complete smile—more, an abandoned grinning from eyebrow to chin. He felt hysterical laughter within him to a degree requiring yet further control—control wrenching his very vitals to the soul of him.

But it would be his last struggle in that sort; and even as he writhed he knew it; and, knowing it, was granted accession of strength for it.

"Since I yielded her to Art," he muttered, speechlessly to his thought, "I've written another book, which some call good, and another successful play, which most call bad. That's about

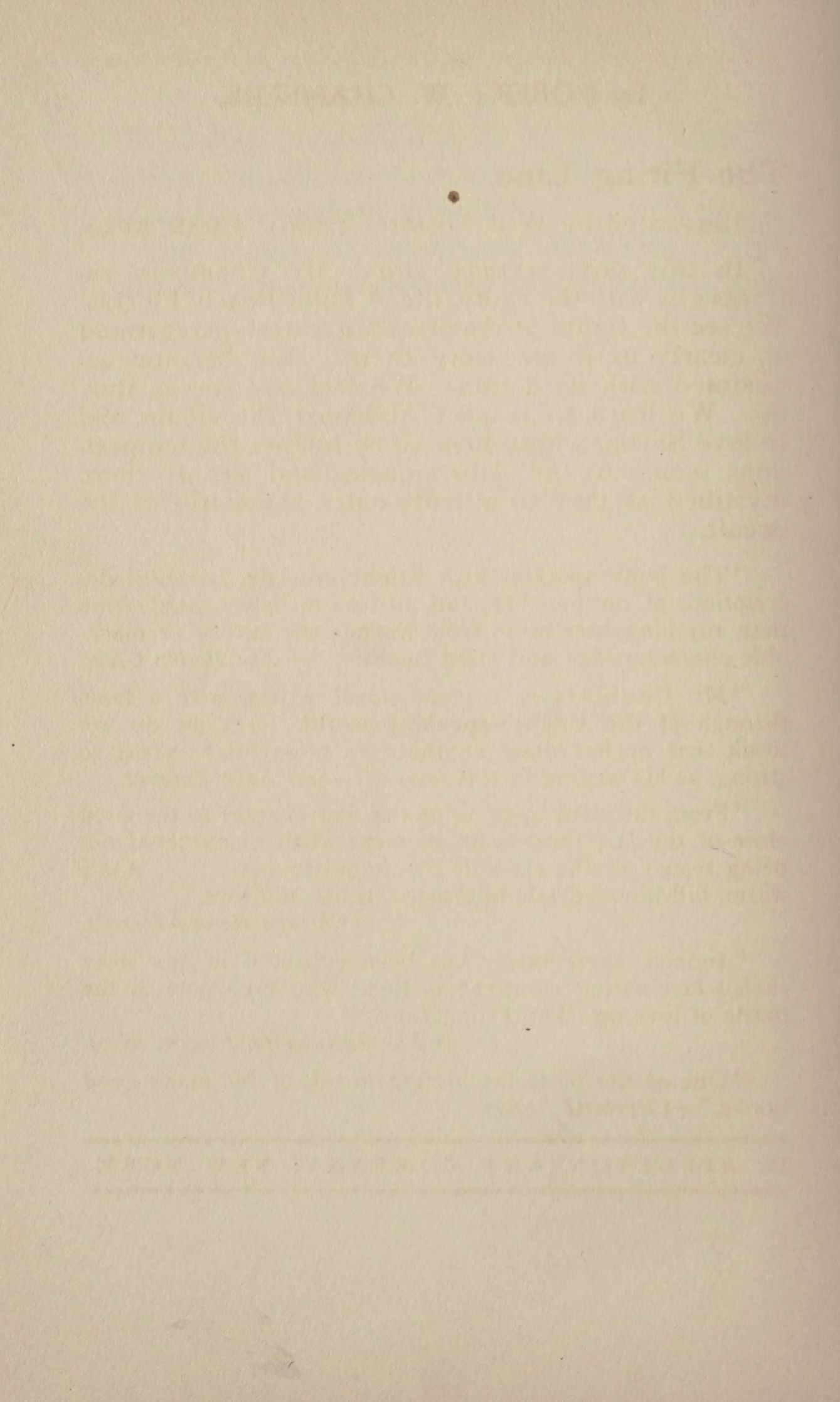
THE EMOTIONALIST

all. I stood comfortably at the lower stile. Jack Gorman sells oil, and the road to his Fifth Avenue palace has been climbing work."

The hilarity of cloud-borne Walküren tangled his further speculation in prickly chromatics.

(1)

THE END



By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.

The Firing Line.

Illustrated by Will Foster. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

In this rare, strange story, Mr. Chambers entrances us with the exotic life of Palm Beach, Florida. We see the lights at America's greatest playground as clearly as if we were there. We become acquainted with its actors. We feel and see as they do. We learn to respect Malcourt, the villain, and to love Shiela, whose love story follows the tempestuous scenes to the Adirondacks, and we are there mystified as they so weirdly enter the world of the occult.

"The book sparkles with bright comedy, beautiful descriptions of outdoor life, and mirrors to better satisfaction than anything heretofore from his pen the author's remarkable characteristics and good qualities."—*The Boston Globe*.

"Mr. Chambers is a great novel writer, with a fame throughout the English-speaking world. Yet we do not think that he has done anything so powerful, so vivid, so strong, as his writing in this novel."—*Salt Lake Tribune*.

"From the vivid opening of the first chapter to the vivid close of the last there is no moment when character is not being tested in the crucible of circumstances . . . it is a warm, full-blooded tale of American life and love."

—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"Indeed, there rarely has been collected in any story such a fascinating company as these who take part in the battle of love on 'The Firing Line.'"

—*The Transcript, Boston, Mass.*

"One of the most fascinating novels of his many good books."—*Cleveland Leader*.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

AN UNUSUAL NOVEL.

Old Wives for New.

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS. 12mo. Cloth,
\$1.50.

The title of Mr. Phillips' new novel is a daring one. The story itself is just as daring, but nevertheless it rings true. It is a frank and faithful picture of married life as it exists to-day among the prosperous classes of this country. It is the story of a young couple who loved as others do, but whose love turns to indifference, and Mr. Phillips shows us why their married life was a failure.

"Things about women which have never seen the light of day before."—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

"Comes near being a second Balzac."

—*Los Angeles Times.*

"One of the most thoroughly interesting books that has been written in many a long month."

—*St. Louis Republic.*

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

AN EXTRAORDINARY BOOK.

The Unofficial Letters of an Official's Wife.

By EDITH MOSES. 12mo. Cloth, gilt top, \$1.50 net.

This is a volume of actual letters which Mrs. Moses, the wife of Professor Moses, wrote from the Philippines to her relatives here in the United States. Professor Moses, who is connected with the University of California, was one of the five members of the first commission, of which Secretary Taft was the head, sent out by the U. S. Government to organize the government of the Philippine Islands. The members of this commission were practically the first important Americans to go to the Philippines in a peaceful and a civil capacity. Mrs. Moses, therefore, saw the social, political, and home life in Manila as well as in the provinces and the different islands before American civilization had entered there to any extent. Her letters, while descriptive, have a very definite connection one with the other. They describe the arrival at the Philippines, the beginning of life there, housekeeping, the seemingly strange methods of daily life, servant problems, and so on, in Manila. Nothing like these letters has appeared in regard to the Philippine Islands at any time. It should be borne in mind, furthermore, that these letters are not in any way technical or having to do with the organization of the Philippine government. They are, as the title suggests, quite "unofficial" letters of a lady who, because of her connection with official circles, saw many things which an ordinary traveler never could see.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FIGHTING CHANCE."

The Younger Set.

A Novel by ROBERT W. CHAMBERS. Illustrated by G. C. Wilmshurst. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

This is a famous novel of New York society; a brilliant picture of American wealth in its romance, its sins, its splendors, its divorces and its sports; a love story such as only Robert W. Chambers can write. It is stronger, tenser, better than the same author's greatest success, "The Fighting Chance." Richly illustrated by G. C. Wilmshurst.

"It is brightly told, replete with the wit and sparkle and charm that invests everything Mr. Chambers writes. It is a delightful sojourn among people one could wish to know."—*Kansas City Star*.

"It is written with a freshness and vigor that cannot be too much appreciated and praised."—*Salt Lake Tribune*.

"It is the best story Mr. Chambers has ever written."
—*Cleveland Leader*.

"The most popular writer in the country has improved upon his own very popular 'Fighting Chance.'"
—*New York World*.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

A MOTOR-BOAT STORY.

Across Europe in a Motor-Boat.

By HENRY C. ROWLAND, author of "In the Shadow," etc. Illustrated by upward of fifty sketches. 12mo. Decorated cloth, gilt top, \$2.00 net.

This is a delightful narrative of an absolutely unique trip. Mr. Rowland and his two friends had a motor-boat constructed in London for a seven-thousand-mile inland voyage which should circle Europe by way of the Seine, the Rhine, the Danube, and the Black Sea. The struggles with the motor, which develops a degree of perversity almost human, the innumerable humorous and exciting incidents, and the final terrific adventure which ends the narrative with a shipwreck in the Black Sea, make it the most novel and entertaining book of travel of recent years. The talented author is well known through half a dozen books and many magazine stories. The style of the volume is very attractive. Some fifty sketches are sprinkled through the text.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS.

The Second Generation.

Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.50.

"The Second Generation" is a double-decked romance in one volume, telling the two love-stories of a young American and his sister, reared in luxury and suddenly left without means by their father, who felt that money was proving their ruination and disinherited them for their own sakes. Their struggle for life, love and happiness makes a powerful love-story of the middle West.

"The book equals the best of the great story tellers of all time."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"'The Second Generation,' by David Graham Phillips, is not only the most important novel of the new year, but it is one of the most important ones of a number of years past."

—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

"A thoroughly American book is 'The Second Generation.' . . . The characters are drawn with force and discrimination."

—*St. Louis Globe Democrat*.

"Mr. Phillips' book is thoughtful, well conceived, admirably written and intensely interesting. The story 'works out' well, and though it is made to sustain the theory of the writer it does so in a very natural and stimulating manner. In the writing of the 'problem novel' Mr. Phillips has won a foremost place among our younger American authors."—*Boston Herald*.

"'The Second Generation' promises to become one of the notable novels of the year. It will be read and discussed while a less vigorous novel will be forgotten within a week."

—*Springfield Union*.

"David Graham Phillips has a way, a most clever and convincing way, of cutting through the veneer of snobbishness and bringing real men and women to the surface. He strikes at shams, yet has a wholesome belief in the people behind them, and he forces them to justify his good opinions."—*Kansas City Times*.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

OCT 16 1908

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00021626740